Aug. 18, 1962

THE NEW YORKER

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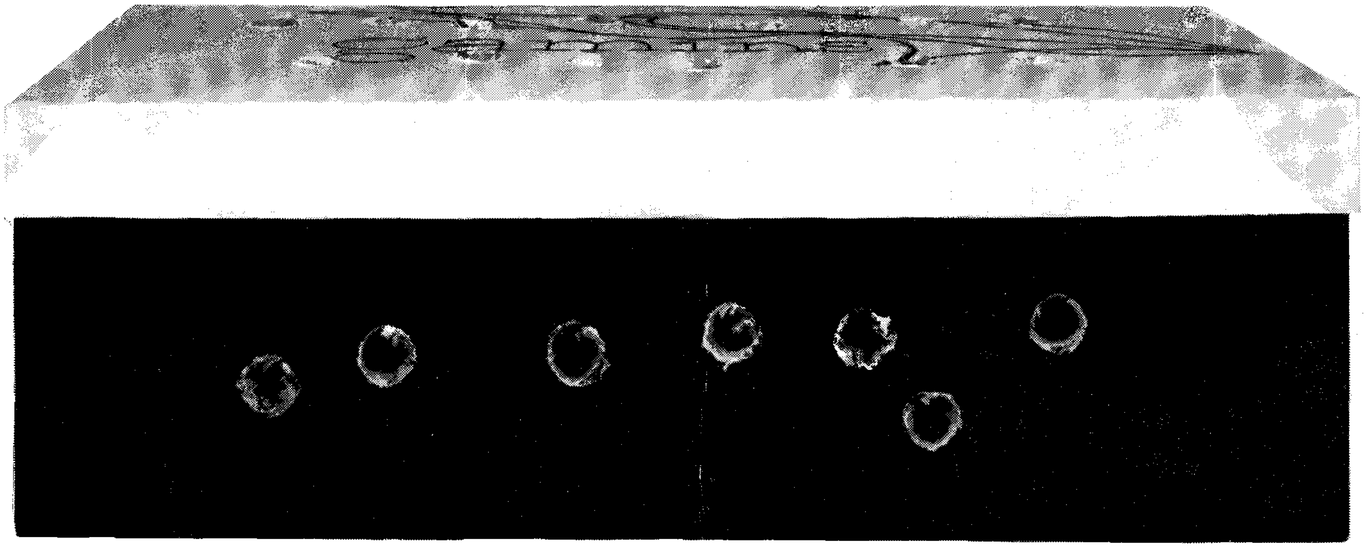

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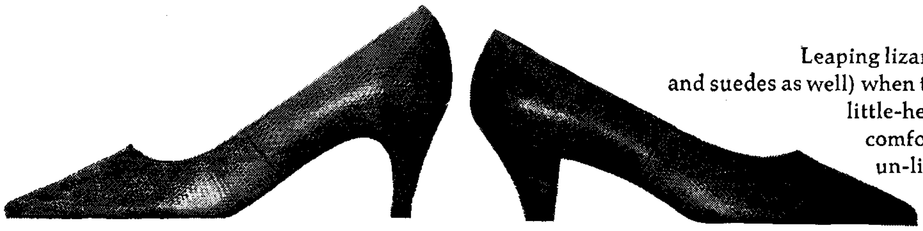

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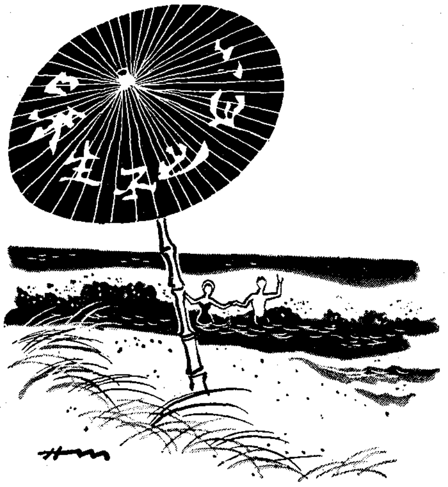
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

A Man for All Seasons—An English drama, by Robert Bolt, that is far and away the best play around. Witty, literate, and captivating, it outlines some high points in the career of the sixteenth-century Roman Catholic martyr Sir Thomas More, now played by Emlyn Williams. George Rose, Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker, William Redfield, and David J. Stewart are of great help in the cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Night of the Iguana—Tennessee Williams occasionally gets in some telling dramatic licks in this play about a clutch of queer people holed up in a fleabag on the west coast of Mexico, but it is for the most part fragmentary and aimless. Shelley Winters and Patrick O'Neal head the able cast. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Take Her, She's Mine—A comedy by Phoebe and Henry Ephron about the agitation of a West Coast father who doesn't quite know what his daughter is up to at an Eastern college, and suspects the worst. It's as fragile as standard television stuff, but Art Carney and Elizabeth Ashley are attractive as the father and daughter. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Thousand Clowns—Jason Robards, Jr., as a fugitive from Madison Avenue who finds that he may have to go back to the cave of the winds if he is to continue to serve as guardian of a beloved twelve-year-old nephew. As written by Herb Gardner, this is a rather loose-hinged but funny enough affair, and it fortunately has splendid performances by Mr. Robards, Sandy Dennis, Barry Gordon, A. Larry Haines, William Daniels, and Gene Saks. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**COME BLOW YOUR HORN:** A comedy about a couple of young men who prefer play to the work (making artificial fruit) that their father wants them to do. Now with Tom Poston, Martin Huston, Lou Jacobi, and Arlene Golonka. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MARY, MARY:** Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson (George Grizzard fills in for him on Mondays), and Edward Mulhare are in this Jean Kerr comedy about an estranged couple trying to get back together. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **A SHOT IN THE DARK:** It all turns on the question of who murdered a Spanish chauffeur during a moment of dalliance with a steamy French maid. Julie Harris, William Shatner, Fritz Weaver, and Louise Troy figure in the cast. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Zero Mostel leading a lively cast through ancient Rome in a very merry show that was written by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart, with an assist from Plautus. Mr. Mostel has the strong support of Jack Gilford, David Burns, John Carradine, Ronald Holgate, and, for that matter, every participant in the comedy. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Can Get It for You Wholesale—Jerome Weidman has adapted his scathing, funny novel about the garment business into a musical that is just as scathing and funny. Harold Rome's songs are, with a couple of exceptions, tuneful, varied, and ebullient. The performances—singing, acting, and dancing—by all concerned are quite wonderful. Elliott Gould, Barbra Streisand, Harold Lang, and Lillian Roth head the cast. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

No Strings—A show that affords every conceivable treat for ear and eye. The songs (lyrics, too) are by Richard Rodgers; the settings—Paris and various spots *au bord de la mer*—are by David Hays; and the choreography is by Joe Layton, who also handled the direction. The only flaw is in the book, by Samuel Taylor, which deals, in part, with the literary frustrations of an expatriate novelist. Richard Kiley, as the writer, and Diahann Carroll, as a Paris *Vogue* model, make an appealing pair of lovers. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CAMELOT:** How things were at the Round Table. With William Squire, Janet Pavek, and Robert Goulet. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **CARNIVAL:** Tent shows, jugglers, puppets, an embittered puppeteer, and a lovely waif. Susan Watson, James Mitchell, Jerry Orbach, Henry Lascoe, and Kaye Ballard are among those present. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** A show about a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Robert Morse is the ambitious youth and Rudy Vallée the president of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **MILK AND HONEY:** Eight widows, all eager to take another plunge into matrimony, on the loose in Israel. The cast includes Robert Weede, Mimi Benzell, and Molly Picon. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY:** Michael Allinson and Margot Moser are the principals in this musical version of Shaw's "Pygmalion." (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Scheduled to close Saturday, Sept. 1.) . . . **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** Jeannie Carson in a Rodgers and Hammerstein confection based on the escape of the famous Trapp family from Austria just after Hitler moved in. Donald Scott is Papa Trapp. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

American Savoyards—A four-week season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday evening, Aug. 16: "The Mikado.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Aug. 17: "H.M.S. Pinafore.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Aug. 18: "Iolanthe.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Aug. 18: "The Mikado.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Aug. 19: "H.M.S. Pinafore." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Aug. 19: "Iolanthe." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Aug. 21: "The Mikado.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Aug. 22: "H.M.S. Pinafore.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Aug. 23: "Iolanthe.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Aug. 24: "The Mikado.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Aug. 25: "H.M.S. Pinafore.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Aug. 25: "Iolanthe." (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Evenings at 8:40. Matinées at 4. Through Sunday, Sept. 2.)

Anything Goes—This revival is youthful and merry enough to satisfy even the most stubbornly nostalgic old-timer, although he may object to the inexplicable addition of songs from other Cole Porter shows to a score that certainly doesn't need them. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Blacks—Jean Genêt's sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. The direction, by Gene Frankel, is not all it might be; the cast of thirteen, an all-Negro one, is better. A maddening, capricious, and indelible evening. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks

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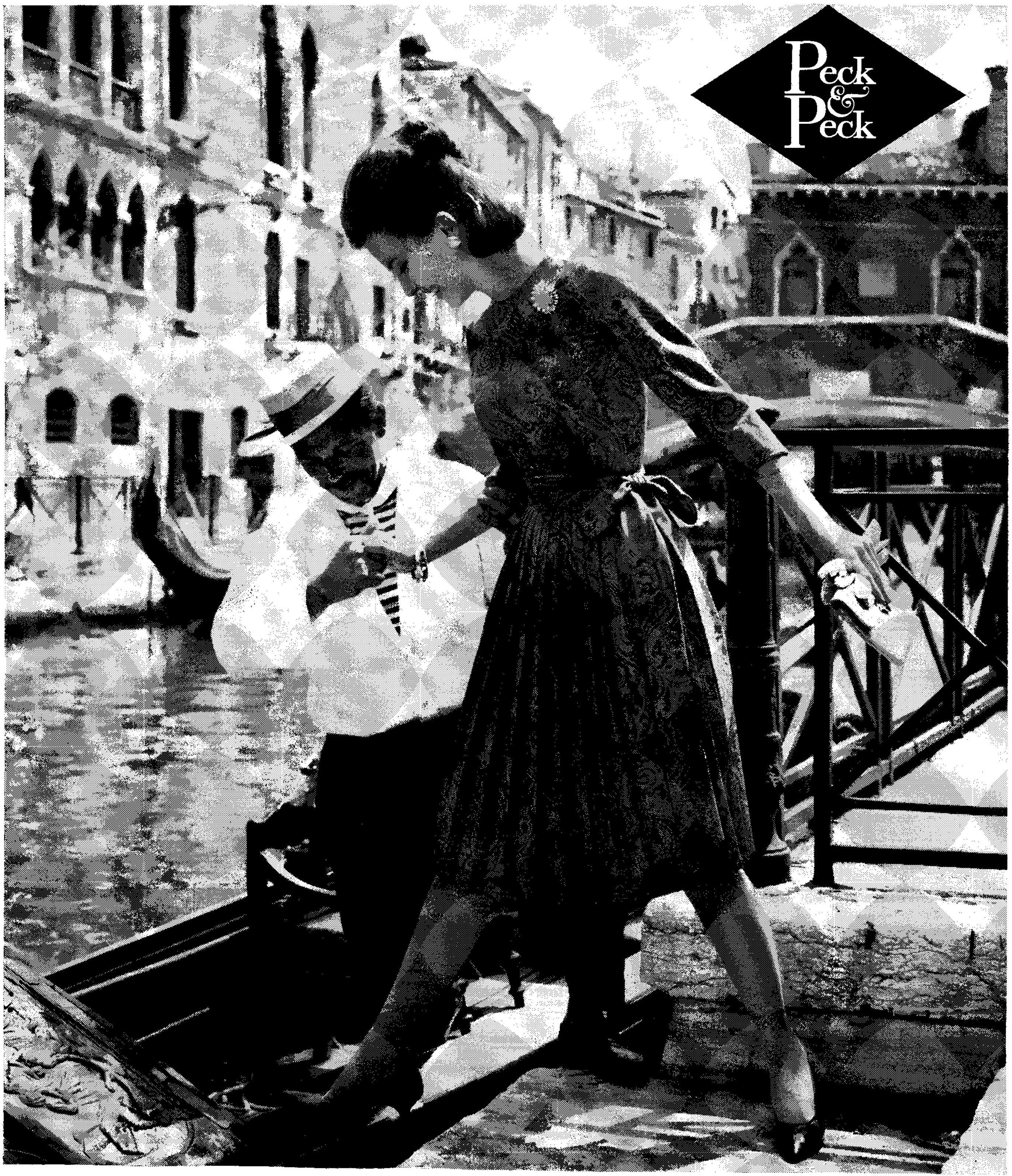

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highlights the fall look

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Brecht on Brecht—An assortment of scenes, songs, and other fragments from the works of Bertolt Brecht, selected by George Tabori, who also translated most of them. The six actors in the company manage (with the help of the author) to generate quite a lot of excitement. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Hostage—A revival of Brendan Behan's rollicking comedy about an English soldier who is held captive in a Dublin lodging house, and about everything else on earth. Geoff Garland leads the cast. (One Sheridan Square, between Sixth and Seventh Aves. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30.)

Little Mary Sunshine—A satire on old operettas that is much too amiable to achieve a great deal in the way of parody but is good fun all the same. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 2.)

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad—A young playwright named Arthur Kopit, a young actress named Barbara Harris, and a veteran director named Jerome Robbins split the limelight in this disturbing farce about a man-eating mother, her spindly son, and a girl who tries to seduce him. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Plays for Bleecker Street—Three new one-acters by Thornton Wilder: "Someone from Assisi," "Childhood," and "Infancy." "Childhood," in which a father makes a wish that he can be an invisible witness at his children's games and becomes a participant instead, is Mr. Wilder at his magical, almost best; and Henderson Forsythe, Susan Towers, Debbie Scott, and Philip Visco do him proud, as father and children, respectively. José Quintero is the director. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man and **The Barroom Monks**—A double bill. The more important half is a faithful and quite effective dramatization of key episodes from Joyce's novel. "The Barroom Monks," a sentimental yet also rather touching first play by Joseph Carroll, deals with the encounter of an alcoholic priest and a young medical student who works as a bartender. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

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This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete entertainment, starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. The girls are young, the routines are old, and the veteran comedians—Steve Mills, Charley Robinson, and Mac Dennison—are sometimes funny and sometimes just dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 8:30 and midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Note—A revue without music, partly extemporaneous, always contemporaneous, and, in general, offhandedly diverting, is being presented at the Premise, 154 Bleecker St., a coffeehouse whose method of staging is as entertaining as its spoken words. (LF 3-5020.) The schedule: Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30 and 10:30; Fridays at 8, 10, and midnight; Saturdays at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "King Lear," with Frank Silvera, Donald Harron, and Michael Higgins. The final production of the season. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Saturday, Sept. 1.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—"Paradise Island," a Hawaiian musical fantasy by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. Arthur Treacher and William Gaxton, who never say die, head a cast of more than two hundred. Presented by Guy Lombardo, who also appears with his Royal Canadians. (Nightly at 8:30; through Sunday, Sept. 2. For tickets, call CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The captains and the kings in their favorite counting house. Their work is done to the three-four and four-four counting of the music by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra. The alcove called the Champagne Room gets along with Gleb Yellin's piano. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, Stanley Worth's band does prancing music and Renato Rossini's guitar dreams of castles in Capri, Majorca, and Ibiza. Mondays, another band replaces the whole deal.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room rejoices all evening to the tune of Mark Monte's and Milt Shaw's dance bands, but pauses once a night during the week, and twice a night on weekends, for Hildegarde to set forth, in song and story, her philosophy of life (everything is coming up roses). She takes leave on Saturday, Aug. 18; on Monday, Aug. 20, the singing-for-your-supper task falls to Russell Nype, the young man who made horn-rimmed glasses famous. Closed Sundays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Gunnar Hansen's band, which does its exercise music Manhattan style, is at work in the Grill, possibly on the theory that a lot of New Yorkers will be coming to town this summer. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—A summer place high up in the mountains, where everything is cool as cucumbers and right as rain (a commodity not permitted in this well-run climate). Dancing to Chauncey Gray's orchestra and the Jean Berleaza ensemble. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—In the Savoy Room, a dim and glorified forest of rosewood trees, Ray Hartley's piano parses the phrases of our favorite ballads in a grammar that is pleasurably his own. He's around from cocktails through supper every night but Sunday.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Rear-guard action on a limited basis (Monday through Thursday every week), since most of the constituents are over the sand dunes and far away. The sound track runs like this: the romantic piano of Bob Printz from five-thirty to eight, the romantic piano of Wayne Sanders or Mr. Hawkins from eight until midnight; then busting-out-all-over double piano from Mr. S. and Mr. H. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): One end of the bower is presided over by a flourishing green bay tree, and the other by Cy Walter, who has an even-tempered clavichord at the tips of his eloquent fingers. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper every day but Sunday. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A Florentine opera house when it's not busy being a Florentine *trattoria*. The principal boy is Aldo Bruschi, who doubles on piano, concertina, oboe, and basso profundo. His resolute little opera company lives a Puccini sort of *vie de bohème* every night, and his dance trio operates after ten Thursdays through Sundays. Closed Mondays, and small wonder. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): An almost incurable case of flamenco, done from the heart. Dancing for the customers, too. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A lot of water (and *vin du pays*) has flowed under the play drawbridge of this toyland since Norbert Faconi began circumnavigating the tables with his Casanova violin. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A companion piece to the Château Henri IV (q.v. *supra*) and, like it, decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. From throne room to pavilion and back again, a violinist and a pianist are steadily on the go. No music Sundays. . . . **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Any number of three-hours-for-dinner clubs are apt to be in conference. To help the

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

talk along, Jules Kuti plays conversational piano from five to eleven in the bar. Closed Sundays. . . . **RITZ BAR,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): On the quarter-deck of the ship-of-state bar in the Carlton House sits Victor del Monte, who placidly addresses his piano between cocktails and one in the morning. No music Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The "Tiber Rag" is what you'll hear from the musicians who course through these premises. They operate from six until two, and so does the chef. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Hardcore but soft-pedal Madrid, *which doesn't really come to life* (i.e., guitar, piano, song, and flamenco footwork) until long after sunset. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): No Spanish moss grows under the feet of the Andalusian singers and dancers who find their way to the tiny stage now and then. Between their eruptions, a piano muses in a corner. Thursdays and Fridays, there's dancing, too, and Sunday afternoons there's tea dancing from two to seven. . . . **CAFÉ PICARDIE,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Fasts can be broken here in elaborate surroundings from six in the evening until one, and often to the tune of casual piano. No music Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): A Far West greenroom and grill that's the setting (after ten) for Cal Bostic's rumpus piano and song, and for Andy Hamon's rather soulful piano and song. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): On Wednesday, Aug. 22, this gateway to Central Europe will reopen, to a fanfare of violins, zimbalons, and several human voices. Dancing, too. Closed Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): *La dolce vita* in a climate so salubrious that the young ladies can go about in whatever they happen to have, or not have, on. Some of them—the Wallenda aerial ballerinas—float in midair; the rest are all down-to-earth. The innocence of this Polynesia is shattered now and then by Jack Durant, a rough-and-ready talker. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Georgie Kaye, the speaker of the evening, can be suspected of anything-for-a-laugh inclinations, but he has his moments, especially when madness reigns. His co-workers are the Phoenix Singers, three hearts of oak with voices to match, and Peter Daniels' industrious trio. . . . ¶ Late at night, in the lounge, the Daniels threesome does a reprise. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The "Seven Come Eleven" now on view is a second edition (mostly new words, entirely new cast), put together by Ben Bagley on a broader gauge. A little something has been lost in the translation. Around ten and midnight on weekdays, three times on Fridays and Saturdays, not at all on Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): There are both bumps and grinds in this highway to Central America, particularly when the chorus of the incumbent revue is given a free foot. The dancing of the customers, done to the compulsive strains of two perfect bands (one is Pupi Campo's), is a triumph of amateurism over professionalism. The Sunday *thés dansants* defy both description and the law of gravity. . . . ¶ Off the bar is a retreat so tiny that thirty's a most matey crowd, and herein flamenco songs by José Moreno and flamenco guitar by Pedro Cortes thrive abundantly.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): An old Condon alumnus, Tony Parenti, is running a quintet. Sammy Price, who's on piano, is another Condon graduate. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The Lambert, Hendricks & Bavan trio (the Bavan portion is Yolande Bavan, the beautiful new Ceylonese parakeet) finish up their current stint of jam-session singing on Sunday, Aug. 19; on Tuesday, Aug. 21, Stan Getz brings his pensive quartet to town. An extra session meets on Sundays from four-thirty to seven, but nothing doing Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland, an exponent of everything-in-moderation, is filing her term paper on progressive piano with the assistance of a trio that includes Dave Bailey and Ben Tucker. Howard Reynolds, the intermission pianist, never spoils the prevailing mood. No sound on Mondays. . . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM,** 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): Wilbur de Paris and his acolytes—Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, Doc Cheatham, Sonny White, and John Smith—have moved themselves and their version of traditional music down from the practically demolished temples of 52nd Street. Closed Sundays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Woody Herman, standing now on a burning deck whence nearly all of his coeval bandleaders have fled, is indomitably carrying on with his most recent racket squad. Guests take up the anvil chorus on Sundays. . . . ¶ Saturday night, there's Twist music, and the catatonic calisthenics that go with it, upstairs in the haymow. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Dizzy Gillespie, man of few but witty words, is coaxing music of an errant sort out of his home-made stovepipe. He has a quintet in tow. On Thursday, Aug. 23, Olatunji and his African Rifles join up to supplement the Gillespies. Extra-curricular sessions Mondays, when the regulars cut out. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Thelonious Monk, who's liable these nights to punctuate the intricacies of his piano with offhand dance steps, is buck-and-winging through the stratosphere, and Eric Dolphy's quintet is not far behind. On Fridays and Saturdays, Aug. 17-18 and 24-25, Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers will also show up to hammer home a few points. Closed Mondays. . . . **KENNY'S STEAK PUB,** 565 Lexington Ave., at 50th St. (EL 5-0666): From eight until two every night but Sunday, Herman Chittison plies his calm, steady piano in a twentieth-century sort of Gay Nineties bar. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Thursday through Saturday is the current leisurely pace. On Aug. 16-18, the music will issue from the quartet of Gerry Mulligan, who gets A for effort and earnestness; from the throat of Joe Williams, who suffers eloquently and tumultuously from the blues; and from Herbie Mann's sextet of Caribbean and African drummer boys. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The minute you take your eye off the place, the Zoot Sims-Al Cohn quintet sneaks back in and starts blowing. Closed Mondays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Arvell Shaw, an old Louis Armstrong retainer, has a show of his own now. He and his trio take turns with the threesome of Ahmad Jamal, who has a sweet tooth. The Shaws disappear on Saturday, Aug. 18. Closed Sundays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Charlie Mingus is drawing a long bow, and an imaginative one, across the free-form fantasies of his own devising that issue from his bass fiddle. A four-man squad follows his bidding as best it can. They all lay off Tuesdays. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 3-9533): How the other half thinks Greenwich Village lives. Behind the rows of espresso cups is (among others) Juan Serrano, a new young Andalusian voice that is devoted to life, love, and the pursuit of death. He's off duty Tuesdays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

artist; through Sept. 7. (Hacker, 54 W. 57th St.)

Balcomb Greene—Figure paintings and seascapes; through Friday, Aug. 17. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57th St.: A summer show of new paintings by the gallery group, including Anton Refregier, Moses Soyer, and William Gropper; through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.) . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.: The figure is the theme of an exhibit of prints, and Rico Lebrun, Chaim Gross, and Raphael Soyer are three of the artists represented in it; through Sept. 22. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Among the twentieth-century artists showing paintings, water colors, and sculptures are William Kienbusch, John Koch, and Leonard DeLonga; through Aug. 31. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 17 E. 57th St.: William Thon, Robert Vickrey, and Raymond Puccinelli are three of the contributors to a season's retrospective of works in a variety of mediums; through Aug. 31. . . . **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: Edward Dugmore, S. W. Hayter, Michael Lekakis, and other gallery artists in a painting-and-sculpture show; through Friday, Aug. 24.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: A display of portraits (Jefferson by Rembrandt Peale, John James Audubon by John Syme, and so on) and other paintings and sculptures having to do with American history; through Aug. 31. . . . **WORLD HOUSE**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: A mixed-mediums show, comprising pieces by Saul Baizerman, Jean Dubuffet, Edvard Munch, and others; through Sept. 29.

Europeans; Group Show—Still-lifes from the past three hundred years, by Jacques Linard, Pissarro, van Gogh, and the like; through Aug. 31. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Mexican Art—An exhibit called "The Bold Tradition," made up of paintings and prints (by Rufino Tamayo, Diego Rivera, Miguel Covarrubias, and others), plus a group of sculptures, mainly pre-Columbian; through Aug. 31. (IBM Gallery, 16 E. 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The ninth annual loan exhibition of paintings from private New York collections, consisting chiefly of French Impressionist and Post-Impressionist pictures, by, for instance, Degas, Monet, and Renoir. It is supplemented by a group of French sculptures, by Rodin, Maillol, and others, lent by Mrs. Stephen C. Clark. Through Sept. 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A Picasso survey, spanning six decades, in honor of his eightieth birthday. Included are paintings, sculptures, collages, drawings, prints, and illustrated books from the Museum's collection, together with a dozen canvases promised as future gifts. Through Sept. 18. . . . ¶ "Recent Painting U.S.A.: The Figure," composed of seventy-four pictures (by the same number of artists, among them Elmer Bischoff, Nathan Oliveira, and René Bouché) that were selected from almost ten thousand entries submitted for the show; through Aug. 26. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Modern paintings and sculptures (by such artists as Braque, Gris, and Giacometti) from the collection of Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller; through Aug. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A summer selection of paintings from the Museum's permanent collection, offering, in chronological order, oils by Seurat, Rousseau, Chagall, Feininger, Sam Francis, and so on; through Sept. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Young Americans 1962," the ninth competitive exhibition of ceramics, jewelry, textiles, wood, glass, enamels, and plastics by artist-craftsmen under thirty (two hundred and eighty of them in all); through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Sculpture from the Pacific," including an elaborate shell ornament (Solomon Islands), a canoe prow (New Ireland), a sculptured figure of a goddess (Hawaii), and other items created by the Melanesians, Micronesians, and Polynesians before they came into much contact with the West; through Sept. 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A work apiece in various mediums by forty artists under forty, three of whom are Marcia Marcus, Robert Rauschenberg, and Richard Stankiewicz; through Sept. 16. . . . ¶ Twentieth-century sculptures, oils, water colors, and drawings from the Museum's permanent collection, with items by, among others, Charles Burchfield, Lyonel Feininger, and David Smith; through Sept. 14. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

Central Park Mall Concerts—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in the last in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Friday, Aug. 17, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra, with Charles Libove, violin, and Gerald Warburg, cello. The third in a series of four weekly concerts. (Saturday, Aug. 18, at 8:30.)

Carl Schurz Park Concerts—Anton Coppola conducting an orchestra in a program of operatic music, with Rita Wynne, soprano, and Gene Varrone, tenor. The last in a series of free concerts. (Thursday, Aug. 23, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

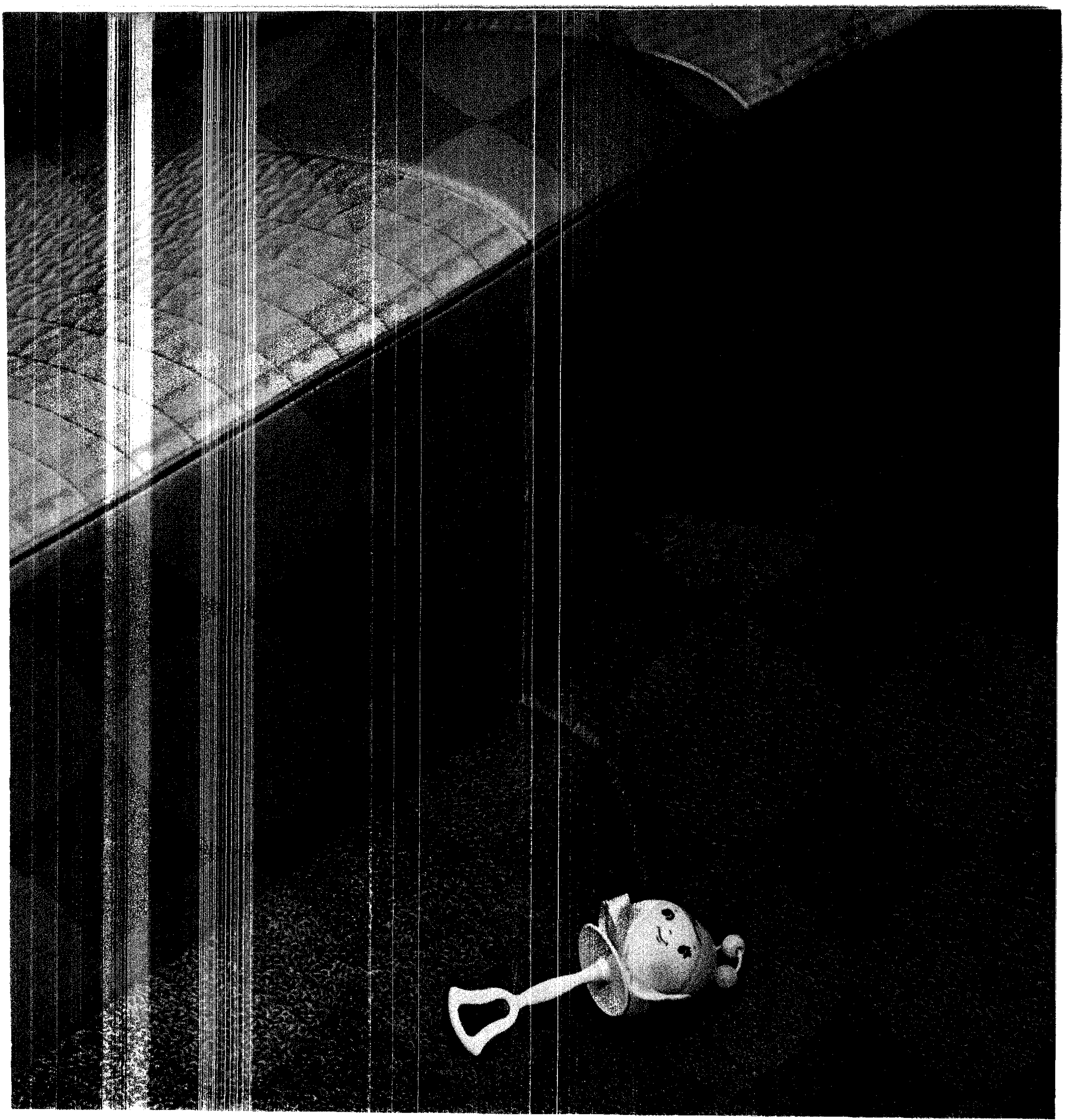
Chamber Music in Washington Square—Fritz Rikko conducting a chamber orchestra made up of members of the Collegium Musicum. The third in a series of four free weekly concerts. (Monday, Aug. 20, at 9. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway.)

Jazz Concerts—Thursday, Aug. 16: Olatunji and his company. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 23: George Russell's sextet. (Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Evenings at 8:30.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Final performances of the season—Friday, Aug. 17, at 8: Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony (Leon Kirchner will conduct one of his own works), with Joseph de Pasquale, viola. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 18, at 8: Eugene Ormandy conducting a Prokofieff-Tchaikovsky program, with Eugene Istomin, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 19, at 2:30: Charles Munch conducting (Lukas Foss will conduct one of his own works), with Adele Addison, soprano, and Gary Graffman, piano. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 22, at 8: A Beethoven-Bartók chamber-music concert by the Kroll Quartet. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 23, at 4: The annual "Gala Evening" program of offerings by the various student departments of the Berkshire Music Center, including a performance of Mahler's Third Symphony by the school orchestra and the Festival Chorus, directed by Richard Burgin, with Florence Kopleff, contralto. A benefit for the Tanglewood Revolving Scholarship Fund. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 24, at 8: Pierre Monteux conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 25, at 8: Charles Munch conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 26, at 2:30: Charles Munch directing a performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with Adele Addison, soprano; Florence Kopleff, contralto; John McCollum, tenor; Donald Gramm, bass-baritone; and the Festival Chorus. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

Berkshire Music Barn—Jazz and folk concerts—Saturday, Aug. 18, at 3:30, and Sunday, Aug. 19, at 8:30: Dave Brubeck's



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"WORLD'S FINEST" SOLE IMPORTERS: THE PADDINGTON CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY 86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 25, at 3:30: Miriam Makeba. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 26, at 8:30: Maynard Ferguson's band. (Lenox, Mass.)

Music Mountain—The Berkshire Quartet in a Beethoven-Schubert program, with Walter Robert, piano. (Falls Village, Conn. Sunday, Aug. 19, at 4.)

Note—Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival: Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 18: The Boston Ballet, with Edward Villella, and Pauline Koner. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 21-25: Maria Tallchief and Scott Douglas, the First Chamber Dance Quartet, and Balasaraswati. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Fridays and Saturdays at 3:30.) . . . **American Dance Festival** (final performances of the season): José Limón and his company, Thursday, Aug. 16, at 8:30; Saturday, Aug. 18, at 8:30; and Sunday, Aug. 19, at 3. . . . ¶ Martha Graham and her company, Friday, Aug. 17, at 8:30; Saturday, Aug. 18, at 3; and Sunday, Aug. 19, at 8:30. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the Polo Grounds: Mets vs. St. Louis, Friday, Aug. 17, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 18-19, at 2. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Monday, Aug. 20, at 6 (twi-night doubleheader), and Tuesday, Aug. 21, at 1:30 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Mets vs. San Francisco, Wednesday, Aug. 22, at 8, and Thursday, Aug. 23, at 2. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Los Angeles, Friday, Aug. 24, at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 25, at 2.

Boxing—Joey Archer vs. José Gonzalez, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Saturday, Aug. 25. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Horse Show—Farmington Hunt Club Horse Show. (Charlottesville, Va. Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 23-25.)

Polo—At **Blind Brook Polo Club**, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30. . . . **Meadow Brook Club**, Jericho: Sundays at 4.

Racing—At **Saratoga:** Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 25. The Travers, Saturday, Aug. 18; the Spinaway, Wednesday, Aug. 22; and the Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 25. . . . **Atlantic City**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, Oct. 2. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, Aug. 25, at 1.

Tennis—Men's Invitation Tournament. (Newport Lawn Tennis Club, Newport, R.I. Through Sunday, Aug. 19.) . . . ¶ U.S.L.T.A. Doubles Championships. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Starting Sunday, Aug. 19.)

Trotting—At **Roosevelt Raceway**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Saturday, Sept. 29. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.) . . . **Saratoga Raceway**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 13.

Yachting—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset, L.I. Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 21-26.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Advise and Consent—Otto Preminger's richly upholstered and exceptionally well-acted adaptation of the famous novel. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; through Aug. 18 . . . . ¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave, at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through Aug. 21.)

Hatari!—A visit of just under three hours to Tanganyika, a handsome country where the buffalo roam, along with elephants, monkeys, zebras, and rhinos. Their freedom is only slightly curtailed by the modest demands of the plot. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431; through Aug. 20. . . . ¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting Aug. 22.)

Judgment at Nuremberg—Stanley Kramer has produced and directed a slam-bang inquiry into the meaning of justice, as practiced directly by Nazis judging Jews and Americans judging Nazis, and indirectly by young post-Nazi Germans judging their American conquerors. Spellbinding, and with crafty performances by Spencer Tracy, Richard Widmark, Burt Lancaster, Marlene Dietrich, Maximilian Schell, Judy Garland, and Montgomery Clift. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626; through Aug. 21. Nightly at 8:15. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:15. Reserved seats only. . . . ¶ Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison Ave. at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Aug. 22.)

Jules and Jim—A French comedy, so odd and fresh and affecting that it often seems as if the director, François Truffaut, had invented a new sort of camera. Acted with great zest by Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Aug. 22, tentative.)

Last Year at Marienbad—Alain Resnais, who made "Hiroshima, Mon Amour," is apparently trying to find out how far you can go with a camera in depicting states of mind, and the evidence of this exquisite film is that you can go pretty far. Delphine Seyrig is the lovely heroine, and the man who either is or is not her lover is played by Giorgio Albertazzi. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

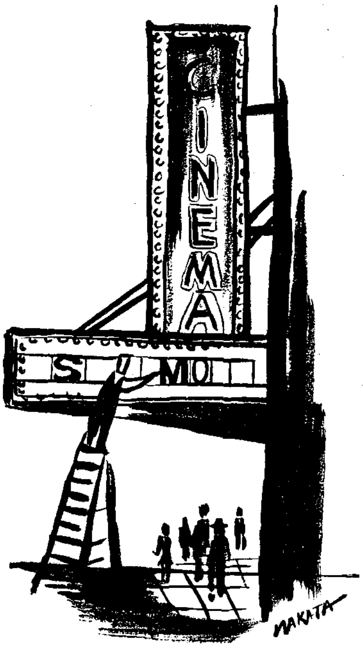
Lolita—No longer a study in sexual perversity yet somehow faithful to the comic spirit of the novel and wonderfully acted by James Mason, Peter Sellers, Shelley Winters, and Sue Lyon. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

A Matter of WHO—A mock thriller about a detective for the World Health Organization who, foiling all villains, tracks down the source of a potential smallpox epidemic in time to head it off. The droll Mr. Terry-Thomas is the health dick. A British picture. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Money, Money, Money—Everyman's Guide to Counterfeiting, with Jean Gabin as a Grand Old Crook who oversees the production and distribution of a batch of fake Dutch guldens. The setting is Paris, the language is French, the mood is unfailingly comic. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

The Notorious Landlady—A comedy of murder in an English setting. The script is witty, the action is brisk, and the performances, notably those by Fred Astaire and Jack Lemmon, as a couple of diplomats at our London embassy, are as bright as anyone could wish for. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Only Two Can Play—Peter Sellers is a very merry fellow, and he makes this English import seem a good deal livelier than it really is. But then the setting is Wales and the problem is sex, and Welsh sex may be more hilarious than other kinds. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Aug. 22. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting Aug. 22, tentative.)



Shoot the Piano Player—A French picture that is a curious and very original blend of wild comedy (70%) and violence (30%). Charles Aznavour, in the leading role, plays a wistful honky-tonk pianist at a café in Paris. François Truffaut doubled as director and writer. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

A Taste of Honey—The rites of passage of an ugly, lonely girl in the slums of Manchester. It may seem strange to say so, but this is extremely funny as well as touching, thanks in large part to superb direction by Tony Richardson. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134; through Aug. 19.)

That Touch of Mink—A romantic farce, nimbly designed to accommodate the joint gifts of Doris Day and Cary Grant. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600; through Aug. 22.)

Through a Glass Darkly—Tolstoy's celebrated dictum about unhappy families is spelled out in bleak beauty by Ingmar Bergman, who wrote and directed the picture, and Harriet Andersson, Gunnar Björnstrand, Max von Sydow, and Lars Passgård, who enact it. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Aug. 21, tentative.)

War Hunt—A first-rate, highly original Grade-B Hollywood "sleeper." The setting is the Korean front and the action has to do with the mortal struggle for the soul of an eight-year-old Korean War orphan that takes place between two American privates—one a homicidal killer and the other a kind of Billy Budd. The realism is offhand and, as a result, doubly real; the photography is expert; and the acting—John Saxon is the killer and Robert Redford the good boy—is effortless. Denis Sanders directed and Stanford Whitmore wrote the spare, haunting screenplay. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

West Side Story—Lots of young men in tight pants leaping over fences and caterwauling to beat any band. Far too loud and long, but the New York settings are wonderful and so are the songs, which you no doubt remember from the Broadway show. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 16.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 18.)

Detective Story (1951)—Melodrama in a precinct station, taken from the play by Sidney Kingsley. With Kirk Douglas and Eleanor Parker. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Aug. 21.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—The trials and cruelties of adolescent love. A French picture, with Gérard Philipe and Micheline Presle. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 22.)

La Dolce Vita (1961)—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life. Federico Fellini wrote and directed it and Marcello Mastroianni plays the leading role. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Aug. 22, tentative.)

The Entertainer (1960)—Laurence Olivier plays the role of a nasty little second-rate English music-hall performer. Also in the cast are Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 16.)

Gate of Hell (1954)—A Japanese film dealing with revolt, passion, and suspense in ancient Nippon. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 21. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 21.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. An English film. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 17-20.)

The Joker (1961)—Jean-Pierre Cassel plays a young man about Paris determined to conquer every woman he encounters. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 21-22.)

The King and I (1956)—Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner in the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical. (Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; Aug. 17-21.)

The Love Game (1960)—A pretty girl with her mind fixed on motherhood has a hard time persuading her lighthearted lover to fix his mind on fatherhood. In French, as you might have expected. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 17-20.)

The Mark (1961)—An account of the return to society of a man who has spent three years in prison for committing a crime against a child. Stuart Whitman, Rod Steiger, and Maria Schell. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 16.)

Monsieur Vincent (1948)—Pierre Fresnay in a French picture that tells of the struggles of St. Vincent de Paul. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 20.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers cutting up in the musical world. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 21-22.)

Sons and Lovers (1960)—D. H. Lawrence's 1913 tale about the silver-cord tangle between a Nottingham miner's wife and her artistically gifted son. An English-American production, with Trevor Howard, Wendy Hiller, and Dean Stockwell. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 17-18.)

Under the Roofs of Paris (1930)—An early René Clair film. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 18.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The Cinema of Howard Hawks"—Through Aug. 18, showings at 3 and 5:30 (extra performance Thursday evening at 8): "The Thing" (1951), with Kenneth Tobey and Robert Cornthwaite. . . . ¶ Aug. 19-22, showings at 3: "The Big Sky" (1952), with Kirk Douglas. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing, or if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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19	20	21	22			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Aug. 21: "Follow That Dream," Elvis Presley, Arthur O'Connell.
From Aug. 22: **JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG.**

Cinerama (formerly Capitol), B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm," Laurence Harvey, Claire Bloom. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE NOTORIOUS LANDLADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
Through Aug. 20: **HATARI!**
Aug. 21: Theatre closed.
From Aug. 22: "The Pigeon That Took Rome," Charlton Heston, Elsa Martinelli.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The Sky Above—The Mud Below," a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through Aug. 22: **THAT TOUCH OF MINK.**

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Aug. 21: **JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG.**
From Aug. 22: "The Phantom of the Opera," Herbert Lom, Heather Sears.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
Aug. 16: "Adventures of a Young Man," Richard Beymer, Paul Newman.
From Aug. 17: "Two Weeks in Another Town," Kirk Douglas, Edward G. Robinson.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
WEST SIDE STORY.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
LOLITA.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Aug. 16: "Boys' Night Out," Kim Novak, James Garner.
From Aug. 17: "Guns of Darkness," David Niven, Leslie Caron.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"The Spiral Road," Rock Hudson, Burl Ives.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Aug. 22 (tentative): **JULES AND JIM** (in French).

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
"El Cid," Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 21: **DETECTIVE STORY**, revival; and "Mr. Hobbs Takes a Vacation," James Stewart, Maureen O'Hara.
From Aug. 22: **ONLY TWO CAN PLAY.**

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
LOLITA.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through Aug. 21: "Adventures of a Young Man," Richard Beymer, Paul Newman.
From Aug. 22: "The Pigeon That Took Rome," Charlton Heston, Elsa Martinelli.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Waltz of the Toreadors," Peter Sellers, Margaret Leighton.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Aug. 18: **ADVISE AND CONSENT**; and "Carry on Constable," Sidney James, Eric Barker.
From Aug. 19: "El Cid," Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"The Best of Enemies," David Niven, Michael Wilding.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"A Coming-Out Party," James Robertson Justice, Leslie Phillips.

Cinema I (PL 3-6022) and **Cinema II** (PL 3-0774), 3rd Ave. at 60th.
"Boccaccio '70" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider, Anita Ekberg.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE NOTORIOUS LANDLADY.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Aug. 16: "Mr. Hobbs Takes a Vacation," James Stewart, Maureen O'Hara.
From Aug. 17: "Guns of Darkness," David Niven, Leslie Caron.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Aug. 21: "Follow That Dream," Elvis Presley, Arthur O'Connell.
From Aug. 22: **JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG.**

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"El Cid," Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Aug. 21: **ADVISE AND CONSENT**; and "Carry on Constable," Sidney James, Eric Barker.
From Aug. 22: **HATARI!**

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Aug. 16: "Psycho," revival, Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles; and "Leda" (in French), revival, Madeleine Robinson, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
Aug. 17-20: **THE HORSE'S MOUTH**, revival; and **THE LOVE GAME** (in French), revival.
From Aug. 21: **GATE OF HELL** (in Japanese), revival; and "Othello," revival, Orson Welles.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Aug. 18: "Victim," Dirk Bogarde, Sylvia Syms; and "The Bridge" (in German), revival.
Aug. 19-21: "Lonely Are the Brave," Kirk Douglas, Gena Rowlands; and "Satan Never Sleeps," William Holden, Clifton Webb.
From Aug. 22: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Aug. 22 (tentative): **LA DOLCE VITA** (in Italian), revival.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER (in French).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Aug. 21: **ADVISE AND CONSENT**; and "Carry on Constable," Sidney James, Eric Barker.
From Aug. 22: **HATARI!**

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Aug. 21 (tentative): **THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY** (in Swedish).
From Aug. 22 (tentative): **ONLY TWO CAN PLAY.**

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
A MATTER OF WHO.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Small Hours," Michael Ryan, Lorraine Avins.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
WAR HUNT.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
MONEY, MONEY, MONEY (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD (in French).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
Through Aug. 19: **A TASTE OF HONEY.**
From Aug. 20: "The Girl with Golden Eyes" (in French), Marie Laforet, Paul Guers.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Aug. 16: "My Geisha," Shirley MacLaine, Yves Montand; and "Siege of Syracuse," Rossano Brazzi, Tina Louise.
Aug. 17-21: **THE KING AND I**, revival; and "Carousel," revival, Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones.
From Aug. 22: **HATARI!**

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Aug. 16: **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival; and **THE ENTERTAINER**, revival.
Aug. 17-18: **SONS AND LOVERS**, revival; and "The Apartment," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.
Aug. 19-20 (last showing at 2): "The Goddess," revival, Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges; and "It Started in Naples," revival, Clark Gable, Sophia Loren.
Aug. 20, at 7 and 10: "Orphans of the Storm" (silent), Lillian and Dorothy Gish.
Aug. 21-22: **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**, revival; and **THE JOKER** (in French), revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 21: "Bird Man of Alcatraz," Burt Lancaster, Karl Malden; and "Date with Disaster," revival, Tom Drake, Shirley Eaton.
From Aug. 22: "Kiss Them for Me," revival, Cary Grant, Jayne Mansfield; and "Seawife," revival, Joan Collins, Richard Burton.

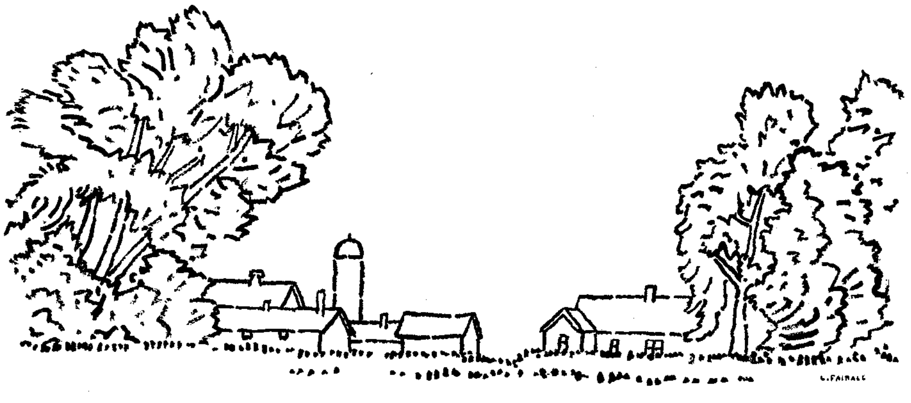
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 16: **THE MARK**, revival; and "The Lonely Night," revival, a documentary film of psychotherapy.
Aug. 17: "Dirty Hands" (in French), revival, Daniel Gelin; and "The Storm Within" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film, with Jean Marais.
Aug. 18: **CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS** and **UNDER THE ROOFS OF PARIS** (both in French and both revivals).
Aug. 19: "Tosca" (in Italian), revival; and "The Grand Concert" (in Russian), revival, a film made up of selections from various Russian operas and ballets.
Aug. 20: **MONSIEUR VINCENT** (in French), revival; and "Days of Our Years," revival, a French historical documentary, narrated in English by Pierre Fresnay and Romney Brent.
Aug. 21: **GATE OF HELL** (in Japanese), revival; and "Brink of Life" (in Swedish), revival, Eva Dahlbeck, Ingrid Thulin.
Aug. 22: **DEVIL IN THE FLESH** (in French), revival; and "The Adulteress" (in French), revival, Simone Signoret, Raf Vallone.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
"El Cid," Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Aug. 21 (tentative): **THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY** (in Swedish).
From Aug. 22 (tentative): **ONLY TWO CAN PLAY.**

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Aug. 16: "My Geisha," Shirley MacLaine, Yves Montand; and "Siege of Syracuse," Rossano Brazzi, Tina Louise.
Aug. 17-21: "Pepe," revival, Cantinflas, Dan Dailey; and "Apache Territory," revival, Rory Calhoun.
From Aug. 22: **HATARI!**

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
"El Cid," Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren.



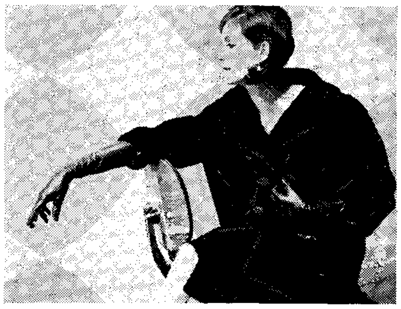
seal of approval

Unstintingly, wholeheartedly, Hattie Carnegie stamps the approval award on Fouke-dyed Alaska Fur Seal. For our money, nothing has ever come even remotely close to their processing method on fur seal.

To be a fur savant, you should know that Fouke (pronounced "fowk") is the only company in the world processing Alaska Fur Seal, and our knowledgeable fur buyer says the long and intricate procedure they pursue is the "why" of the lustrous, supple, beautiful fur you see photographed here.

Fur seals have a scientific name, "Callorhinus ursinus," which, freely translated, means "bear-like creature with a beautiful snout." While on land, a seal hangs out on the seacoast of the Pribilof Islands. Seals hate sunshine and love the Pribilofs as they are enshrouded with heavy fog most of the year. The climate of these islands, it seems to us, isn't too unlike the Westport train station on a blustery day.

If you are of the opinion that it's a man's world, you ought to know that usually only 3-year-old bachelors are taken each year, and only enough to provide approximately 8,000 to 10,000 garments for the entire world. This, of course, is to protect the herd and not let the species become extinct.



Fouke utilizes about 125 processing operations to transform the raw skins to the supple, pliable fur as you know it. At Carnegie, we insist on the finest and softest skins for our coats, and they are graded "number one" in every respect.

What else can we tell you? Today, fur seal is light in weight—in fact, it can give a tweed coat a run for its money on a scale. Fur seal is versatile — it can go to a matinée over a casual dress or look very elegant at the Côte Basque. There are three different processes that produce different colors — "Matara",® a dark, neutral brown with a haze of bluish grey, "Kitovi",® a grey so dark it's almost black, yet there's an overtone of blue, and the black process brings the most shimmering black we know.

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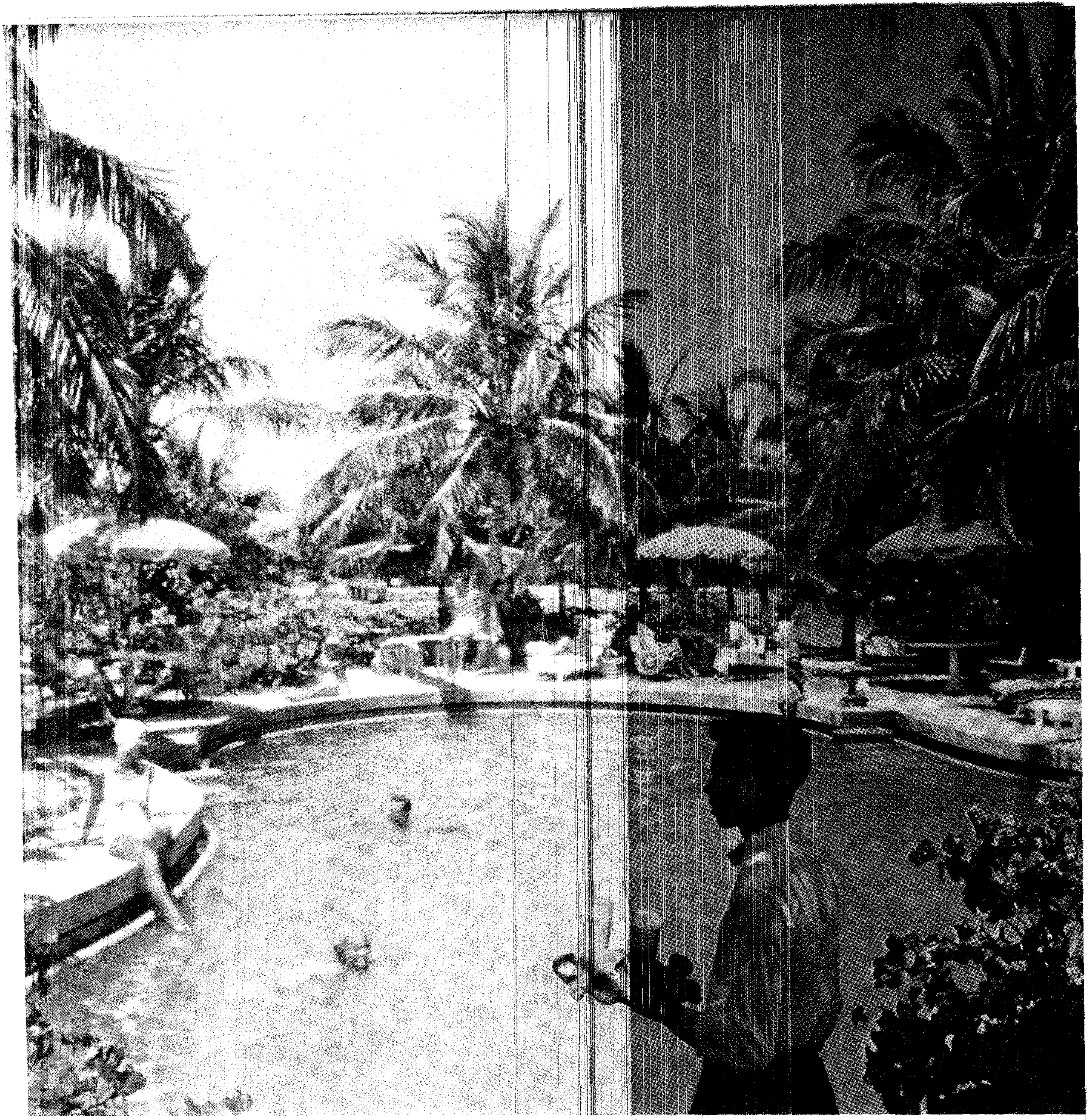
Hattie Carnegie



Photographed by *Ozzie Sweet* on the Bahamian island of *Andros*

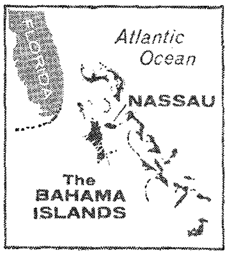
Roughing it ... royally

You'll find a delightful [illegible] combined luxury and unspoiled simplicity in the Out Islands of the Bahamas. Only a brief hop from the [illegible] hotels and fashionable shops of Nassau, they are worlds of their own.

Just a few years ago these lovely tropic isles were known only to the roving yachtsman and big-game fisherman. Today, they're dotted with smart inns and clubs, well-stocked marinas and modern airstrips.

Amazingly all of this has happened without disturbing the serenity and charm that have made the Islands of the Bahamas the world's celebrated low-pressure paradise.

Now's the time to visit this delightful British colony. Hotel rates are sharply reduced right through to December 15. Any Travel Agent knows. Or please write to Dept. HK, Bahamas Development Board, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York 20. Telephone PLaza 7-1611.

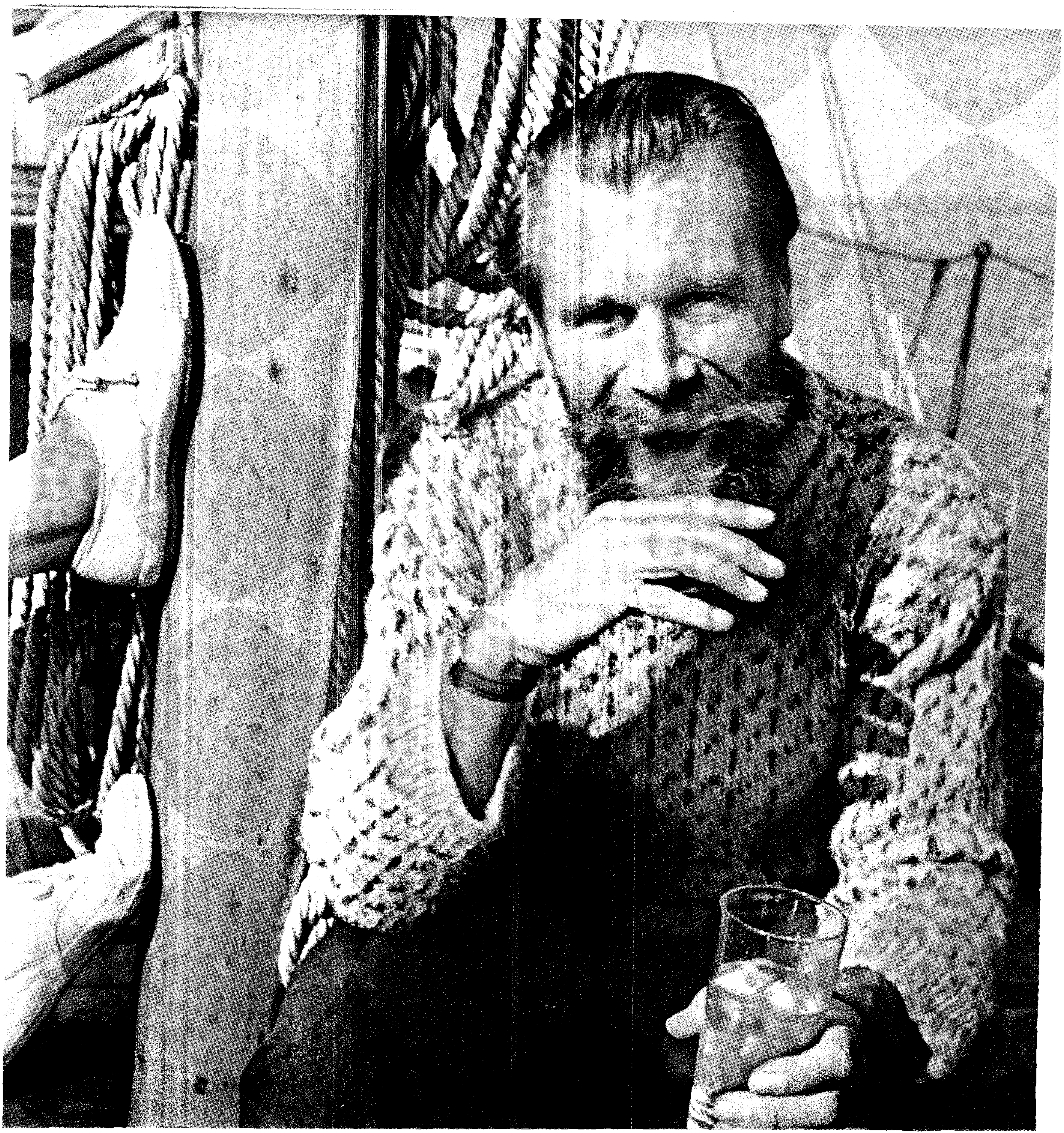


Bahamas

BY SEA: From New York on the **M. S. ITALIA** every Saturday at 4 P.M. Seven-day cruises (two days and a night in Nassau) from $170. Home Lines, 42 Broadway, New York 4.

From Miami on the **S.S. BAHAMA STAR** every Monday and Friday at 5 P.M. Three-day, all-expense cruises (two days and a night in Nassau) from $54. Eastern Steamship Corp., Miami 1.

BY AIR: Direct, daily flights from New York (2½ hours); Miami (50 minutes) and other principal Florida cities. Direct service from Toronto and Montreal.



"Schweppes discovers America—and vice versa"

"It's *mutiny* to mix a Gin-and-Tonic without Schweppes!"

IT seems like only yesterday that Commander Edward Whitehead, Schweppesman in charge of enlightening un-Schwepped regions, first set foot on our parched shores.

Thirsty Americans discovered the delicious flavor of Schweppes Tonic.

They tasted Schweppervescence—famous little bubbles that tickle the palate and delight the soul. *Irrepressible* bubbles that last your whole drink through.

You know the result. Today, in American waters, it's *mutiny* to mix a Gin-and-Tonic without Schweppes.

So don't be left high and dry. Before you cast off, see that there's plenty of Schweppes Tonic stowed away. Curiously refreshing!

P.S. Here are three great additions to your Schweppertory. Try Schweppes Tonic with rum. Try it with vodka. Drink Schweppes straight, as they do in France!

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The wrinkled look is out because "Orlon" is in. And you're really in . . . in these dressy reverse-twist slacks of "Orlon" acrylic fiber blended with worsted wool. Trouser crease? Definitely in thanks to "Orlon". So is the extra wear. Styles? All very, very in . . . in "Orlon". Get these trim tailored slacks in sizes 12-22 (huskies and slims, too), about $13 at* ***B. Altman & Co.*** *Or for store nearest you write 162 Fifth Ave., N.Y.* **BOTANY SLACKS BY Adler**

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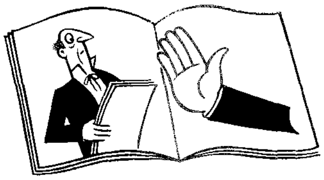
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

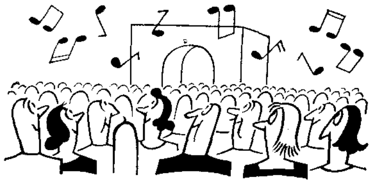
WE were delighted to learn that the *Herald Tribune* agrees with our recently advanced thesis that language should develop as freely as the hermit crab, which moves on to a larger borrowed shell when it outgrows the one it had borrowed previously. But we were chagrined to find that the *Trib* had gone us one better—instead of merely talking about hermit crabs, Mr. Whitney went out and hired one to write a leader entitled "Filibusterers, Keep Out of the Way," which plumps for private ownership of a government-sponsored space communications system. We were not surprised at the position the crab took, but we had a little difficulty following the argument down the trail of discarded conventional meanings. The *Tribune's* commentator believes that filibusters are all right when used by senators to guard "the vital interests of their states or regions" (like the South) against an "unsympathetic" majority but that they are wrong when used by a public-minded minority that has no strictly local axe to grind. Flicking sand in the face of that "willful little band" of liberals who have delayed Senate action on the Telstar bill, our neologistic crustacean says, "The fruits of government research ought to be in the public domain, not hoarded by the government—which has no right to keep such fruits from the people." He adds, "The 'giveaway' cry can hardly by itself support an argument that public ownership is in the public interest. This can only be supported by a basic distrust of private ownership—and if this distrust is to be reflected in public policy on communications satellites (the first of which is already being operated, with phenomenal success, by a private corporation), then where is it to stop?" Since we feel somewhat responsible for the hermit-crab theory of semantic drift, we would like to offer the following tentative explanation of the new language used above. First of all, A.T. & T.—the "private corporation" referred to—is clearly in the public domain *because* it is privately owned and *despite* its status as a public utility. In fact, as a public utility, it is subject to government regulation, that avowed enemy of the public interest. On the other hand, as a legal monopoly, it can at least operate free of the shackles of public competition, and it would therefore be included under what the *Trib* calls "the genius of American free enterprise." Of course, since A.T. & T. is a monopoly, the average telephone user has no alternative if he is dissatisfied with the rates or service he gets, but, as a private citizen, he obviously makes up a part of the General Public, and we don't have to be either hermit or crab to know what a devious, narrow-minded, self-seeking lobby *that* is.



THERE is a hole in the ground between Fifty-second and Fifty-third Streets on Sixth Avenue that has been wired for sound *in extenso*. Twenty-four loudspeakers, perched on an eight-foot-high Plexiglas fence that runs along the avenue and flares out for a few feet into the crosstown streets, proclaim in assorted voices—those of Ed Sullivan, Carol Burnett, and Bud Collyer, among others—that here will develop a mecca of culture, for eventually this will become the headquarters of the Columbia Broadcasting System. "Wondrous," say the voices. "All those handsome, rugged men at work. How can it be described? Eero Saarinen, who designed it, called it the simplest skyscraper statement in New York. It will rise thirty-eight stories. It will have four stories below ground. It will be marvellous." This *pre-hoc* hokum is all new to us, and even the late Mr. Saarinen might raise an eyebrow at having his work ballyhooed over loudspeakers aimed at strollers already dismayed at the general racketing that goes on in New York. It would seem to us that C.B.S. and its retainers might pause and reflect that blowing about one more building under construction is piping a poor tune in this metropolis. What this city needs, we are convinced, is a little less noise and a little more of the substantial stuff that makes life, indoors and out, tolerable. We are writing this in a nice old, substantial brownstone where the fenestration is terrible, the plumbing haphazard, but the walls solid. The man who built this place didn't need loudspeakers. When he built, he built.

Music in the Square

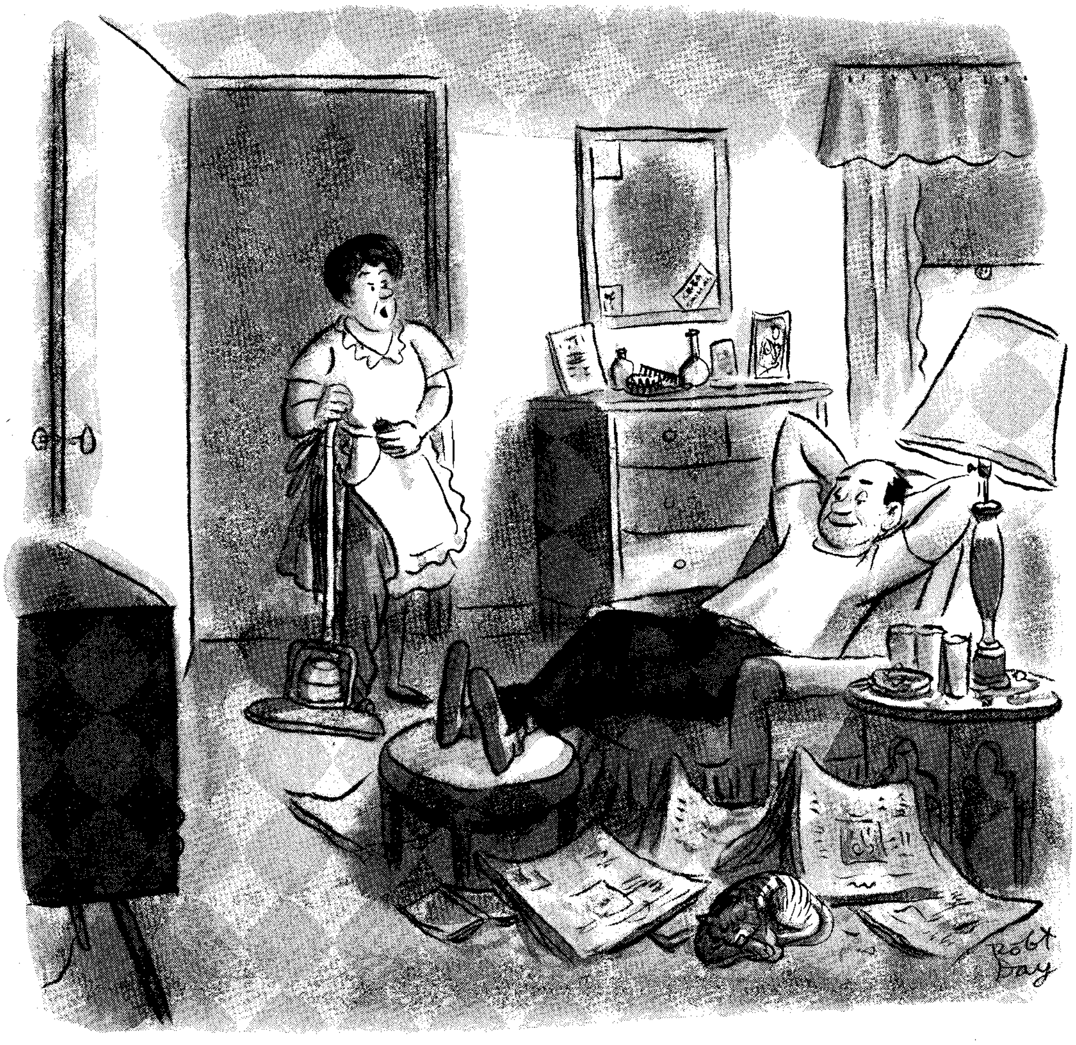
EVERY Monday night during August, an orchestra takes over the turf of the Sunday-afternoon folk singers in Washington Square, so that several thousand people may enjoy chamber music rendered by professionals. These concerts have been a hot-weather divertissement for the past ten years, and the other evening we attended one of them, which was described as a memorial to Dag Hammarskjöld. The performers—a couple of dozen—were assembled on a platform just west of the Arch, and before they began lining out selections from Vivaldi and Bach (Mr. Hammarskjöld's favorite composers), and also Britten and Bartók, we had a chance to talk to Mrs. Peggy Campbell, a plump, bouncy woman, who, together with her late husband, Courtney Campbell, has been connected with these outdoor musicales from the beginning. "I love to have so many people enjoying so many gifted artists," Mrs.



Campbell said. "The musicians all play for the union minimum, and we've had the very best. It was quite a job organizing these concerts, and it still is tough to get them under way. But it's been worth it. What started me in this line was the fact that I was so sick of hearing about Village beatniks and hopheads that I thought something should be done to protect the neighborhood's good name. After all, I not only live in the Village but, as a real-estate agent, I'm responsible for a lot of property down here. My husband and I didn't have any surplus cash, but we got busy and, by God, we did it." As chairman of the Music Committee of the Washington Square Association, Mrs. Campbell has to have a lot of coöperation to get her show on the road. Each program costs about three thousand dollars, and this expense is defrayed by local banks and business houses, foundations, private donations, and a grant from the Recording Industries Trust Fund, through Local 802 of the American Federation of Musicians. Mrs. Campbell gets platform, music stands, and lights from the Parks Department, and has her concerts broadcast over the city station, WNYC. In 1959, one concert, arranged as a salute to WNYC, was attended by ten thousand people. "Not bad going for a little girl out of Iowa," said Mrs. Campbell when she mentioned that crowd. "My husband was also a Middle Westerner by birth."

At this point, the orchestra, under Henry Lewis, who is a twenty-nine-year-old guest conductor of the Los Angeles Philharmonic, embarked on a Vivaldi concerto, and we said so long to Mrs. Campbell and took a stroll through the throng gathered around the platform. They were a variegated lot—ancient Italian ladies, kids guzzling ice-cream cones, girls in toreador pants, beatniks in red sweatshirts, smooth-looking Madison Avenue types, cops looking abstracted as Vivaldi swirled around them, men with beards down to their belt buckles, and women in pretty, fluffy gowns. By a pillar supporting a bust of Alexander Lyman Holley ("foremost among those whose genius and energy established in America and improved throughout the world the manufacture of Bessemer steel"), we came upon a handsome, buxom young lady who was poring over a score. It turned out that she was Marilyn Horne, the soloist of the evening and the wife of Mr. Lewis. "I just flew in from Honolulu," she told us. "I was doing a Rodgers-and-Hammerstein concert out there with Andre Kostelanetz. My husband and I like to do these park concerts; he conducted here last year. Mrs. Campbell is very good about rehearsals. Besides the usual five hours, there are always one to three hours more, and the Music Committee pays for them. The musicians here were assembled by Jack Glick, the first violist and orchestra manager, and they are all first-rate." Miss Horne, who was the offscreen voice of Dorothy Dandridge in "Carmen Jones," remarked that she'd better get up on the platform to do a bit of Bach, and then departed, informing us, in passing, that Bruno Walter had once said there were two great conductors in each generation and that her husband was one of the two great conductors in this generation. While Miss Horne sang Bach, we noticed that Mr. Lewis is an extremely graceful conductor, and that the music he was getting out of his orchestra commanded the attention of everyone in the park. Somewhere around five thousand were on hand—sitting on folding chairs or park benches or sprawling on the grass, which is usually forbidden. In the course of the concert, a girl standing near us murmured to her escort, "I'm *so* glad Moses didn't manage to put that highway through this park!"

With the air full of Bach, and happy people all around us, we couldn't help but agree.



"Workmen discover three hundred thousand dollars in garage. Two boys find sixty-five hundred dollars in abandoned house. Doctor finds thirty-five thousand dollars in parking lot. Why don't you *go out and look around?"*

•

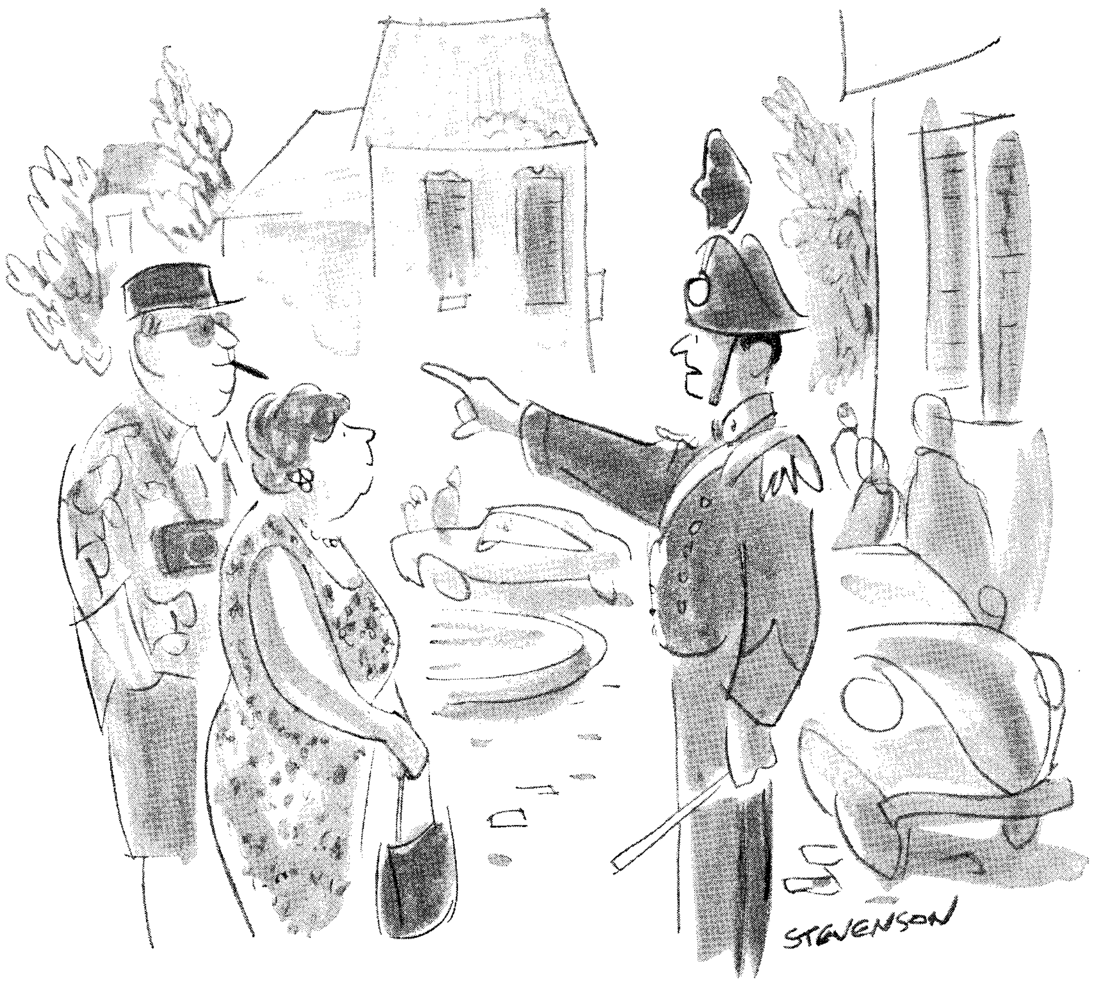
OVERHEARD last week among the dress racks on Macy's third floor, one middle-aged British tourist to another: "Here, Pamela, you take the whistle this time. If you get lost, just blow."

Crowded

WEEK before last, we told you how it is on Earth now that Telstar's above it. Today we want to tell you about Space now that Telstar's there. Space is crowded with flotsam—two hundred and sixteen pieces of it by July 10th, the date of Telstar's launching. Telstar, and its rocket, brought the official total to two hundred and eighteen objects, of which about forty-five are satellites proper, the remainder being odd bits of nose cones and tail fins. These figures are loose, of course, as they don't include a certain number of satellites secretly sent up by the United States and Russia; nor do they include Project West Ford, the needles that were sent up last year in a nose cone and remained clumped together instead of spreading out, as planned; nor Mariner I, the Venus shot launched July 22nd, which, owing to a hyphen's not being fed into a computer (the only error in punctuation that ever ended in an eighteen-million-dollar disaster), never got up there at all. The satellites we *can* account for, including Telstar, once weighed a total of 42,838.45 pounds, but now that they are in space they weigh nothing. Aside from the two hundred and eighteen objects currently in space, another hundred and fifty (about fifty-four of them actual space vehicles) that once were there no longer are. Most of them burned up in the atmosphere (a fate in store for the majority of those still aloft). Sputnik II and Laika, the Russian dog, disintegrated April 14, 1958, five months after the launching. Two objects no longer in space hit the moon, and twenty-one, four of them manned, safely returned to earth. The three hundred and sixty-eight chunks of hardware that are, or have been, in space got there as a result of well over a hundred launchings. As far as this country knows, only twenty-one of these launchings were Russian.

The shells of the satellites still in orbit are combinations of aluminum, steel, magnesium, and Fiberglas, and Telstar is studded with man-made sapphires. The lightest up there is Vanguard I (3.25 pounds), which also has the longest life expectancy of any earth satellite, ranging from two hundred to a thousand years. (The five satellites in orbit around the sun will last longer.) The heaviest still aloft is Sputnik IV, which weighed 10,008 pounds, but it's not long for this world, or any other, as it will disintegrate before next May. Telstar, at a hundred and seventy pounds, is of respectable weight; however, its nodal period (the length of time it takes a satellite to complete a circuit) is a subnormal, sluggish 157.6 minutes. The satellite with the shortest nodal period currently is Discoverer XX, which whizzes through a lap every 89.7 minutes. The object with the longest nodal period is a rocket section from Midas IV, which lumbers around in 166.4 minutes, twenty-four seconds slower than Midas IV itself. Of the five satellites—or planetoids, as scientists now call them—in solar orbit, Lunik I has the farthest to travel; its orbit is 1.315 astronomical units, or 122,159,555 miles, and it takes Lunik I four hundred and fifty days to complete the trip.

Like Telstar, many of its neighbors provide helpful services. Transit IV-A and IV-B, for instance, are naval navigational satellites, useful to shipping. The Tiros group—I through V are all aloft—are weather satellites, and often spot hurricanes in the making. Samos II, the Spy in the Sky, contains cameras. Others with military uses are Midas III and IV, both of which provide early warning against enemy rockets. Most of the satellites that Telstar will come across are for experimental and research purposes, like Discoverers XX, XXIII, and XXIV, which tested capsules for Project Mercury; all are A.W.O.L. and should have returned to earth as part of their experiments. Explorers I, VII, VIII, IX, X, XI, and XII have more scientific missions. No. I, the oldest satellite still flying, discovered the Van Allen radiation belts; No. VIII measured the ionosphere until the transmitter gave out; No. X contains an optical pumping magnetometer; No. XI measures stellar gamma rays absorbed by the atmosphere of the earth; and No. XII studies energetic particles in space. Besides discovering the Van Allen belts, satellites have proved that the earth's atmosphere extends several hundred



"Andate diritto finchè non incontrerete una chiesa, voltate a sinistra, e vi troverete davanti al palazzo di Jackie."

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miles above its surface, and they also produced data indicating that its atmosphere may extend thousands of miles above its surface. They proved that meteoric bombardment in space is, happily, less severe than had been expected, and that the earth's crust is an irregular affair, with a fifty-foot groove, extending several hundred miles, in the Arctic, and a thirty-foot ridge, about as long, in the Antarctic.

With such a clutter of satellites, many still operating a transmitter, the radio channels are getting jammed, too. Although the United States designs such transmitters to have a short life, at least twelve are still in business, broadcasting over twenty-five frequencies, and that's not counting Telstar, which uses five frequencies. Echo I, the only satellite readily visible in New York, can relay any frequency that is bounced off its balloon, but the balloon is somewhat crumpled now (it bumbles through space like a half-empty bag of potatoes), and its threat to the airwaves is diminished. If the crowding in space is bad now, it's going to get worse. Another Venus shot, properly hyphenated this time, is scheduled for later this month. The United States is planning four manned flights, eighteen orbits each, during the next twelve months. Two more Tiros weather satellites will be sent up this year; an unmanned Orbiting Geophysical Observatory, to measure the earth with greater precision, will go up late next year; and eleven Orbiting Astronomic Observatories will be launched at one-year intervals to cover a complete solar-activity cycle. And, of course, there will be at least eighteen more Telstars.

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NOTICE on the menu of a roadside restaurant near South Bend: "Shula's Supper Club of Niles features some of the finest name and semi-name entertainment nightly."

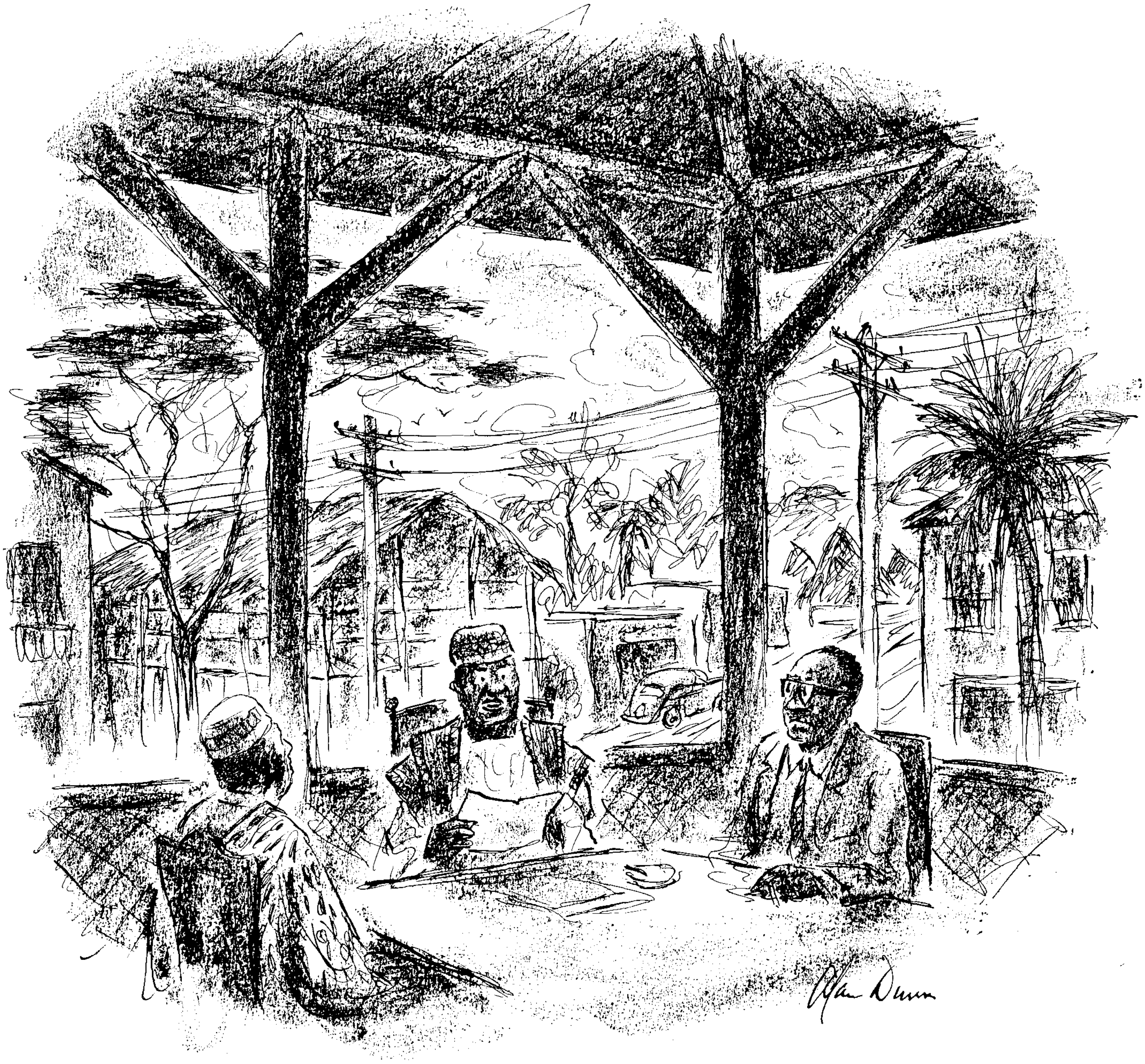
Long-Winded Lady

THE long-winded lady who writes to us from time to time has written again:

"I find the world noisy and intrusive in the summertime, and in the hot months I am always too conscious of the rooms I am living in and impatient with them, thinking of smothering, and for that reason, when the summer weather in New York City begins to reach its height, I am subject to powerful gusts of memory from other summers and other rooms in the different places in the city where I used to live. The summer on Sullivan Street was minute and hot and quiet, like the room I had, which measured about ten feet by twelve and had an enormous fireplace and no closet. Outside there was a little court with a fountain that never played, but the superintendent had a small boy, and the boy had a kitten, and they both enjoyed the court very much. On Hudson Street, the room was larger and had an enormous fireplace and no kitchen, and the newspaper-and-soda shop on the ground floor next door had a jukebox that played 'You Always Hurt the One You Love' all summer long with great beat and volume. I was on the third floor there, and the lady on the fourth floor got my check for the rent in her mailbox by mistake, and the landlady, who lived in suspicion on the first floor, kept asking me about the check, and finally I had to give her another check and stop payment on the first check, and then the fourth-floor tenant turned up with the original check and everybody seemed perfectly content that I was out the two dollars I had to give the bank for the stop payment. Next, I moved to an enormous room on Tenth Street that had windows straight across the front, giving me a fine view of rooftops and sky, and I had a tiny fireplace that didn't work and two big closets. I was six flights up, and the ceiling was low and the flat roof above me was tarred, and the heat was intense, but all the same it was a lovely room, except when I was trying to pull myself together to go out. One Saturday night, I spent about two hours making myself presentable in the five-hundred-degree heat up in that room, and when I was ready to leave I was late and I ran down the six flights and did very well till I reached the top of the last flight, and there I tripped and tumbled head over heels down to the bottom. My arms were dirty and my white gloves were ruined and my hair was down and I thought of myself living in that hot, dirty house, and I sat on the floor in the hall and cried with rage.

"The next stop I made was on Twenty-second Street, near Ninth Avenue, where I had two big rooms with a fireplace in each room and a real kitchen and the *use* of a garden. Outside, on Twenty-second Street, the people argued all day and then they argued all night, but more loudly at night because it was dark. When it rained, they got into the doorways to argue and then got out of the doorways to knock each other down. Over my head lived several young men who played 'Come On-a My House' all evening every evening and all day long on Saturdays and Sundays. They had no rugs or anything on the floor, and when their phone rang they all made a rush for it and tackled it together. Their record-player was powerful, and the sound pounded down through my ceiling until there was nothing in my head except that dreadful song. One Saturday afternoon, the owner of the building came to call. He owned it at long distance, through an agent and a manager, and his family had lived there once, and he walked into my apartment and took away the one thing that might have held me to the place—a magnificently ornate gilt mirror that filled the entire space between two windows. He said it was a family heirloom, and he and his abominable companion dragged it away, heavy and big as it was and much as I loved it, and put it in their station wagon and drove off with it. How I hated them. How I hoped it would break and give them seven years' bad luck. From there I went to Ninth Street, near Fifth, where I had two nice rooms and a fireplace and a terrace that was surrounded in spring and summer by the tops of trees. Early one Sunday morning, my little cat climbed down from the terrace to the little bit of roof that jutted out below and sat up on a window sill there staring in at the poodle who lived underneath me, and the poodle barked and woke his owners up and they became very objectionable, leaning out of their window and looking up at me and telling me my cat was a nuisance. I went downstairs perfectly furious and rescued her, and ever afterward when I passed them on the stairs I used to glower at them.

"Another summer, I was living in a hotel in the Village, where I had two nice rooms with folding doors between them and windows taking in the breeze from three directions, when there was a breeze. That was the hottest summer I ever remember, but I do not remember what I heard or felt so much as what I saw. I used to leave the hotel about seven on weekdays to go to my office, which was air-conditioned, and one morning shortly after seven I was sitting at the counter of a drugstore that was then on the corner of Eighth Street and Fifth Avenue when a young colored girl walked by outside wearing a yellow cotton dress. She was about seventeen, and she seemed to me to be newer than anything else in the city. Even at that hour the heat was stunning, but she looked newer than a daffodil. Her dress was triumphantly clean and starched, and I was sure she had ironed it herself, and I felt rather



“We’ve really ‘emerged’! Now they want us to help them with their deficit balance of payments.”

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ashamed, because I never iron anything any more. She looked very resolute, walking to her work, and I often think of her. Another morning, I left the hotel late—about nine-thirty or so—and as I made my way slowly through the blinding heat along Waverly Place to Sixth I saw a man approaching me who walked even more slowly than I did, and he hesitated every few steps. His hands were joined in front of him and he was carrying something that took all his attention. He never raised his eyes from what he was carrying in his hands. All the attention and care he had left to give to anything he was giving to what was in his hands, and he looked worn out and at the end of his rope. He had on only a shirt and trousers and shoes, no socks, and he was dirty and looked as though he had not washed or shaved or slept for a week, and he also looked as though he had no place to go where he could lie down and rest. He came toward me, watching what was in his hands, and I could hardly wait to see what he had that he treasured so much, and when I was passing him I looked, and there was a lump of ice melting in his hands. Then one Sunday morning I was walking across Tenth to Fifth, about noon, and, I have to say it again, the heat was past description. On the other side of Tenth, wandering along toward Sixth, I saw a man who used to hang around the neighborhood there asking for money, and I thought I would just go across and give him a quarter to relieve my conscience, because I intended to have lunch in an air-conditioned and expensive restaurant. I crossed the street, which was deserted up and down, and when I got to where he had been he had vanished. I thought he might have fainted from hunger, and I looked, and there he was leaning halfway in along the back seat of a car going through some baskets and a suitcase that were there. I crept back to my own side of the street with my quarter in my hand, feeling terribly embarrassed to have seen him stealing and thanking heaven that he had not caught me prying. It seems to me that everything I feel about that summer and about every summer was contained in the thought I had then about that man, because the world was so distorted, dead in the heat, with nothing real and nothing unreal, that it seemed no more strange for him to steal than for me to climb up into a bus and be carried from one place to another place.”

HAPPINESS

"THE bathroom's the awkwardest feature," said Mr. Naylor, of Elwes & Sons, house agents, "being situated on the ground floor. People don't like ground-floor bathrooms. You might say, they just won't hear of them."

"No, I suppose not. Yet—" Lavinia Fenton broke off.

"I know what you were going to say, Mrs. Fenton. You were going to say, Why not convert the dressing room upstairs, leaving the existing bathroom for what one might call a playroom, or a children's lounge, or a study, if there happened to be no family. Once we'd got the bath out, it could be called ideal for that, being so inordinately large for a bathroom. But then the pipes would have to be carried upstairs. Think of the plumbing, Mrs. Fenton! Prohibitive! No buyer would contemplate it, not for this class of residence—it isn't as if this were one of those old oak jobs. And I understand you don't want to let the estate in for any extra expense. So there we are, I'm afraid. Back where we started from!"

Mr. Naylor had, in fact, scotched a snake that wasn't there. Lavinia's "Yet" had been provoked by the reflection that an increasingly large acreage of southern England was occupied between 7:30 and 8:30 A.M. by people resignedly bathing on ground-floor level. Not so resignedly, either, since there are always buyers for bungalows. Both Mr. Petherick, of Petherick, Petherick & Sampson, and Mr. Cox, of Reason & Titters, had already explained that Aller Lodge, the late Miss Esther Jeudwine's brick-built, two-story residence in sound repair, would have been easy enough to sell if only it had been a bungalow. All a matter of social psychology, thought Lavinia, who, as a columnist on superior Women's Pages, was accustomed to making something out of not much; a mass apprehension of being surprised with no clothes on, which if not primitive, since primitive man had other and more pressing things to be surprised by, must certainly go a long way back, being later on reinforced by class distinction—the wealthy are draped, the poor go bare—and Christianity's insistence on modesty, for though a fakir can be venerable in a light handful of marigolds, an archdeacon can scarcely leave off his gaiters. In short, the discomposure of being surprised with no clothes on is, like the pleasurability of possessing a virgin, one of the things long taken for granted—and really even more of an *idée reçue*, being subscribed to by both sexes alike. Yet here was this mass apprehension, fortified by tradition, smoothed by acceptance, part of the British way of life, suddenly ceasing to function when brought into bungalows, where the hazards that might justify it—housebreakers, mad dogs, cars out of control, voyeurs, private detectives, almost anything, in fact, except the atom bomb—would be so much more in the cards. But one must remember that bathrooms being so recent an introduction, public opinion could not have made up its mind about them yet, and was bound to be rather unphilosophical.

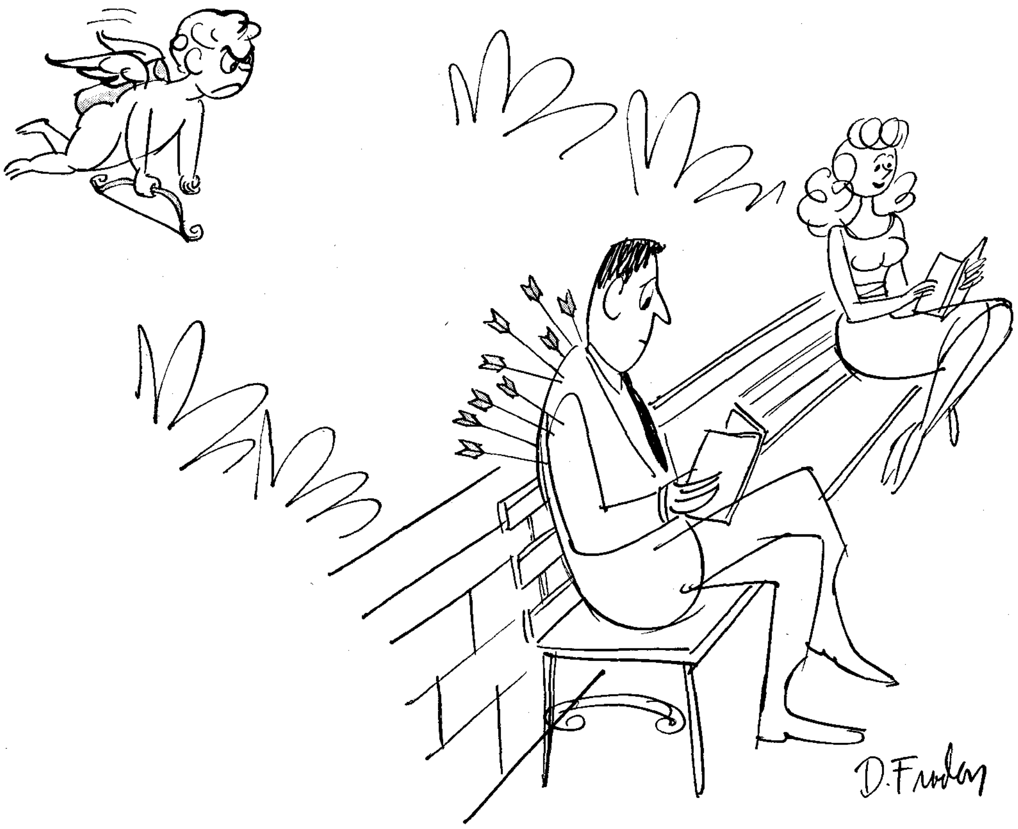
Lavinia became aware that Mr. Naylor was observing her with sympathy, but at the same time giving little coughs. Of course. The poor man wanted to go.

"Well, goodbye, Mr. Naylor. And *thank you for being so helpful.* I'm afraid it's a bad lookout, but I'm sure you'll do your best."

"I'll do my best," he said, and his voice, being more sincere than hers, sounded less sanguine.

She was almost sorry to see him go, he was so much the nicest of them, and the only one to show the slightest comprehension of the fix she was in. Nothing could have been more straightforward than Cousin Esther's will. Her legacies were proportionate to her estate and left a proper margin for expenses. A short list of remembrance gifts—and she had kept it up to date—was pinned to the will itself. She wished for a funeral service without hymns. She willed her house and personal property, other than the items specified in the attached list, to be sold and the proceeds to form a trust fund for the education of her great-great-nieces, Emily and Jemima Jeudwine, any residue to be divided between them when they reached the age of twenty-one (they were twins); and she appointed Hugh Dickenson Jeudwine and Lavinia Fenton as her executors. Unfortunately, Hugh had died of his injuries a few hours after the car crash in which his great-aunt had been killed, and the house which was to provide the mainstay of the trust for Hugh's three-year-old daughters was proving unsellable.

During the four months of her executorship, Lavinia's snatched visits to Aller Lodge, at first so nostalgic and so executive, had become heartless and vacant. The two servants, a married couple named Mullins, had received their legacies and gone off to let lodgings in Felixstowe; the cat, Dollop, had gone with them. The gifts had been dispatched; the best of the furniture, china, and books had gone to the auction rooms in the county town, the silver, the Dutch flower paintings, and the collection of clocks to Sotheby's. Remarking that this was no era for fish kettles (thereby providing Lavinia with the germ of half a column about the effects of broadcasting in Mandarin English to English listeners, who with their native genius for phrase-making would seize on some devitalized term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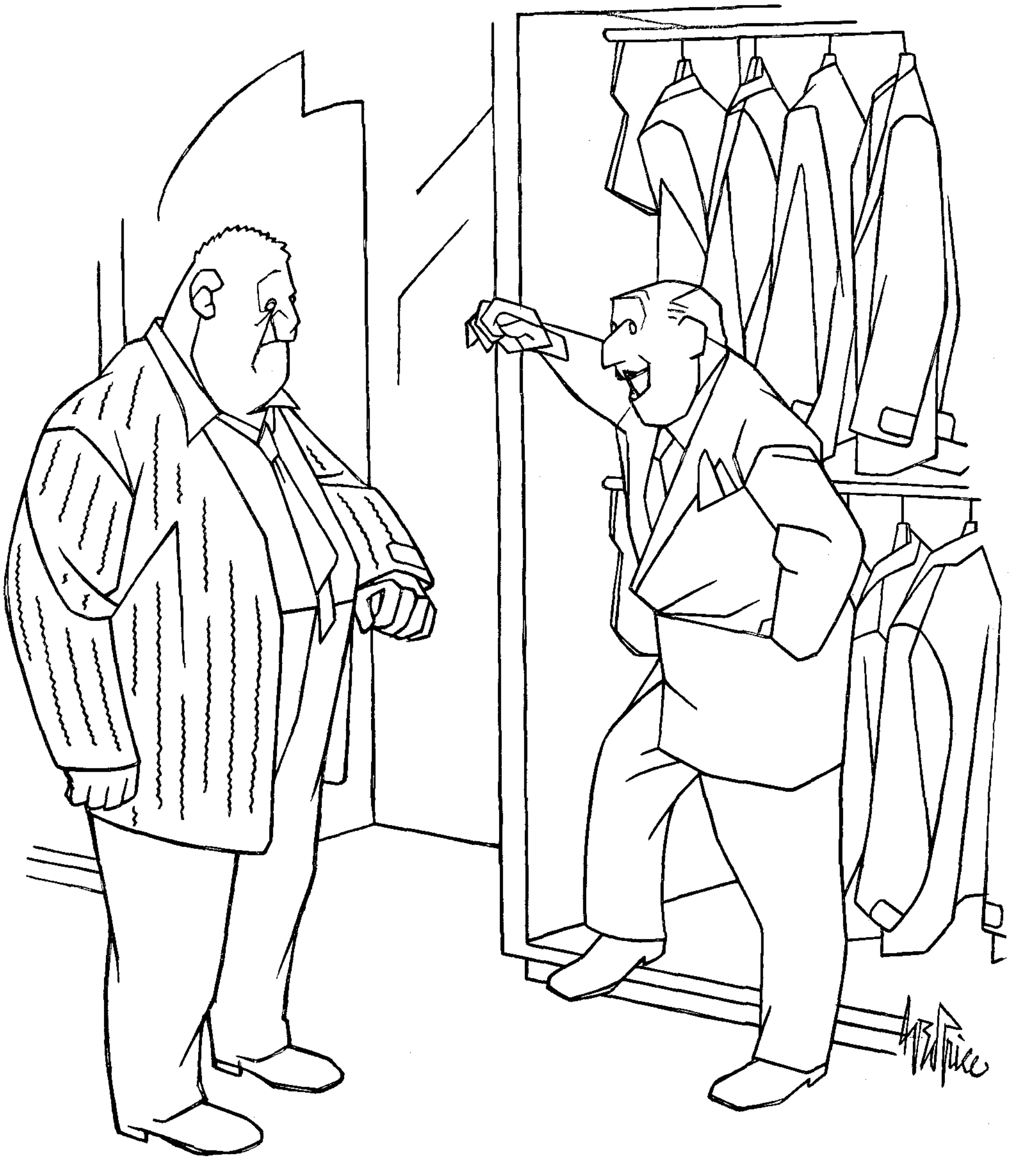

"I really think the tweed suits your rough-and-tumble style, sir."

like "era" and burnish it into a new arrestingness), the local second-hand dealer had removed several miscellaneous vanloads. What remained was just enough to emphasize that the house needed considerable repair and total redecoration.

Being so empty, it seemed brimful of the noise of the traffic speeding past its ironwork railings and the laurel hedge that protected the long narrow garden. "All those laurels, too," Mr. Petherick had commented. "Who's going to keep up laurels nowadays? Laurels are o-u-t. Out!" Yet on Lavinia's visits to Cousin Esther, she had never noticed the noise of traffic. During the day, they had so much to say to each other; and Lavinia's bedroom was at the back, looking straight into the pear tree.

"Well, child, here we are, all ready for a nice long talk. Sit down, dear. Have you brought any parlor work?"

"My petit point."

"Let me look at it. Hmm. Not too bad, not too bad. Is this the same panel you brought last time? Oh, well, no doubt you've got other things to do in London. Now tell me the latest nonsense."

"Red flannel nightdresses, with long sleeves, high necks, and crochet lace edgings."

"We had featherstitching. Far more practical, and didn't rag out in the wash." If Lavinia had cited starched ruffs, ankle-length pantalets, hennins, among the latest nonsenses, it would turn out that Cousin Esther had worn them, with improvements. "Will you have a cigar?"

"Not till after dinner, thank you."

The cigars had begun when Lavinia decided to leave her husband and earn her own living, and they were Cousin Esther's idea. "You aren't shocked, are you, at my taking a job?" Lavinia had asked. Since childhood, Cousin Esther's approval had been her fortress. And Cousin Esther had said, "Shocked, dear? Why should I be? Now you can give up those trivial little cigarettes and smoke cigars. I've always liked George Sand. Charming woman, and so capable. But keep to cigars, duckie; you aren't made for de Mussets."

Now there was only the noise of traffic, for Cousin Esther was in her grave, and the Boulle clock and the clock that played "Partant pour la Syrie" were ticking at Sotheby's; and the house—the only house where Lavinia smoked cigars—was for sale and no one would buy it.

A section of the noise stopped at the gate. The doorbell rang. A possible buyer? But it was Mr. Naylor back again, back with something in his jaws; his expression plainly said so.

"Mrs. Fenton, I've had an idea. I was thinking about those laurels as I drove along, what a job it would be to keep them trimmed. 'Another handicap,' I said to myself. Handicap! Why, it's the main feature, though I didn't realize it until one of our own 'FOR SALE' boards caught my eye, just outside Beck St. Mary's. 'AMPLE FRONTAGE.' Ample frontage! If ever there was ample frontage, we've got it here. So I turned straight round and came back. And here I am."

"In time for a cup of tea," she said. "I'm just making myself one. Do sit down. I won't be a moment."

She knew and she did not know. What she unequivocally knew was that unless she kept a firm hand on herself, she was going to be silly.

When she carried in the tray, the French windows had been opened and Mr. Naylor was walking up the garden, looking pleased as Adam. He came in, rubbing his hands, glowing with kindheartedness.

"Yes, Mrs. Fenton, it's perfect; couldn't be better. You can forget about that bathroom now. All we've got to do is to apply for a building permit. And you'll get it, never fear. All this end of Long Monkton is scheduled for development, now that we're getting the bypass. Yes, you'll soon be out of your troubles. I've been pacing it. There's ample room for two."

"Two?" she said, holding on to the teapot.

"Two bungalows," said Mr. Naylor, as though he were promising oranges to a child—to a Victorian child in a pinafore, to whom oranges meant oranges. Two bungalows. Two families bathing in confidence in Cousin Esther's garden.

"Two bungalows . . ."

"With garages. Up as soon as winking," said Mr. Naylor. "And double

WHEN THE VACATION IS OVER FOR GOOD

It will be strange
Knowing at last it couldn't go on forever,
The certain voice telling us over and over
That nothing would change,

And remembering, too,
Because by then it will all be done with, the way
Things were, and how we had wasted time as though
There was nothing to do,

When, in a flash,
The weather turned and the lofty air became
Unbearably heavy, the wind strikingly dumb,
And our cities like ash,

And knowing, also,
What we never suspected, that it was something like summer
At its most august, except that the nights were warmer
And the clouds seemed to glow,

And even then,
Because we will not have changed much, wondering what
Will become of things, and who will be left to do it
All over again,

And somehow trying,
But still unable, to know just what it was
That went so completely wrong, or why it is
We are dying.

—Mark Strand

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the money you were hoping to get for the place as it is."

Double the money. And if not double the thankfulness of Hugh's widow—who whatever she might be able to receive would retain a due unthankfulness—a possible ten-per-cent abatement in her conviction that because poor Hughie wasn't there to stand up for his children, Lavinia would sell the house to the firstcomer who offered sixpence for it.

"Which I'm not likely to get, you think?"

"To be honest with you, which would always be my wish, not in a month of Sundays."

A flimsy hope brushed her.

"Unfortunately, I don't think I could afford to build."

"Build? Heaven forbid! Why, they'd ruin you. No, no, what you've got to do is to sell as building land. Once you've got the permit through, it'll sell before we can say 'knife.' "

Two rather tipsy butterflies that had been feasting in the buddleia chased each other in through the French window and chased each other out again. Mr. Naylor and me saying "knife," she thought.

"Two bungalows," she repeated.

"Or it might be three," said Mr. Naylor, wooing her with three oranges, since only a couple appeared to have fallen rather flat with this lady. "Yes, that's quite a possibility. For the right sort of buyer, someone with enterprise, and enough labor, would think nothing of demolishing the house and putting the third bungalow here, where we are sitting. He could use a lot of the bricks; the lead on the roof alone would be worth a fortune. . . . You could ask according, and get it."

"But the pear tree! . . ."

"True, that's an item. These old trees, their roots get everywhere. But half an hour with a bulldozer—you'd be surprised. Isn't that the front door?"

The lady dotted with mink carried an order to view from Reason & Titters. "Sweet old place, isn't it?" she remarked. "Georgian all over. I never tire of Georgian. It's got so much character."

"I'm afraid this is Victorian."

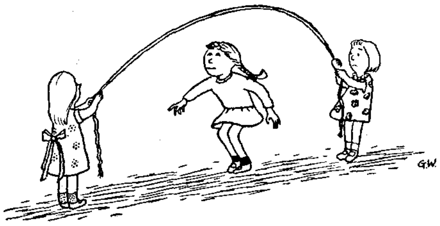
"Oh! Then why does it look so Georgian? I suppose it was an imitation."

She was so plainly no buyer that Lavinia did not even feel the adulterous embarrassment of being interrupted while drinking tea with one house agent by the client of another. Mr. Naylor was not embarrassed, either. Combining tact with business, he returned to the garden and paced it more scrupulously. The dotted lady was scrupulous, too. Before she left, she had gone into every room, opened every closet, asked every question, saying in the tone of one worn out by bestowing benefits, "Really? Quite quaint!"

Mr. Naylor, remet, said chivalrously that with ladies of that kind it was hard to tell. Something might come of her.

"Horrible woman!" said Lavinia. By contrast, Mr. Naylor seemed such a bosom friend that she allowed her voice to express some of the dejection she felt. If he felt that dejection was a poor response to the happy issue he had opened before her, he did not show it. He remembered something he must be getting along to, thanked her for the tea, said he would leave her to think it over. In the morning, all she would have to do would be to give him a tinkle. He would bring the application forms and see to the rest.

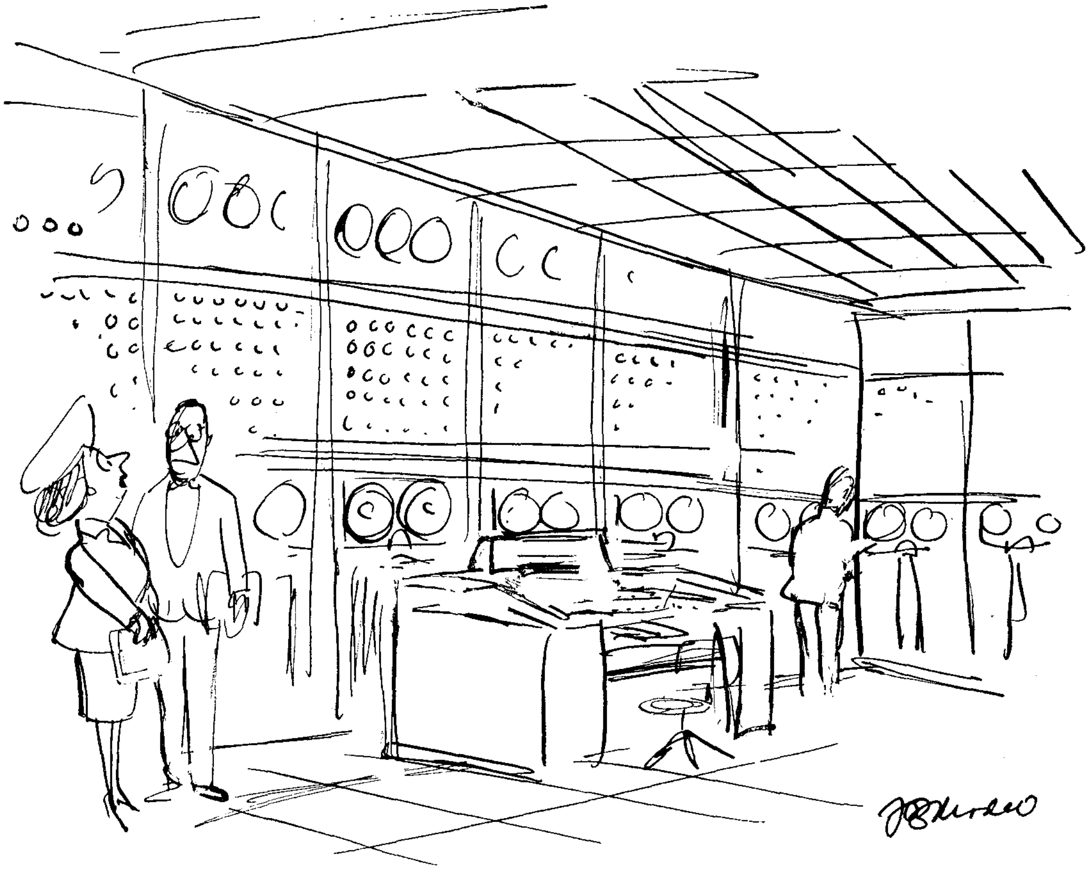
Still fending it off, she went through the house, opening doors and windows.



The lady who adored Georgian had a Georgian insensibility to stinks, and her perfume resounded like a cornet. There was the bedroom, the defrauded bedroom in which Cousin Esther had not died. Everything had gone wrong at the last; the house had been robbed of its due.

"I might as well say Done," she said to herself, at last. "Say Done, and say Goodbye."

GOODBYE is a thing best said out-of-doors. She went out, and walked up and down the long flower border, being careful not to glance toward the house, to which the opened windows gave a curious air of animation, of a party being held. She looked at the flowers; she noticed the strong growth of late-summer weeds. The jobbing gardener she had hired to give the place a tidy-up was not thorough like Mullins. Never mind, never mind! The flowers did not seem to mind, either; the zinnias, the hollyhocks, the velvety dahlias looked exceptionally sumptuous and thriving. One must admit that flowers prefer the company of weeds to the company of a weeder. Their loyalty is to the vegetable kingdom; they are delighted to get away from the fostering, censuring, interfering guardianship of man. All at once,



"Sure it can think. But can it change its mind?"

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a dahlia shed its petals. She realized that for the last ten minutes she had not been looking at the flowers; she had not even been conscious of them; she had been exploiting them, spinning a true observation into another whimsical paragraph. Never mind, never mind! Come to that, Mullins would have sent them to the flower show. No wonder they felt more at home with their weeds!

Slowly, with hanging head, she walked across the lawn toward the pear tree. It was an old tree. It was said to have been there before Aller Lodge was built; it was already tall and thick-limbed when Cousin Esther arrived, and none could name it. Its fruit, a dark obsidian green, smooth-rinded, narrow, almost cylindrical, ripened very late, and kept throughout the winter. Being so old, the pear tree was also rather fitful and cranky. In the spring of last year, it had bloomed so abundantly, so triumphantly, that Cousin Esther had telegraphed to her to come and see it. This year, so Mullins reported when she came down for the funeral, there had been a very poor show of bloom and no bees. "No pears for you this year, Miss Lavinia." She laid her hand on its rough bark. "I have sold you," she said. At the sound of her words, tears of shame started painfully from her eyes. Shaking her head to free her cheeks of them, she looked up and saw something white. It was a cluster of pear blossoms, newly, perfectly unfolded.

It was startling—she need not let it be more. It was the whim of an old tree, and in fact she had seen other such blossomings in other Augusts. To hear a cuckoo would have been much more remarkable. The blossoms' extreme whiteness enforced the sudden presence of dusk. She must go in and shut those windows before dewfall. Instead, she sat down on the plank bench that encircled the trunk of the tree. Suppose she bought the house? She could not afford to; she didn't really want to. Suppose she bought the house? Not from sentiment, not from piety, not from resentment of bungalows, but for her own pleasure. She would keep her old bedroom, of course, smelling the pear blossom in the early morning, sharing bees with it, hearing a pear fall, and another pear fall, as she lay under the eiderdown on the first frosty night, and thinking how, first thing in the morning, she would go down and hunt for them in the long cold grass. After a time—there need be no hurry about it—Cousin Esther's bedroom would become her spare room, and Emily and Jemima, who by then would be old enough to go visiting without their mother, would sleep there, feeling grand in a grown-up bed, as she had felt, and supported by a night light, as she had been. The traffic would not disturb them—besides, by then the bypass would have taken most of it away; the laurel hedge would be a boundary again. She would repaint the white seat. At night she would go round, locking up the house, turning the familiar, heavy, infallible keys, and afterward she would lie in the ground-floor bathroom, hearing the owls hooting, and looking at the map of Europe, which fortunately even the reluctant fish-kettle remover had refused to take away. If she bought the house, she would buy other things, too. She would buy an inkpot, a penholder, a packet of steel nibs—and never touch her typewriter again. There should be no more clever slavery. To be on the safe side, she would not even keep a diary, and "LAVINIA FENTON" would vanish from the printed page until it made its curt farewell appearance in the deaths column. Till then, she would be Mrs. Fenton, an aging English lady with a winter hat and a summer hat, who sometimes went to church, who sometimes smoked a cigar after dinner, who sat reading by candlelight because it is more restful for the eyes, or for some such decorous reason. The candlelight would be known because its glow would be seen through the gap in the curtains; no one would know the exquisite pleasure she would find in the smell of sweet wax, lingering on into the next morning. No one would know, since she would not speak of it.

As though her moderate intention of churchgoing had encouraged the church clock, it now chimed a quarter. Looking at her watch, she found it was too dark to read its face. Car lights were stabbing through the laurel hedge. Gently, she got up; gently, she laid her lips to the rough bark of the tree, and kissed it a gentle farewell. It had put out its cluster of blossom—a pure statement of spring, since nothing would come of it. It had given her an hour of unalloyed happiness.—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

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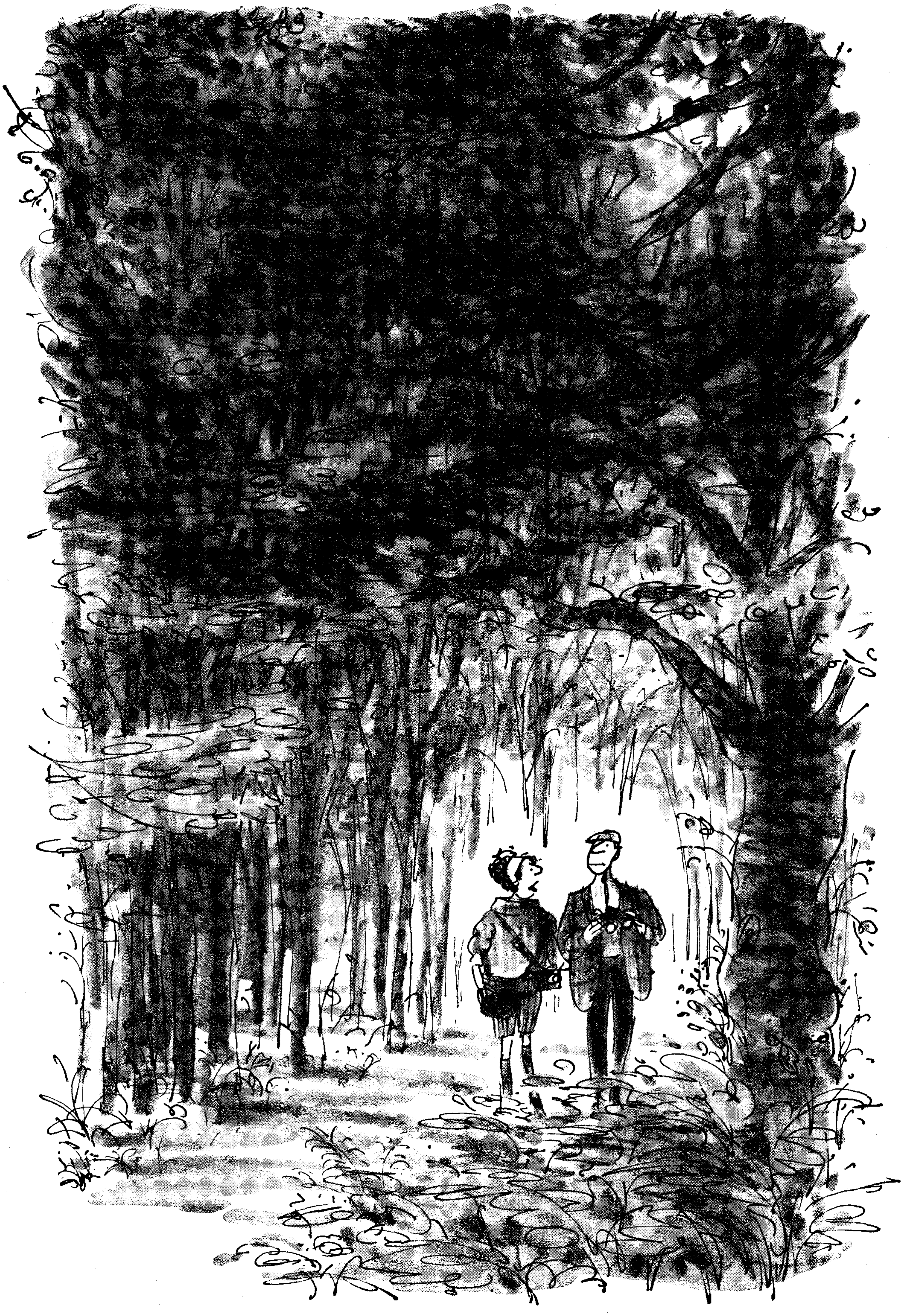
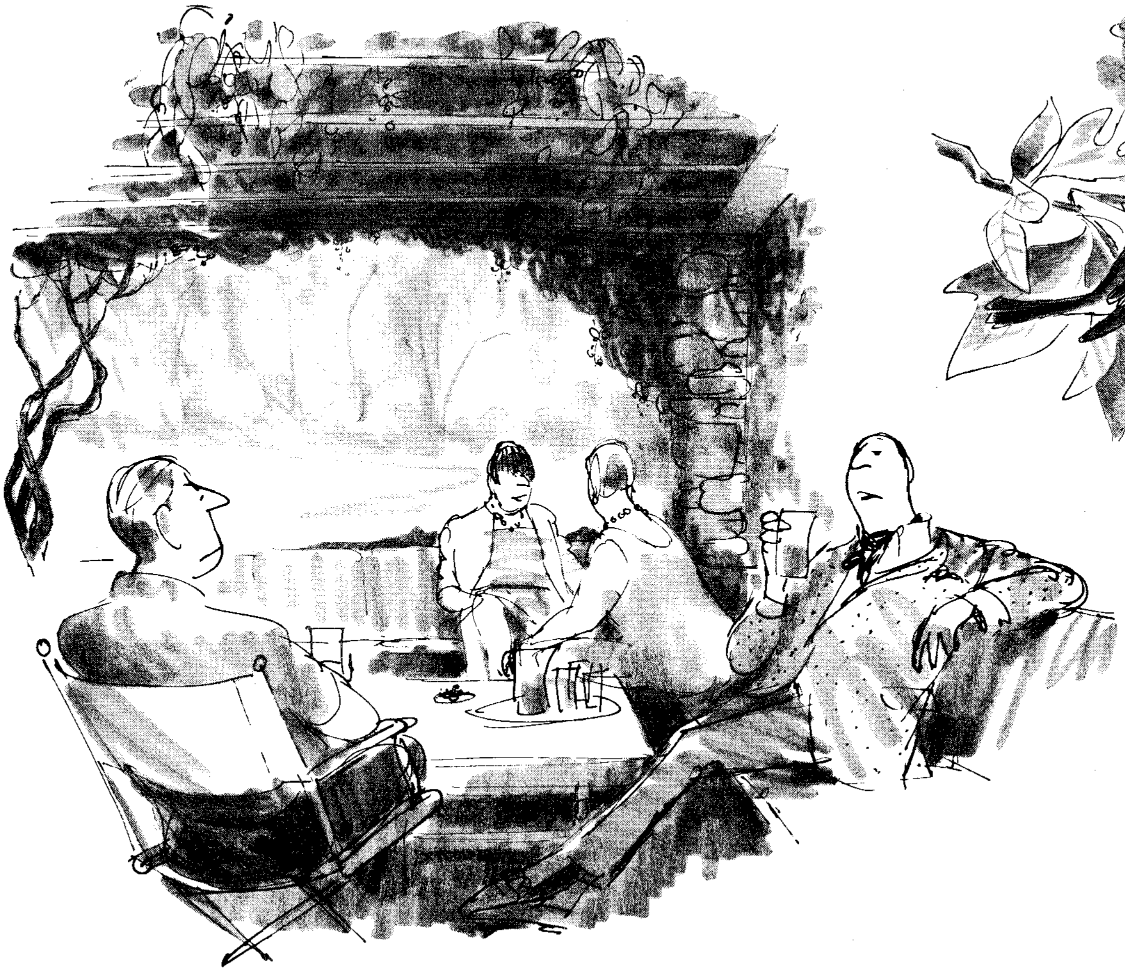
The super-millionaire owns or controls at least 40 firms. He has four sons by five wives.—*Indianapolis News.*

And that takes a bit of doing, even if you have money.

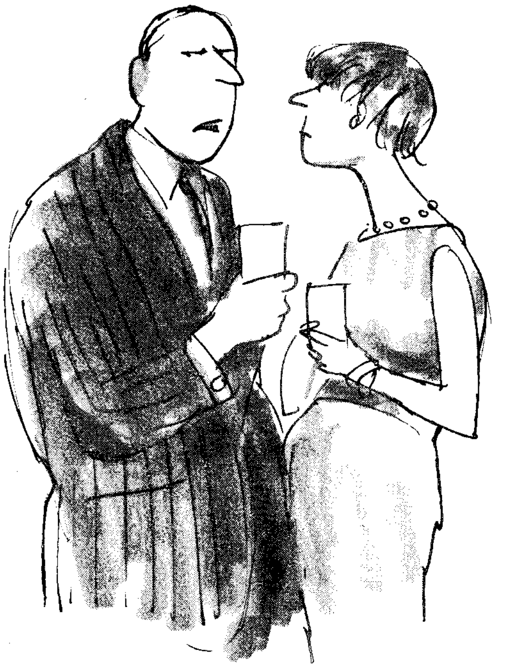


" 'I'm from Cleveland, Ohio,' I told her, 'and I ought to know a red-headed woodpecker when I see one.' "

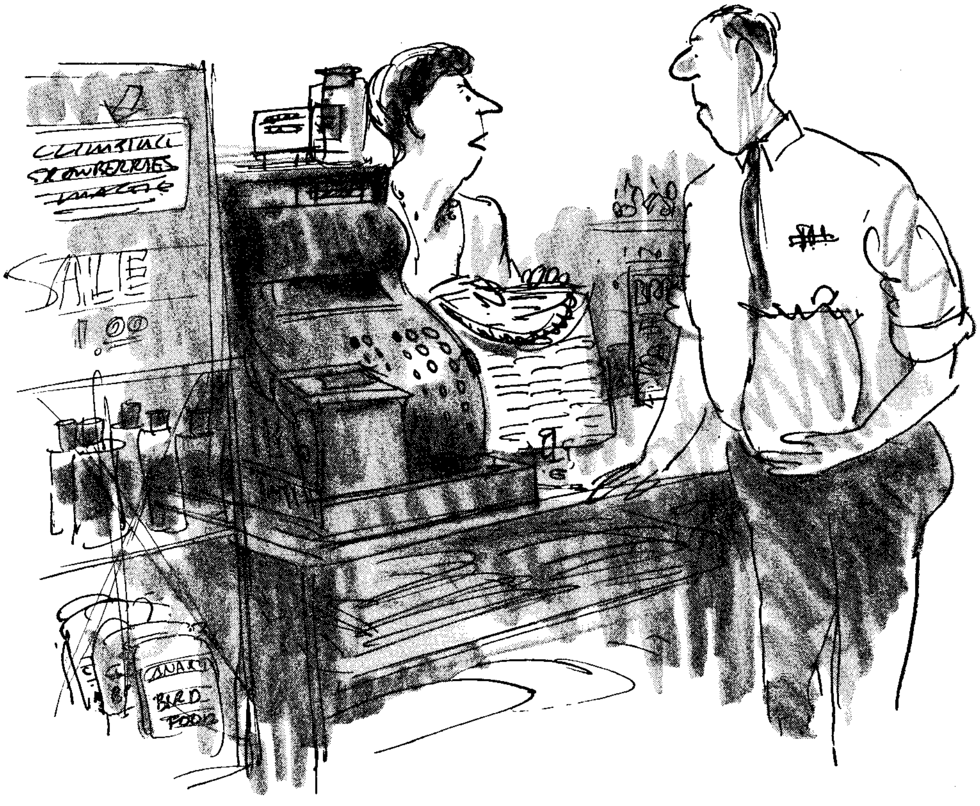
BIRD WATCHERS



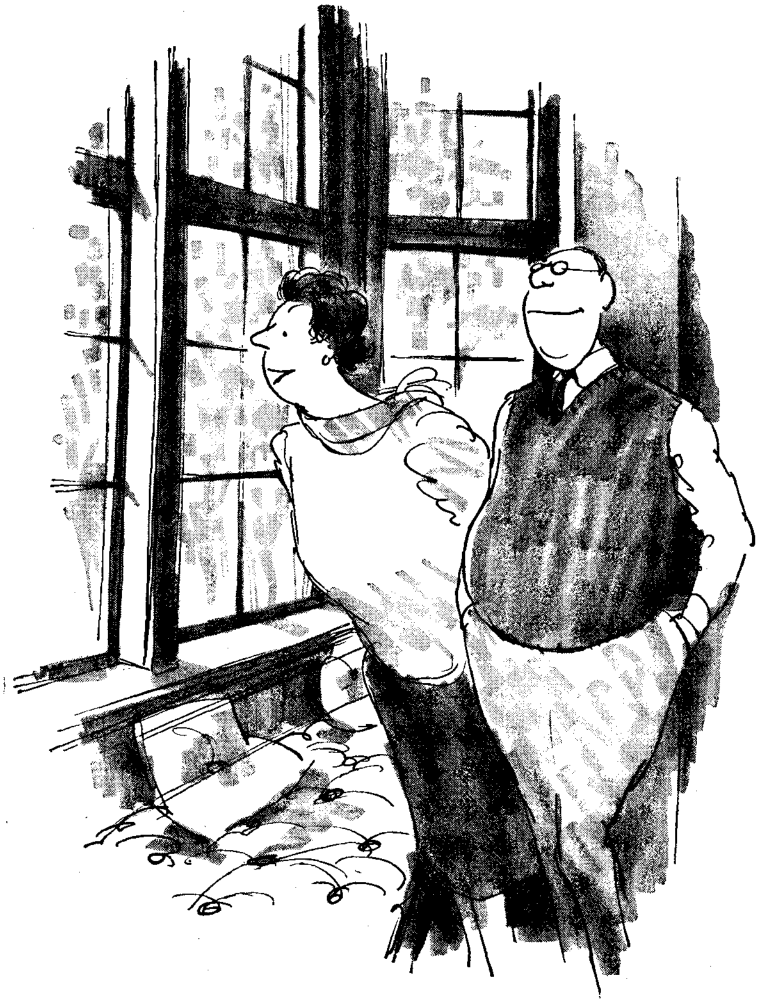
"Let's stop for a moment to consider why you find the starling an object of hate."



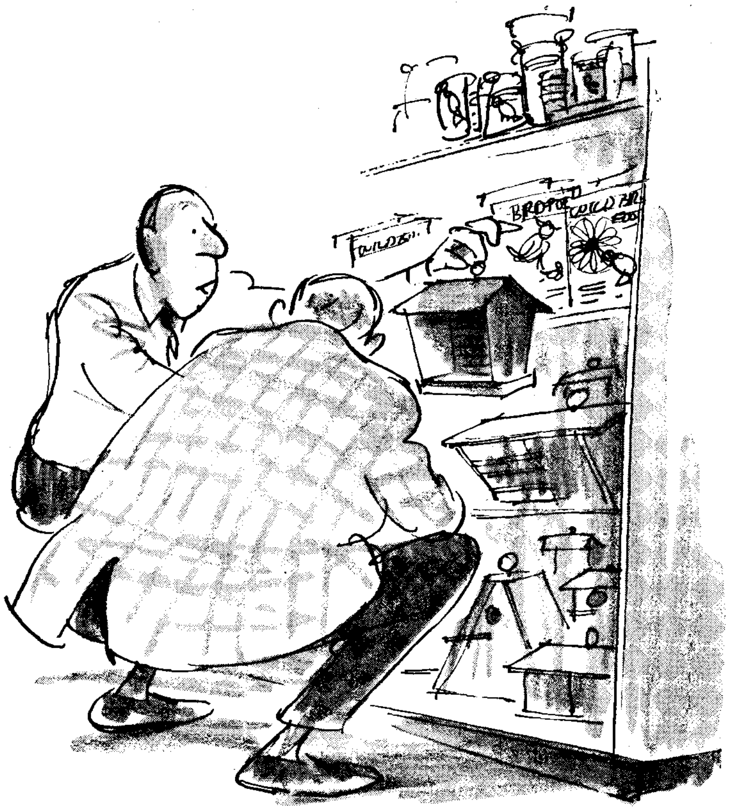
It's Stuart Mitchell who's been wooing away our cardinals. He admitted it."



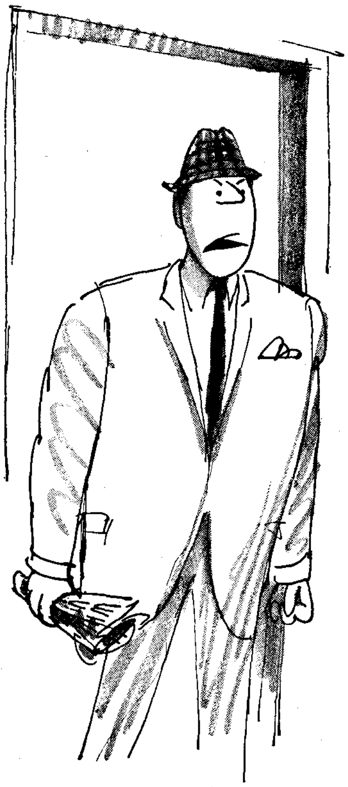
"Can you tell me what kind of little family is in our wisteria? The nest is like a tennis ball and it seems to be made of shredded coconut."



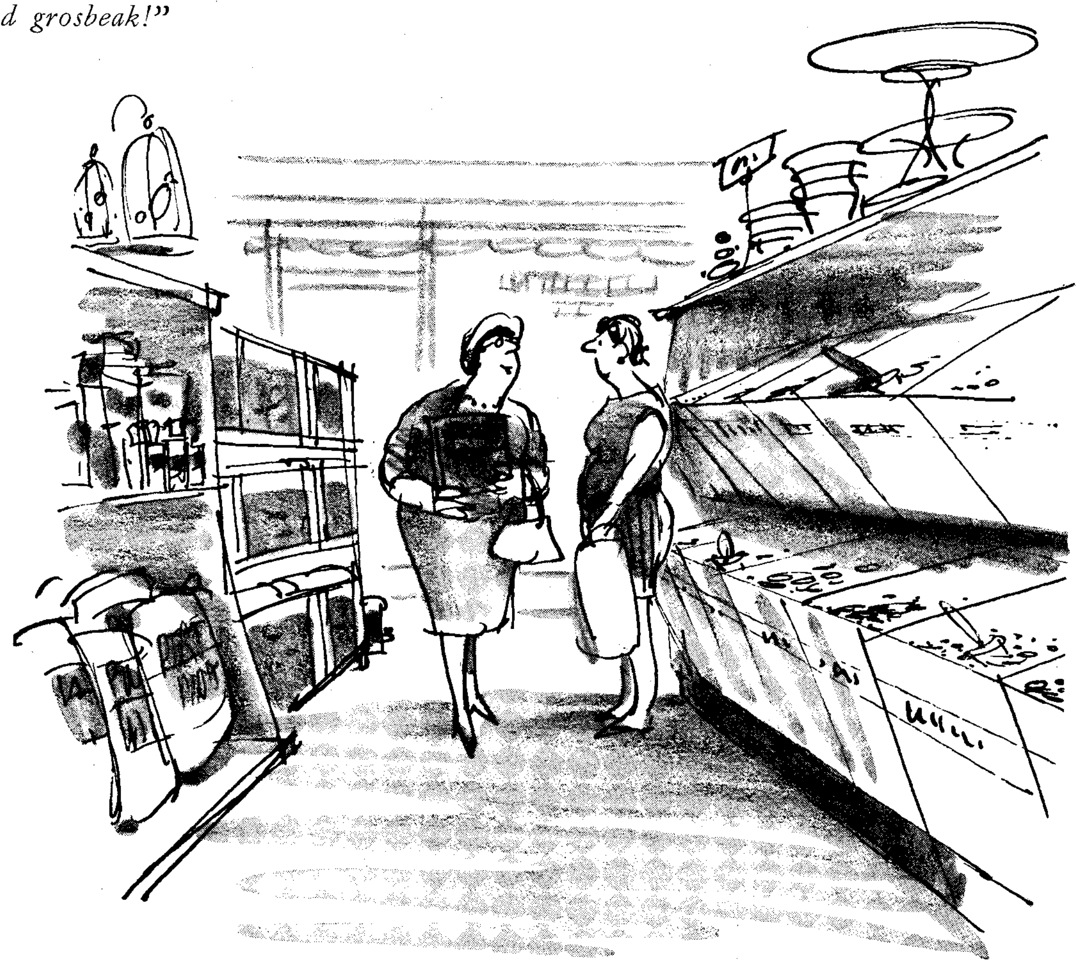
"So that's your rose-breasted grosbeak!"



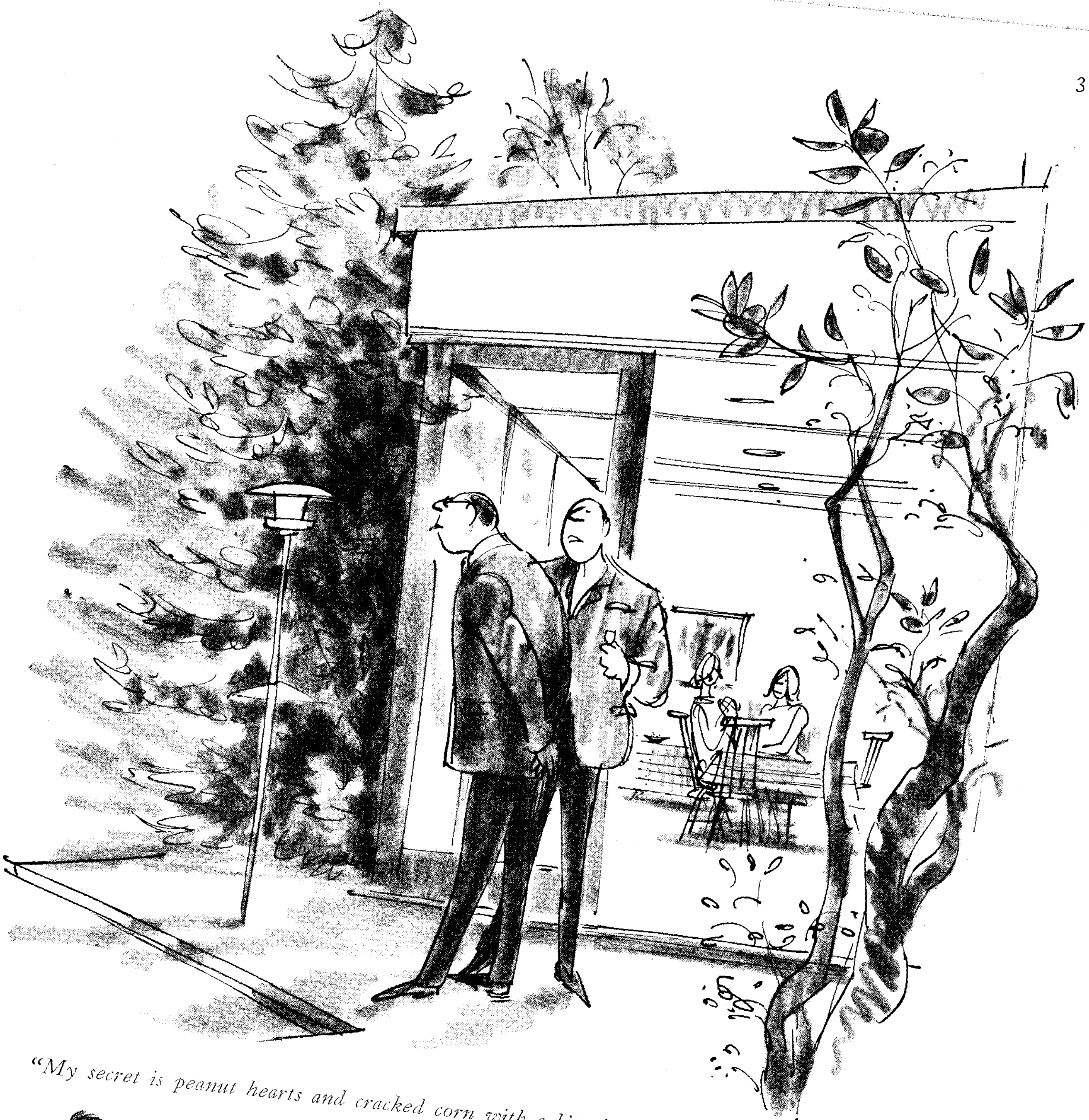
"If you're thinking of the chickadee, titmouse, or finch, this feeder pulls very well."



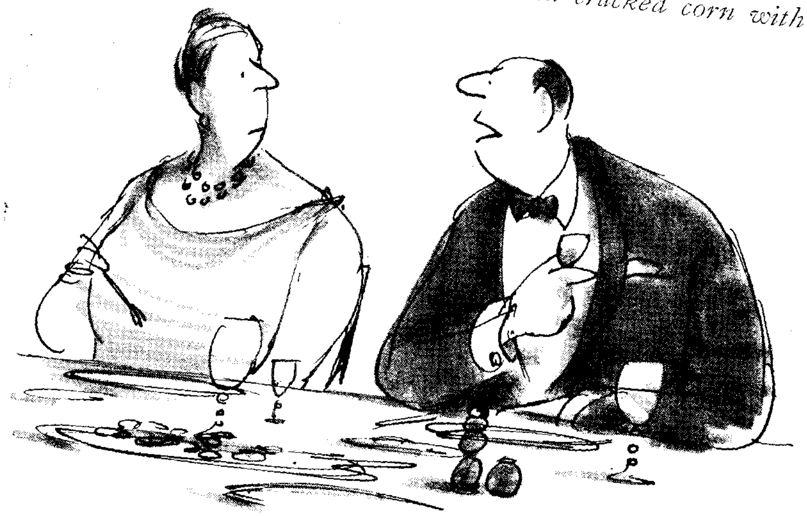
"Who the hell put Rice Krispies in my bluebird feeder?"



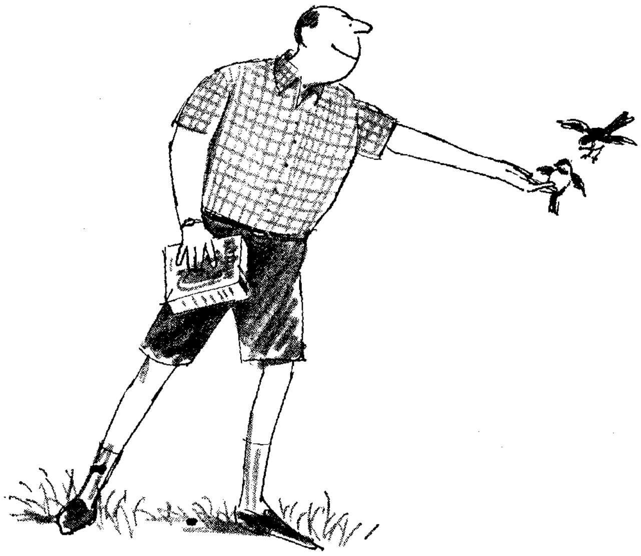
"You people on Roseapple Road mustn't be discouraged. Your warblers will come!"

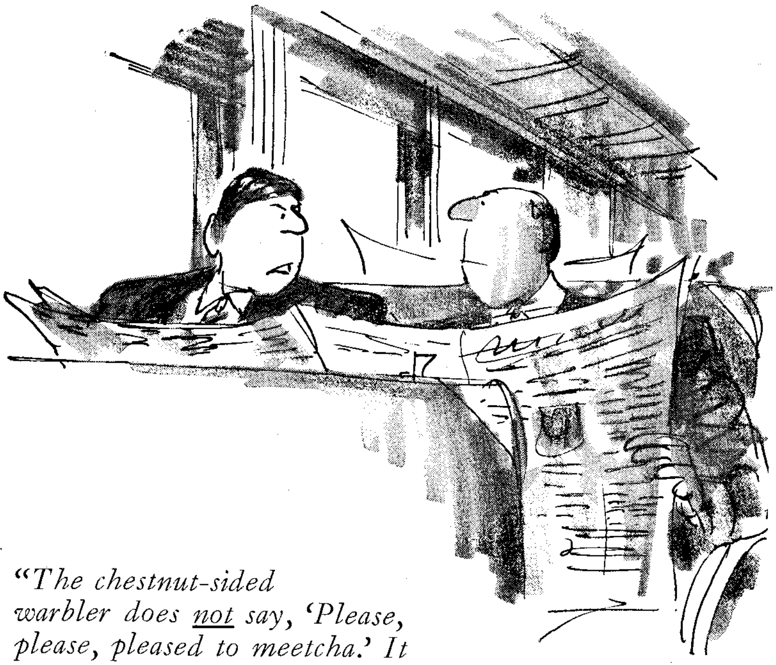


"My secret is peanut hearts and cracked corn with a bit of Pepperidge Farm bread crumbs."

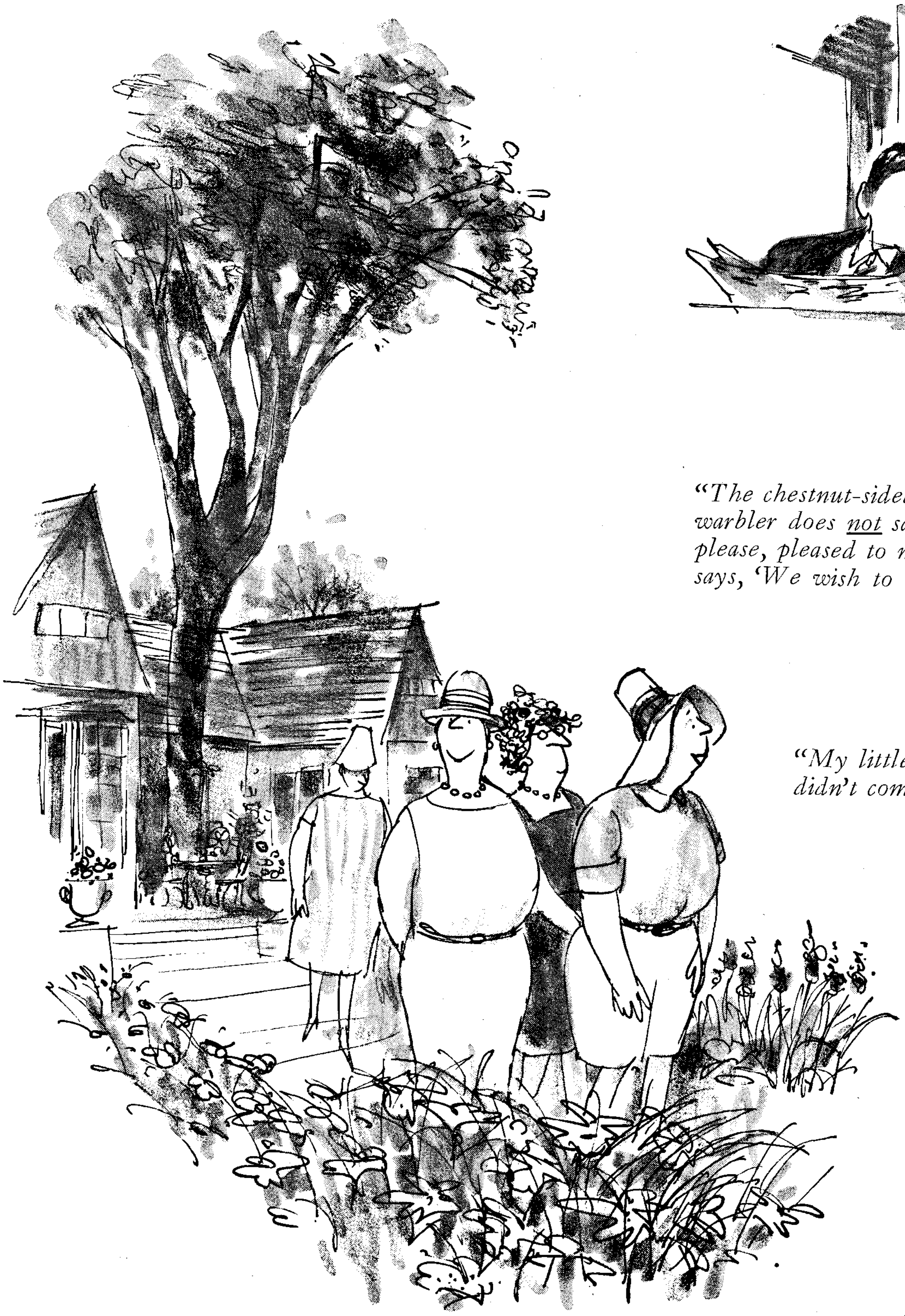


"Have you ever spent the night surrounded by a noisy resting migration of Canada geese?"

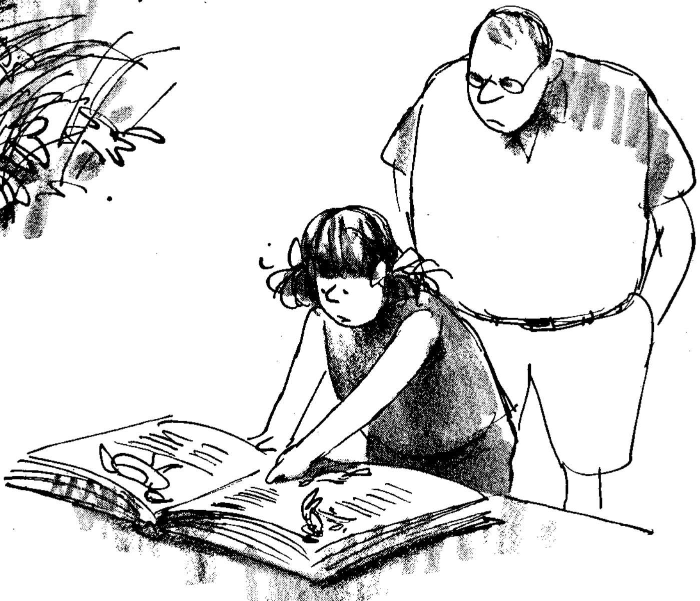


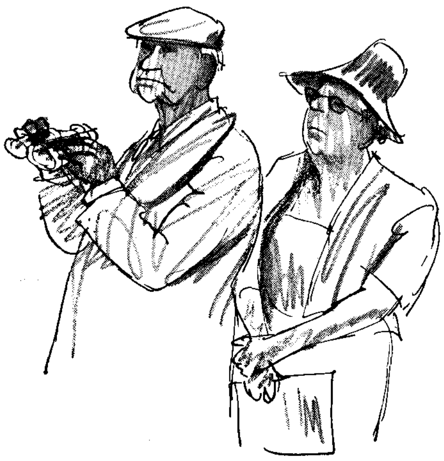


"The chestnut-sided warbler does not say, 'Please, please, pleased to meetcha.' It says, 'We wish to see Miss Beecher.'"

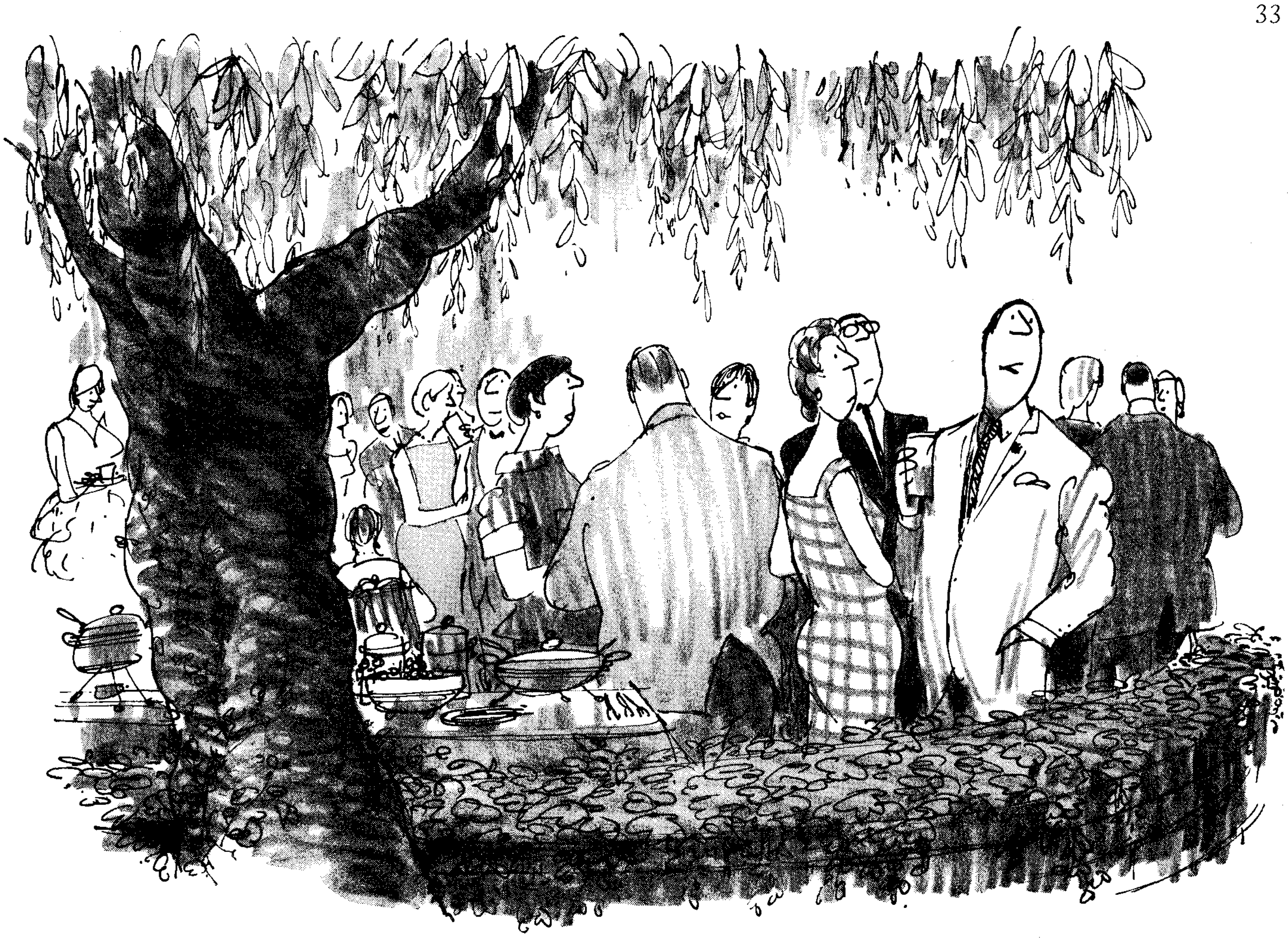


"My little indigo bunting didn't come back to see me this year."

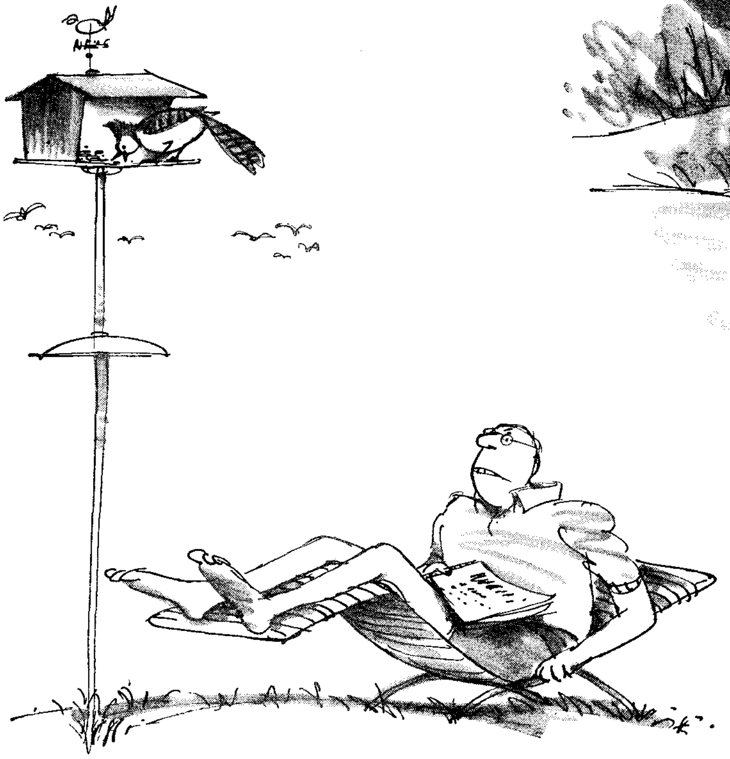


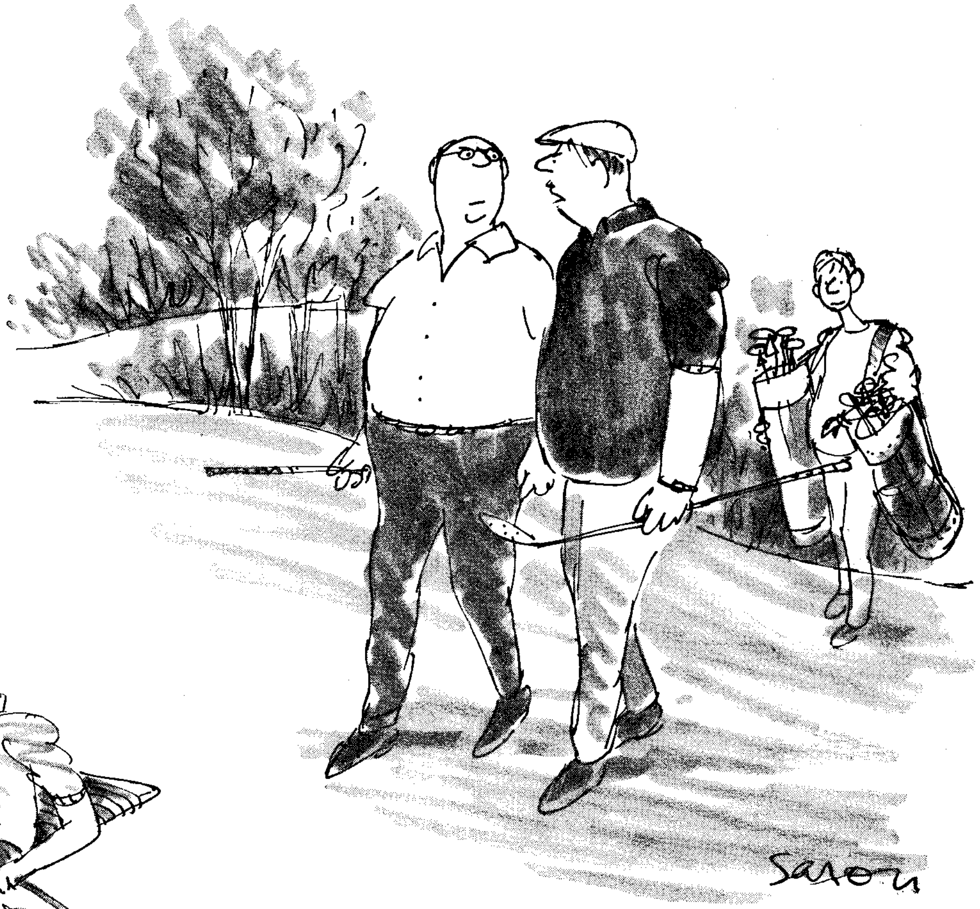


"Look, it says right here, 'The golden-crowned kinglet. The male has an orange stripe through the center of the golden crown. The ruby-crowned kinglet is seldom, if ever, found in the Northeast.'"



"Red-eyed vireo! Top of the Norway maple!"





"I'll tell you something about purple finches. They'll eat you out of house and home!"

FOUR DIALOGUES

I—AT THE KITCHEN SINK

"STRANGE party," said his wife, shaking the lettuce leaves over the sink as if she were afraid of breaking them. She was too elegant to wash dishes or lettuce leaves, and her voice was too delicate to speak over a kitchen sink. Her real drawing room was the place occupied by her voice and by her movements.

"Why was it a strange party?" said he, knowing exactly why she thought so.

"Oh," she said, looking very much like Duse in her most tragic moments, "I don't know. Perhaps it was not strange at all." And she began to slice a carrot into such tiny pieces, and so slowly, that he could not help thinking, It will take her an hour, and we will eat this salad after midnight. His natural reaction to whatever she did was a mixture of tenderness and rage, and he never knew why. Perhaps there was a bit of shame behind it all: he would have wanted to provide her with the framework of splendor she deserved. But she never complained, she never asked for anything; she conferred elegance upon the poverty surrounding her.

"You could have stayed a little longer," she said. "You could have come when this salad was ready."

"Why should I have let you come home by yourself?"

"You seemed to enjoy it so."

"*I* seemed to enjoy it? Not especially. Had you stayed, I would probably have stayed, but you wanted to leave, and so we left."

"I am sorry I insisted. But I was a bit bored. I am getting old."

"Nonsense. Everyone was admiring you."

"In this old-fashioned little dress I bought twelve years ago?"

"In this old-fashioned little dress you bought twelve years ago. None of those women could compete with you."

"Nonsense, my dear. The woman you were speaking to had a beautiful dress."

"Which one?"

"The only one you spoke to."

"Oh. You call that a beautiful dress?"

"Oh, yes, and very expensive, too. It must have been made in Paris. You had met her before."

"No. Never seen her in my life."

"But you talked like old friends."

"She introduced herself to me. And then she asked me who you were. She said you were so beautiful. And I said yes, and we talked for a while about you."

"She is very beautiful."

"Beautiful you call that? She is rather ugly, I should say."

"Oh, no. She has great charm. Those purple, catlike eyes . . . She is very young, too."

"I don't think so. She must be about your age."

"She is at least ten years younger—but what am I saying? Fifteen."

"Impossible."

"But look at her."

"I have looked at her, and I probably will not see her again, and I don't care, but still—"

"Oh, yes, you will."

"Unless *we* will, how can you say *I* will?"

"You will meet her in the street. Or somewhere. You go out more than I do. And you know so many people."

"That does not mean that I am going to see her, especially. New York is a big city. But then, what were we talking about? That woman's age? As if I cared. She's older than you are, or she does not age well."

"Now, really. I am surprised. I am ready to bet you anything she is fifteen years younger than I am."

"As you say. I don't care. Then she does not age well. It is true that few women look as young as you do. But she cannot be twenty. That I know."

"She might be twenty-five."

"Twenty-eight."

"Oh, no. Not twenty-eight. Oh, definitely not."

"How can you tell?"

"I saw her."

"Well? I saw her myself. I spoke to her for hours."

"Oh, now you admit it."

"Admit what?"

"That you spoke to her for hours."

"I said 'hours' as one says 'hours.' But we did not stay *hours* there."

"Oh, yes we did. More than four hours."

"If we left home at six?"

"Five."

"No, my dear. Six."

"Well, let's say six. It is ten-thirty now; we have been home for a half hour."

"It is nine-thirty, dear."

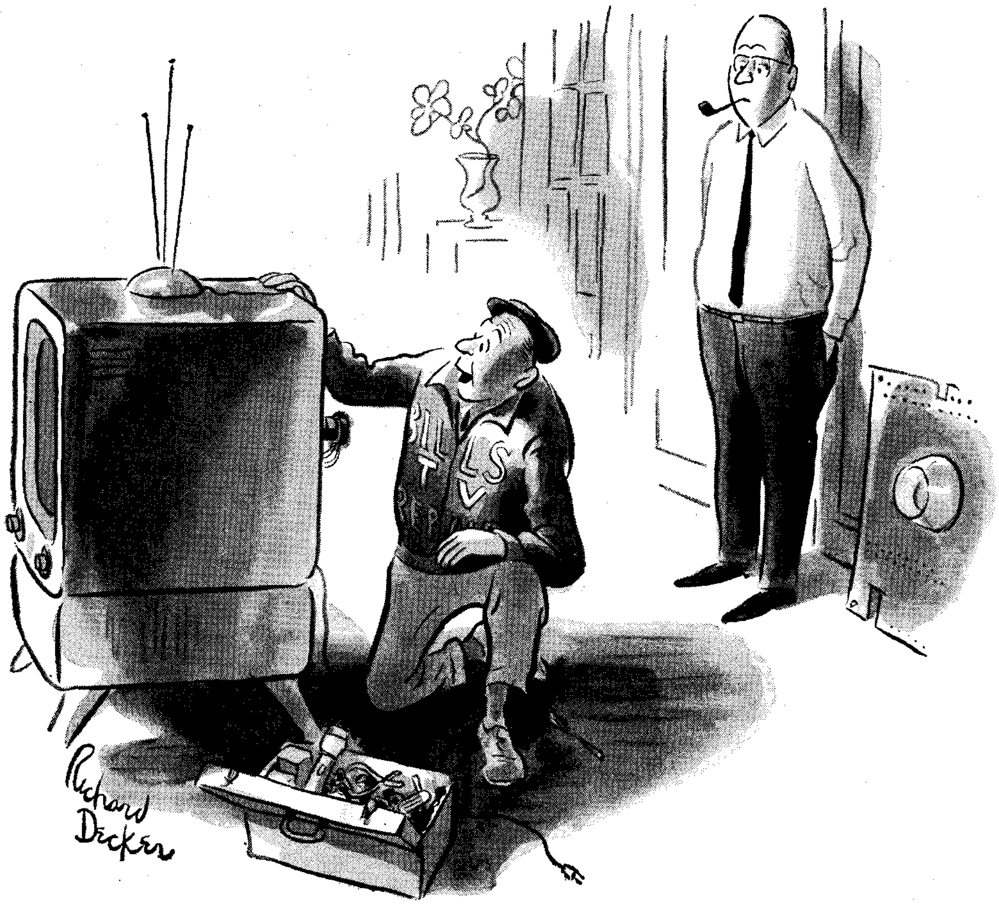
"Ten-thirty."

"I don't believe it."

"Look at this—"

"But your wristwatch—"

"My wristwatch does not age well.



"Wow! Look at all those wires!"

It said nine when we left there; it was obviously ten.”

“Then we left home at six.”

“No, because right above her head there was a clock, and it said ten to six.”

“Whose head?”

“That woman’s head.”

“What woman’s head? Oh . . . Where?”

“On that tall mantelpiece.”

“Oh, yes. A beautiful old porcelain clock. But those clocks never work.”

“That one did. I first noticed it after you had been standing there with her for at least fifteen minutes. And it was ten to six. And then it became six, and you even said something to her as it struck six, lifting your finger to the clock. And she laughed. Then it marked six-fifteen, and so on.”

“You notice everything. At least the clock did not look younger than you do, I hope?”

“No, the clock was two hundred years older, at least. But she is young and beautiful.”

“Matters of taste, my dear. Have you finished pulverizing that carrot?”

II—CONSPIRACY

IT seemed as if they got together in the dark only to praise her husband and his wife—no other purpose—and they had to be cautious, and they had to meet secretly because there was a law against doing it openly. And the two needed praise; no one ever had bestowed it upon them—the gods out of jealousy and other people because they were such cowards—but someday very soon justice would triumph, virtue be recognized, the gods corrected, and other people exposed. These things, however, take a long time; they have to be done well. So they came to rehearse it—no other purpose. But the gods, who see everything, poisoned their judgment. It took them a long time because the two being praised, her husband and his wife, resisted.

“In the face of the gods, I’d swear there exists no better man,” she said.

“And I, no better woman.”

“If they only could hear us.”

“Yes, if they only could.”

“And see their faults at the same time.”

“That is more difficult. In fact, that is their only weakness.”

“You are right.”

“And what happens to them is, in a way, deserved.”

“It is, darling, it is.”

“We are their only friends.”

“But will they ever realize?”

“Perhaps someday they will thank us for this.”

“You are too good. They never will.”

“But we must praise them all the same.”

“Oh yes, we must. Tomorrow, here, at the same time.”

III—THE ALTRUISTS

WHEN she said, “You don’t know how beautiful you are—look in the mirror,” he was impressed—not by his own beauty but by his modesty, which, like all great discoveries, was the result of a mistake, made in pursuit of other goals. Columbus, in pursuit of a new way to India, had discovered America. This woman, in pursuit of his vice, had discovered his virtue. So he said, “Nonsense. I am ugly and I know it. This is my only quality.” And he looked at himself in the mirror. And for the first time in his life he was not horrified: In those sin-ridden features he had recognized a soul.

Also, for the first time in his life, he could pronounce his sentence without suffering. He said, “Dear Lord, how ugly I am! My wife is right!”

“Your wife is wrong! Your wife understands nothing!”

“On the contrary,” he said, glad to make this an occasion for a display of loyalty. “My wife, who is more intelligent than you, said when she married me, ‘He is simply revolting-looking, but he seems a good sort!’ And that was long ago. Back in those days, the almost unavoidable beauty of young age was still upon me.” He looked at the mirror again, shaking his head in self-commiseration and wondering at the stupidity of this young woman.

The young woman, like all women of all ages, was more in love with herself than with her lover. She was trying to justify her act in the light of some superior force that had made her say yes over the telephone the evening before; had made her take that cab and visit him in that terrible place, knowing exactly what was going to happen—she, who had never done such things, had never dreamed of betraying her husband, that good, honorable, decent, hard-working boy, who never questioned her, no matter how late she came home and how bruised in the face by the teeth of this monster.

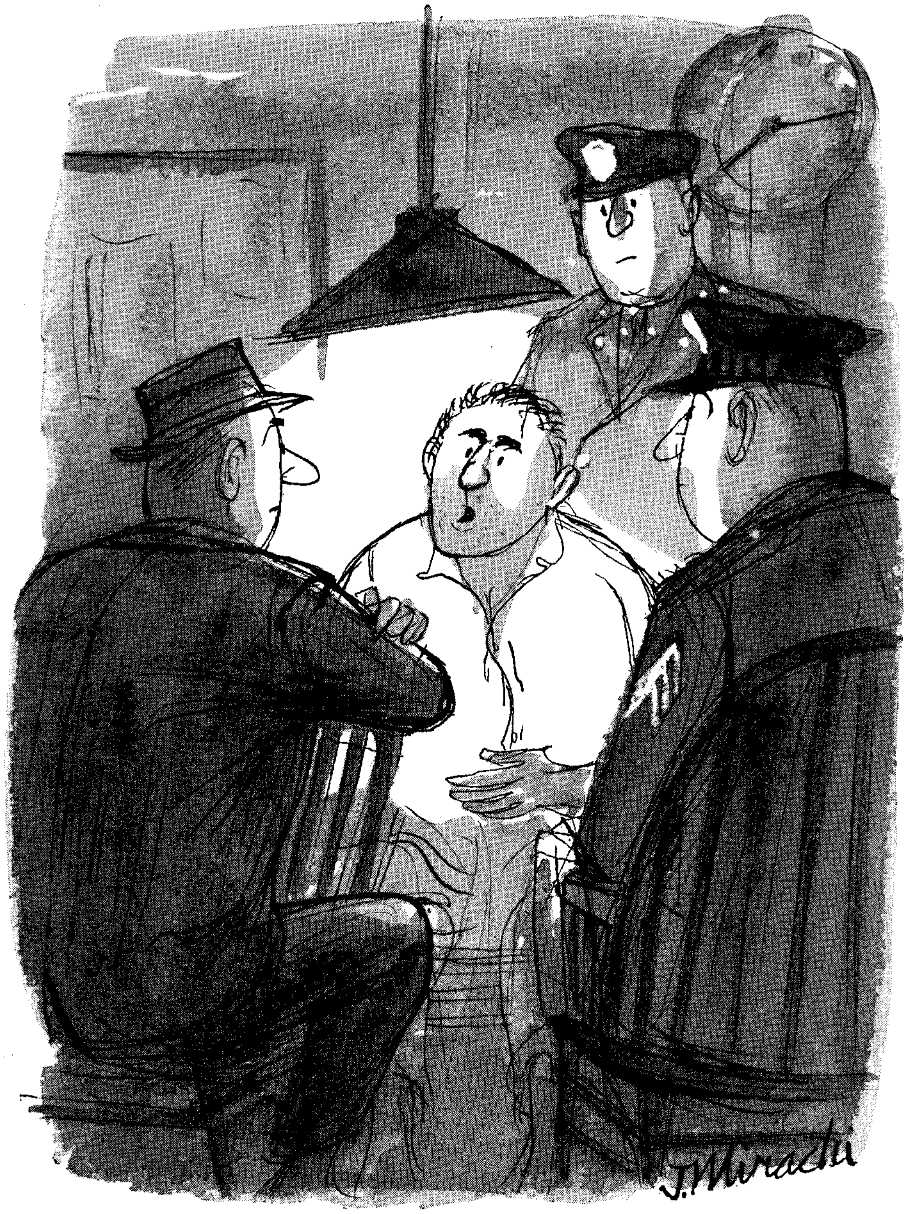
“Don’t leave me alone,” she said now, clinging to him like a lost child. “Don’t leave me alone in this difficult hour.”

“Who is leaving you alone?” he asked. And his hands were like silk.

“You are. You are looking at yourself in the mirror. Can’t you think of *me* for once?”

“I was doing it only because you had suggested it. And the moment I do it you complain. . . .”

“No,” she said. “You keep looking at yourself to feel superior, and you say to yourself, ‘How can she be so stupid?’ I know it, oh, I know it deep down in



"The dragnet was tightening. Night fell like a dirty curtain. We were alone, the two of us, in that final dead end of Time, down whose alleys we had so long twisted and stumbled. There was the faint scratch of mice behind the wall, like Fate spelling it out to us in a whisper—then silence. I turned to Louie and said, 'That's all, buddy. That's all there is, there ain't no more.'"

• •

my bones, and I have such a terrible feeling of solitude!"

He gave her the protection she needed, against a solitude he did not see, and thought, This woman is not stupid at all, she is a genius. First she discovers my most hidden virtues; then she begins to read my most intimate thoughts. I should give her more credit.

And while she was not looking, he looked at himself in the mirror again and saw that she was right.

IV—HELL

"THERE is no handle to the knife," he said; "it is all knife. So, when I raise my arm to threaten you, it is I who need help, for I am bleeding. You are not even scared. You are amused. You know that I will never hit. Especially as you deserve it so. You *want* to be hit. That would tip the scales, with me down in the wrong and you up in the right. But I could never do you such a favor—not to spite you, simply because I love you. And I know very well this is high melodrama, it looks ridiculous, it is a demonstration of my plight. I brandish my own suffering. I wish I could implant it in you and see you suffer what I suffer."

"Come here, darling."

"No," he said. "Not that word again, please. Have at least enough decency to come into this room unarmed. That silly word—"

"Darling."

"No."

"Darling."

There was silence again. And for the next two hours only the ticking of the clock was heard.

Now, melodrama or not, what cannot be avoided is the comedy afterward, the difficult transition from hysteria to "Do you want scrambled eggs?"

To answer "Yes" as joyfully as one would want to is rather dangerous. And those terrible words—could they be so discredited? Or disappear without being first dissolved in shame?

"I thought you had forgotten," she said.

"Yes, I have, if you have."

"I had," she said. "Until I saw your face. . . . What is it now?"

"Nothing," he said.

But the seed had been thrown.

—NICCOLÒ TUCCI

•

THE SKIN DIVERS

Up and down the beach
gritty as grindstone pound
ball ball ball
heel and splay toe
of the beachball players.

Fitful as hot pigs
snuggling into the sand
the red sunbathers drowse.
Ball Ball Ball
hoofs it over them all.

It's the hungover Sun
treading their eyes, the Sun
hunkering closer down,
having a green wine
ball ball ball.

It's ball ball ball
in the beach-pavilion bars,
a polyrhythm riff
for washboard and brushed traps
thundering under the pier

and gone. The minuscule
ball ball ball
of our breaths arises. Still
deeper we settle, cool
as perfectly matched pearls

while up and down the beach
and over the waves and on,
ball ball ball
throbs the dissolving call
of the beachball players.

—GEORGE STARBUCK

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE TRAVELLERS

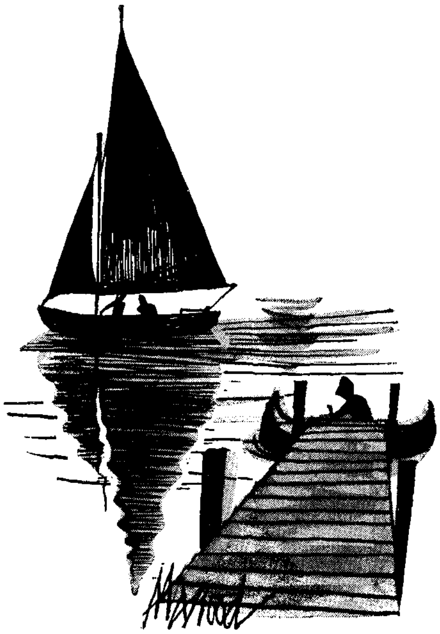
As a people, the English like nothing more than to have their national conscience pricked as regularly as possible. Waifs and underdogs are meat and drink to them; lost causes give them a pleasure akin to that which cats must take from having their fur rubbed the wrong way. This pricking of the conscience is a service that is performed with alacrity by the more rampant of the English popular newspapers, which boil daily with indignation and manage to whip their readers into a perpetual frenzy over a variety of causes and crusades, domestic and international. In a country as parochial as England, not all the smoke is without fire. I found this out when I gave my attention to a subject that has been cropping up quite regularly in newsprint since the end of last year; namely, the sad lot of the English gypsies, or "travellers," as they have always preferred to call themselves—an itinerant and ancestral segment of the population of the United Kingdom that for some time has been gradually reaching the end of the line.

The "gypsy question" was dumped unceremoniously in the country's lap on December 1, 1961, when, in the House of Commons, Mr. Norman N. Dodds, the Honourable Member for Erith and Crayford, a constituency in Kent, rose to put the following motion before his fellows:

> That this House, recognizing that the loyalty to this country of the Romany people and other travellers is in no way inferior to that of any other section of the community, is of the opinion that Her Majesty's Government in coöperation with local authorities must devise and implement, as a matter of urgency, a national policy which will insure adequate living quarters for the gypsies and other travellers, and provide for their good health, proper education, and full employment.

Following his motion, Mr. Dodds warned the House that he would make a long speech, and though—being a blunt, outspoken, and eminently practical Northerner—he was as good as his word, the House listened with a profound and dumbstruck attention as, for two hours, he laid before it the bare bones of a situation with which he had been busying himself for more than ten years, and which, in the weeks that followed, caused a good number of Englishmen to open their eyes wide. "Of course, we'd all known there *were* gypsies," one Member of Parliament told me. "I remember them in ones and twos and families, but I'd never before thought of them as a *minority group*. Somehow, it never occurred to me to think of gypsies as a part of society at all, since they are always on the periphery."

The essential import of Mr. Dodds' speech in the Commons was that the gypsies, who for upward of four hundred years had lived a travelling life in tents and caravans, taking spasmodic seasonal employment and camping in various sites that they used by tradition, if not by right, had recently fallen foul of the times, and, in the name of progress, had been hounded from many of their old encampments by the police, acting on the orders of local town councils. Since the end of the Second World War, Britain has been expanding, first at a trot and latterly at a gallop, and housing developments, and even new towns, have been springing up across the countryside, leaving England considerably less green and pleasant than it once was, and causing local councils to give much more thought to the uses and abuses of the common land under their jurisdiction than they once did. Among honest householders, gypsies have a bad name simply because, without necessarily being dishonest, they have never chosen to be honest householders; local councils, faced with a steady series of individual complaints about gypsy encampments, have been solving the problem simply by serving notice on the gypsies to get moving, under pain of fine or imprisonment. Where they were to move *to* was nobody's responsibility. The situation was further complicated when, in 1960, the Government passed the Caravan Sites and Control of Development Act, an ordinance designed to restrain the arbitrary parking of caravans and trailers—mainly by holidaymakers—on any sites other than those appointed for the purpose and provided with water and proper sanitation. Not only were gypsies unpopular on the camping sites but, in the wake of the Act, even those individual farmers who were well disposed to the gypsies and in the past had set aside a corner of their land for the gypsy caravans were no longer allowed by law to do so. "But where can the gypsies go?" one anxious landowner asked her local magistrate. "Legally, nowhere" was his reply.



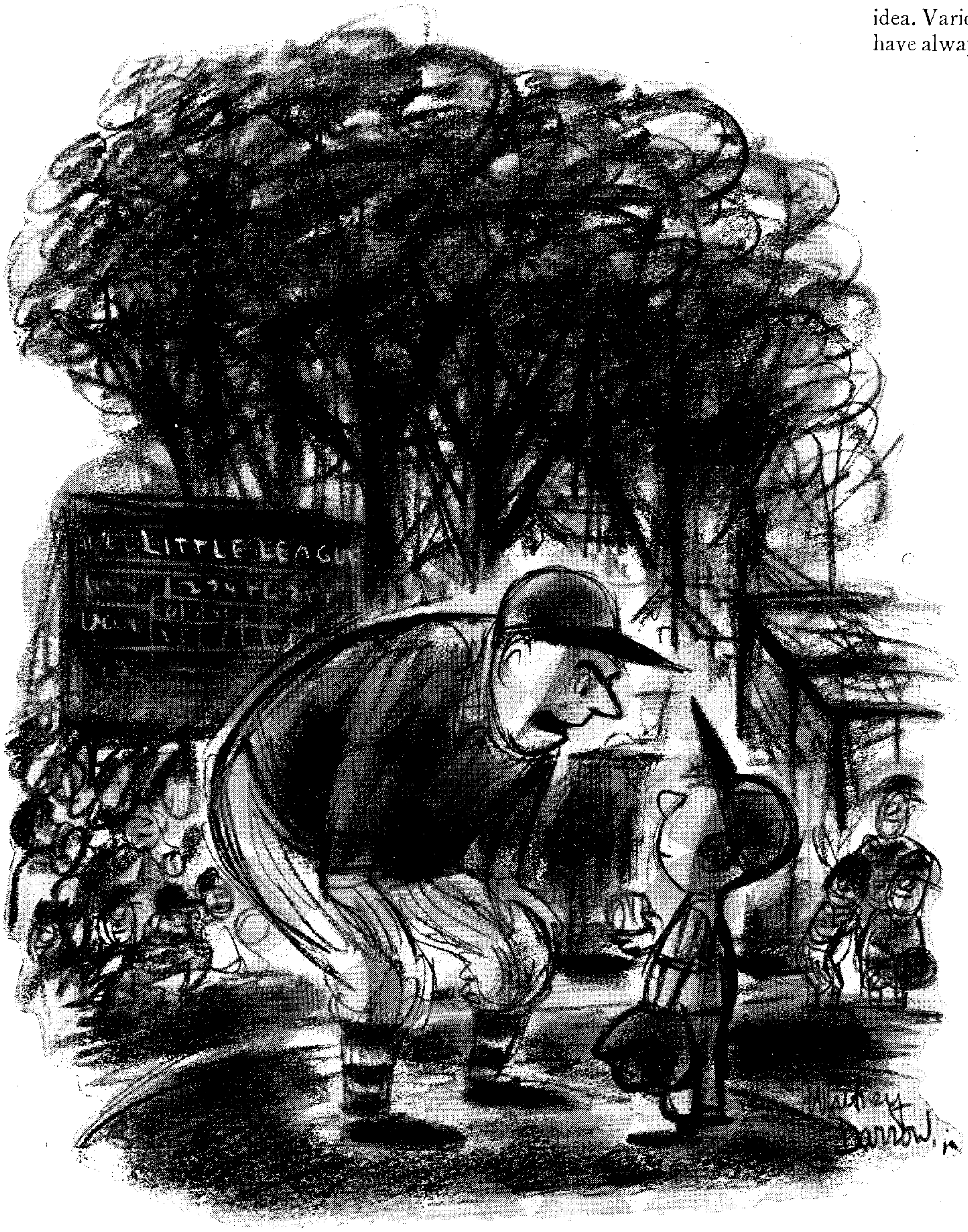
After the House debate, the newspapers and weeklies took up Mr. Dodds' cause, and gypsies were suddenly given the center of the stage—a spot that their whole tradition and way of life had carefully shunned. Some of them were dragooned into appearing before the television cameras, and from others the newspapers managed to extract a few terse remarks—"It don't seem right to us, Guv'nor, now, do it?" In any event, the problem came across to the public, and the *Economist* of December 9, 1961, put a cool finger on it:

> Thanks to successive Town and Country Planning Acts, which gave local authorities draconian powers to close down so many of their caravan sites as eyesores, Britain's persecution of its gypsies is now mortifyingly worse than the treatment of them in most totalitarian countries. . . .
>
> The loss of nearly all their traditional camping sites and the failure of their traditional crafts in modern England have practically destroyed the George Borrow type of gypsy life to which Augustus John became so attached. There is no sense in trying to remake that life artificially; but neither is there any excuse for hounding a minority tribe of vagrant people out of their traditional ways and occupations (and, in the end, out of existence).

Mr. Dodds' carefully documented speech—he demonstrated effectively that almost every other country in Europe had made better provisions for its gypsy population than Britain had—was suddenly thrown into sharp relief when, in January of this year, a cluster of over ninety gypsy families living in Darenth Woods, near Dartford, in Kent, was suddenly served with an eviction notice. On January 20th, early in the morning, a group of policemen arrived at the camp, looking appropriately sheepish, and proceeded to tow away the caravans. The gypsies themselves went quietly, and the caravans were left in a dangerously exposed position by the side of a trunk road—where, incidentally, they constituted a contravention of the Highways Act. Mr. Leslie Reeves, the chairman of the local council's relevant committee, claimed that he was only acting in accordance with the expressed complaints of local citizens, and that the ultimate fate of the gypsies could not be his concern. The incident was agonizingly reported in the popular press, and the comments of the local taxpayers were fairly typical of a strong body of feeling in rural England toward the gypsies: "Well, they used to steal children, and I wouldn't want my nippers to end up in a caravan." "They're dirty, they never wash, and the woods are full of junk." "They steal anything—anyway, whether they do or not, I can't get to sleep for feeling they might." "They don't pay any taxes—why should they have any rights at all?" "We would leave them alone, but they'd never leave us alone—always bringing junk to the door, or just plain begging. Far better to get rid of them altogether." "I wouldn't want my children to play with their children, and learn all those filthy words."

What proved so tantalizing to everyone who began to take notice of the gypsies was not only the absence of facts and figures about them but the almost impossible difficulty of ascertaining these—the gypsies have no idea how many they are, simply because they have never needed to know, or thought to care. One of Mr. Dodds' principal objectives was to persuade the government to set about taking a census of gypsies and travellers in the country, for, as he pointed out, he had been able to find no accurate account of their numbers except in a report published in Helsinki in 1901 by one Arthur Thesleff, which put the gypsy population of the British Isles at twenty thousand. He himself guessed the present figure to be close to a hundred thousand, but, as has since become clear, nobody has any accurate idea. Various local attempts to take stock have always been complicated by the fact that the gypsies, unpredictably on the move, either got themselves counted several times over or didn't get counted at all. Also, inevitably, fierce argument has always arisen over the sticky question of authenticity. Are all travellers gypsies? Can vagrants who take to a wandering life on the fringes of the civilized world for reasons that do not always bear examination be counted as travellers, or ought they to be prosecuted for vagrancy? Should not some distinction be made between true Romany gypsies, who are a blood race, and *diddikais*, or half-castes, who have forfeited the purity of their tradition and are using gypsydom as a way of escaping responsibilities? And if so, is it possible to tell—or, more difficult, to verify—which gypsies are true Romanies? It is easy to imagine the precise bureaucratic mind boggling at it all.

THE gypsies are elusive enough to baffle anyone, statistician or no, and since they have remained illiterate, they have kept no record of themselves beyond the bizarre reaches of their own inventive memories. Nor are they at all astonished at themselves. "A gennelman come 'ere one day and said as we is all from India," one old gypsy woman told me. "So I says to him, 'Well, maybe we is, Surr, but it don't make a mighty difference, now do



"Now, Randy, if a beanball was really bad, do you think the big major-league pitchers would use it?"

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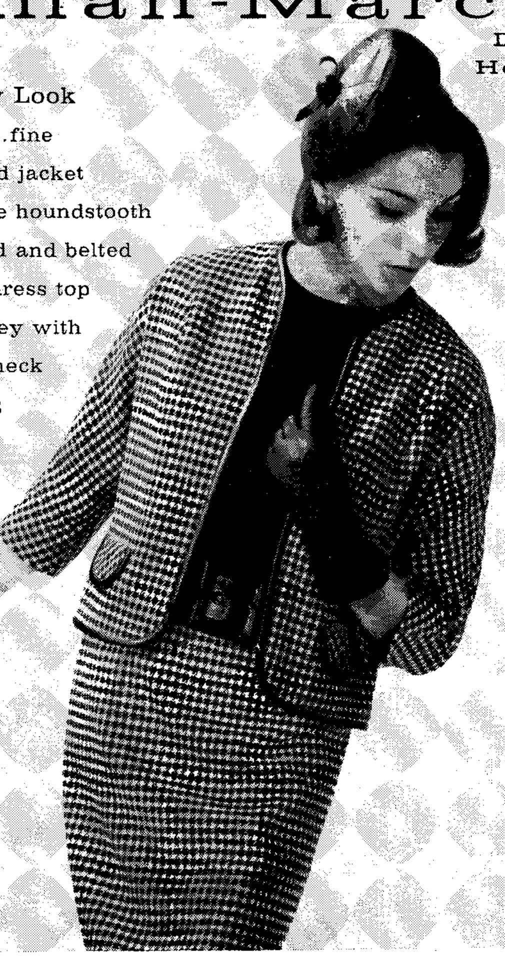
gold
to
the senses…
20 CARATS
perfume by
Dana



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it, Surr?' " Most of the scholarly investigation into their origins has been forced to proceed through the medium of the Romany language, and while there has been some inspired guessing, the history that has been re-created is mainly a suppositional one. Britain is an outpost of gypsydom, one of the last stops in the spread of the travellers across Europe; in modern times, the largest concentration of Romany gypsies was to be found in Hungary and the Balkans, and it was there that a group of Hungarian and German scholars discovered, toward the end of the eighteenth century, that many Romany root words were suspiciously close to the Aryan languages of India, which had their origins in Sanskrit. They were able to be even more precise in tracing the gypsies' exodus from India, for the linguistic evidence showed that it must have been before the evolution of modern Hindustani, with its Arabic infiltrations—a linguistic event that is dated at approximately 1000 A.D. The supposition is that the gypsies migrated gradually to Europe by way of Byzantium; at any rate, by the fourteenth century they were thickly ensconced on the Balkan Peninsula, and from there they spread slowly across Europe, becoming, variously, atzigan, zingari, zingani, tzigani, zigeuner, cigani, cygani, gitanos, and gypsies. No one quite knows (a qualification that should probably precede every statement about them, to the point of monotony) when they first arrived in the British Isles, but early in the sixteenth century references to them begin to turn up in Scotland, then a sovereign country, separate from England. In 1530, James V, the reigning king of Scotland, paid them to dance before him at Holyrood Palace, in Edinburgh, and ten years later he concluded a most magnanimous agreement with "our loved John Faw, Lord and Earl of Little Egypt," granting extraordinary privileges to the "Egyptians," as they were called. (There are many explanations for this appellation, but the most likely one seems to me that the Scots, who took their Scriptures literally, regarded these travelling strangers as incarnations of the prophecy of Ezekiel: "I will scatter the Egyptians among the nations, and will disperse them through the countries." Certainly the theory that they might have come from Egypt is, I have found, a cause for scholarly scorn.) In England, however, the Egyptians did not fare so well, and apparently made such a conspicuous nuisance of themselves that Henry VIII had an act passed as a warning to them:

> Afore this tyme dyverse and many outlandysshe People callynge themselfes

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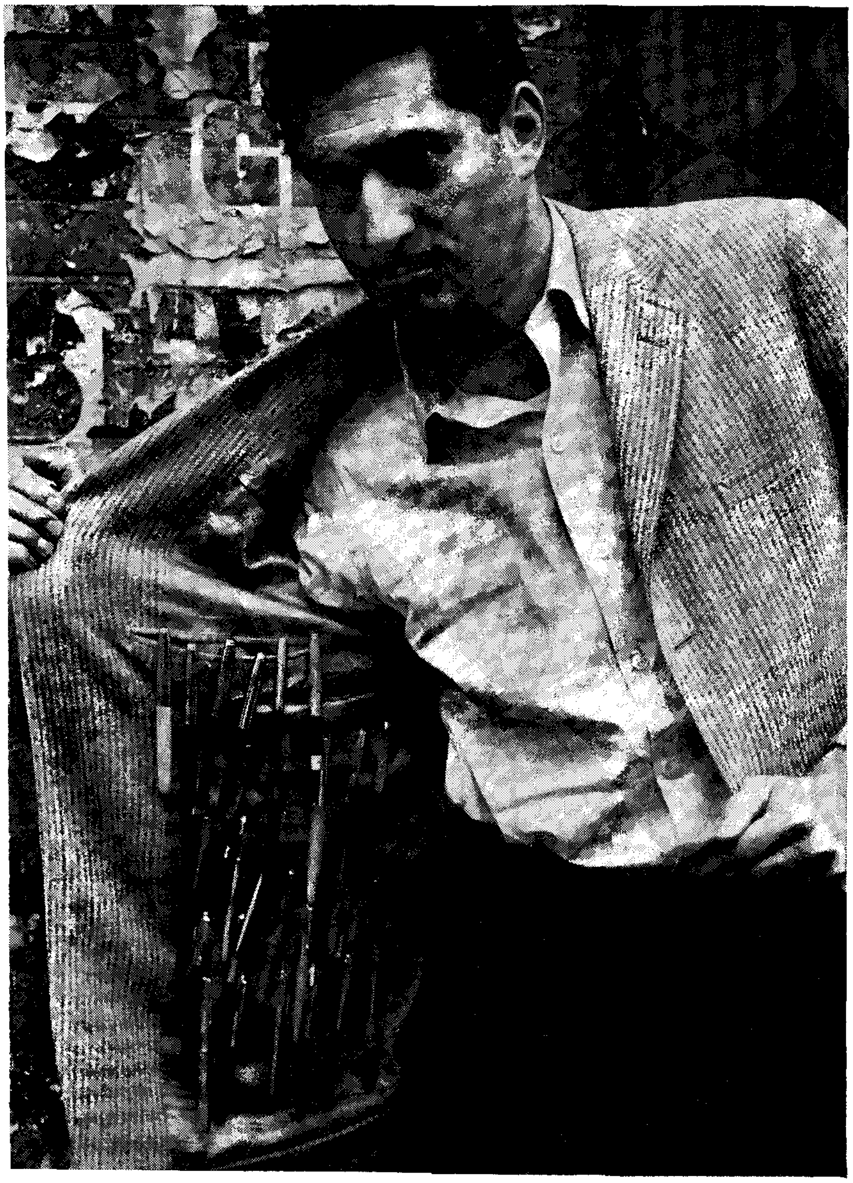

Travelers overseas should steer clear of shady characters like the one in the picture. The "Parkers" he'll sell you (at bargain prices) aren't Parkers at all. Red China, for one, turns out a clever imitation of our product, but it just *looks* like a Parker—it doesn't *write* like a Parker.

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You get a unique pen that *fills itself, by itself,* through capillary action. You put the filling end of a 61 in a bottle of ink and let it drink. There is nothing to push or pull. In ten seconds, the 61 will drink enough ink to write for hours.

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It puts an unmistakable, "first-person" look on a page. The Parker 61 writes as well as it does because it's probably the most fussed-over pen made today. That's why it costs $15. And up.

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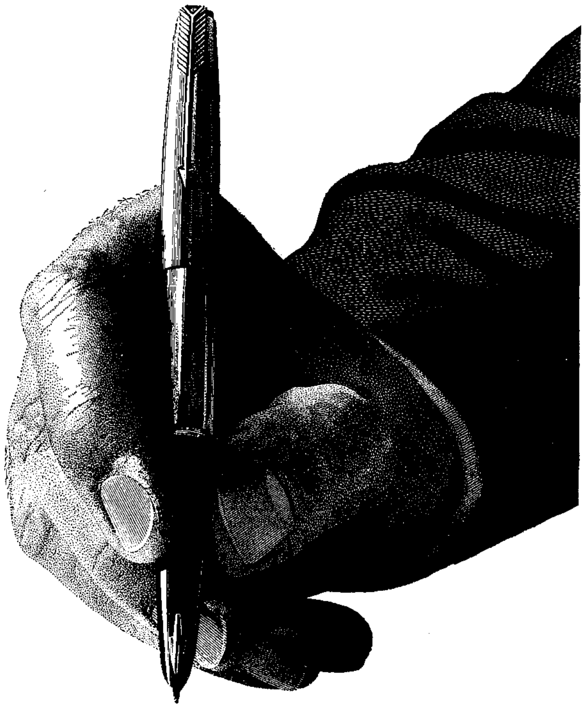
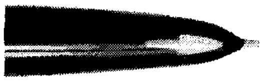


The remarkable



Parker 61

"Now I know that the
Spanish Steps are really
in Rome, Swiss Guards
are Italian and
Tortoni looks like a cupcake,
but it's really ice cream.
Tomorrow we're flying
to San Francisco."

Impeccable pleated skirts are made of washable Swiss Flannel attached to camisole tops. The overblouses are two-ply cotton knits.

FLORENCE EISEMAN

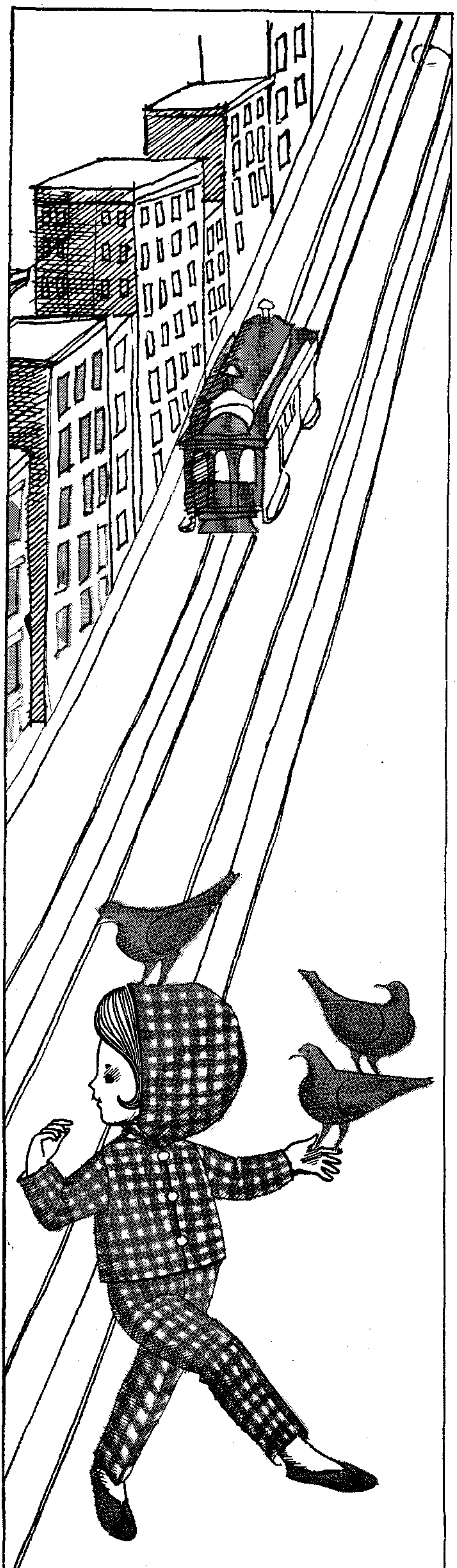
Egyptians usyng no crafte nor faicte of marchaundyse have comen into this Realme, and gone from Shire to Shire and Place to Place in greate company, and used greate subtyll and crafty meanes to deceyve the people, beryng them in hande, that they by Palmestre coulde telle menne and womens fortunes, and so many tymes by crafte and subtyltie have deceyved the people of theyr money, and also hath comytted many and haynous felonyes and robberies to the greate hurte and deceyte of the people that they have comyn amonge . . . from hensforth no such persones be suffred to come within this the Kynges Realm.

The gypsies obviously ran against Henry's grain, but he was certainly not alone in his judgment of them, for in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries gypsies were the victims of fear and suspicion all over Europe. The belief that they practiced the black arts and stole children led to the most proscriptive measures' being taken against them, and since they were an incoming minority, they were made scapegoats for all forms of shadowy double-dealing—as, in a sense, they still are. It would be silly to imagine that the suspicions arose without cause. In 1608, Thomas Dekker observed wryly:

> Their apparel is odd and fantastic, though it be never so full of rents; the men wear scarves of calico, or any other base stuff, hanging their bodies like Morris-dancers, with bells and other toys, to entice the country folk to flock about them, and to wonder at their fooleries. . . .
>
> Yet the simple country folk will come running out of their houses to gaze upon them, whilst in the meantime one steals into the next room, and brings away whatsoever he can lay hold on. . . .
>
> They (forsooth) can tell fortunes; which for the most part are infallibly true, by reason that they work upon rules which are grounded upon certainty: for one of them will tell you that you shall shortly have some evil luck fall upon you, and within half an hour after you shall find your pocket picked or your purse cut.

Since from the beginning the gypsies were never given any inducement to become solid citizens, however, it is hard to tell which is the cause and which the effect.

Although deportations were frequent during the eighteenth century—in 1715 a small group of gypsies was transported from Scotland to the Colony of Virginia—the active persecution of the gypsies appears to have dwindled considerably by the time the century ended, despite the fact that vast numbers of them were pressed into service during the American War of Independence. The fear of persecution remained with them, however, even though they were more or less left alone to follow their traditional crafts, to work seasonally at fruit- and hop-picking,



"Rome was fun, but
San Francisco has cable cars,
Seal Rocks and Chinatown.
I got a fortune cookie that said,
'Best dressed children always
wear clothes by
Florence Eiseman'."

Cotton knit overall outfit and the Florence Eisemans next door at Little Women, Greenwich; Cerutti, New York; Canterbury Shop, Birmingham; Neusteter's, Denver.

FLORENCE EISEMAN

[illegible] faced the maddened rhino's charge.

[illegible] owns [illegible] squarely the [illegible] horns [illegible] a trophy-huge [illegible] the daring adventurer allow[illegible] have done it without his trusty Dick Tracy Power Jet Gun.TM You see, it shoots caps and water too. Actually fires a burst of water over 30 feet. And it holds over 30 shots. Absolutely unique. And indispensable in Kenya or in the empty lot around the corner. The Dick Tracy Power Jet Gun is another of the intriguing products of Mattel Toymakers.

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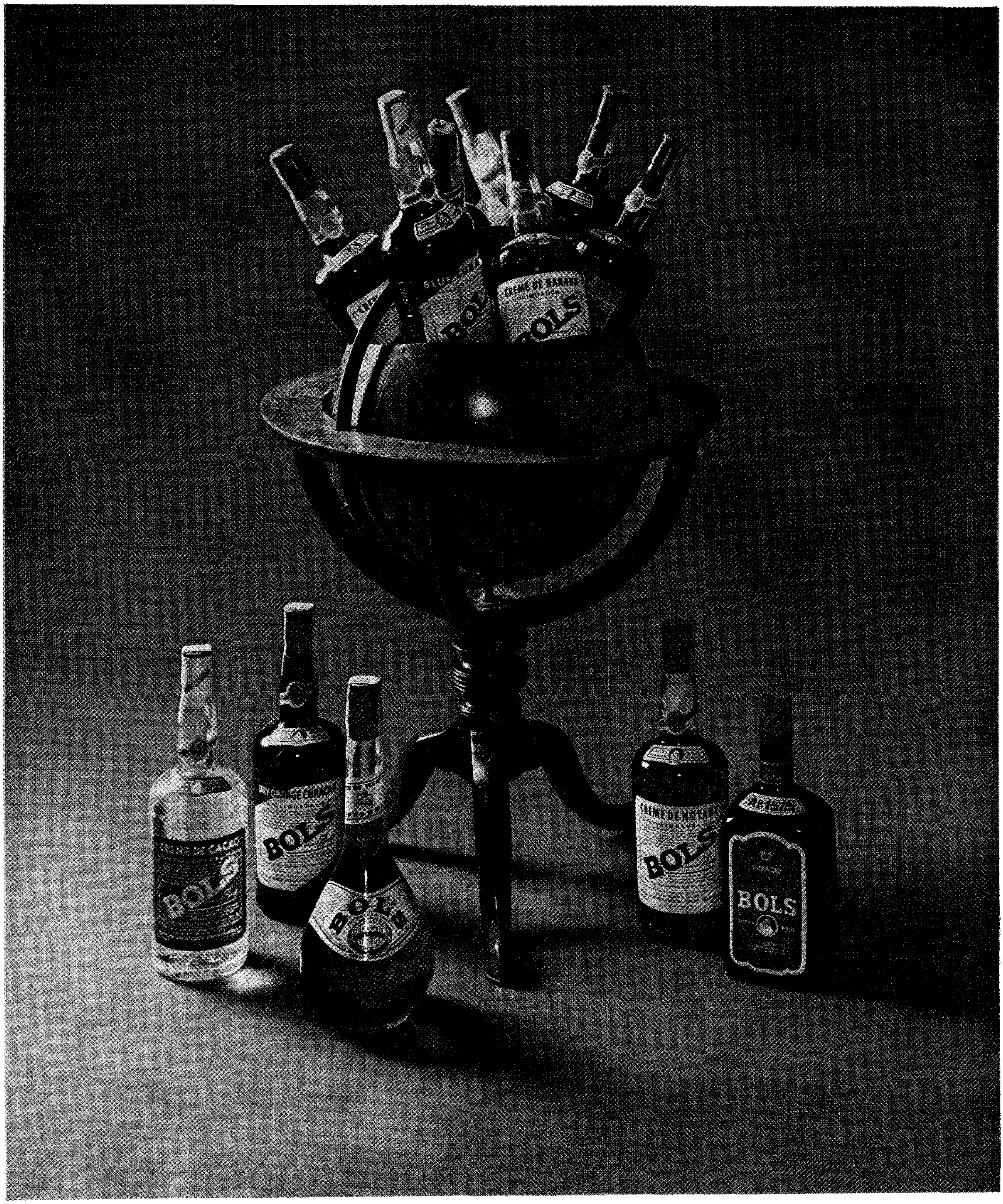

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and to mind their own rural business.

For an account of the full range of the gypsies' activities (and, indeed, for whatever information does exist on the traditional English gypsy life), I am indebted to the *Journal* of the Gypsy Lore Society, a small band of enthusiasts who, from 1888 on, have published a series of monographs that brim with the kind of detail that is otherwise lacking. The *Journal* lists a hundred and thirty-five distinct kinds of work undertaken by gypsies, but in the main they appear to have taken on any form of work that was occasional and that fitted in with their travelling habits—they odd-jobbed for farmers in almost any capacity; they cut clothespins and wove baskets; they had an uncanny way with animals—particularly horses—and their disorders; they told fortunes and practiced herb medicine; and they danced and sang. Beyond that, they were dealers to a man, which meant that they occupied themselves in acquiring anything at all, provided that it could be acquired for nothing and sold for something—a sound enough principle on at least the lower slopes of economics. "Can you read and write?" asks a kindly visitor. "No, Surr, but we kin count, and that's what do matter, now ain't it, Surr?"

England has always had its staunch gypsophiles—notably George Borrow and Augustus John—who tended to use the gypsies in the manner of authors in search of characters, but now that the gypsies have been given the stage as a serious social problem, these romantic preoccupations have been discredited. Mr. John Wells, the Member of Parliament for Maidstone, waved Borrow aside in the House of Commons debate as having "done more harm to the cause of those of us who wish the gypsy community well than almost anything else." This is probably unfair, since we owe practically all of what we know of the gypsies to people who, like Borrow, took the trouble to live with them, get to know them, and keep some clear account of their life. "We are like the cuckoo—everyone speaks ill of us, but nobody would wish us away," Borrow quotes one old gypsy as saying, and the remark is a fairly romantic gloss of the truth, even though it is not exactly subscribed to by local councillors in present-day England. What is quite true is that those who have "gone with" the gypsies have almost always done so out of a romantic dissatisfaction. One group of gypsies with whom I recently spent some time told me with great glee of a woman who came to visit them regularly, bringing them presents and aspiring to the travelling life. "Imagine

Q What Is the Monthly Investment Plan?

A The Monthly Investment Plan, popularly known as MIP, is a way of buying stock through New York Stock Exchange member firms monthly or quarterly on a pay-as-you-go basis instead of all at one time with a lump sum of money. Here's how it works.

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Dollar cost averaging is the investment of a set sum of money in the same stock at regular intervals over a period of time, regardless of any fluctuations in the price of the stock—thus enabling you to capitalize on price fluctuations instead of just worrying about them. So you must take into account your financial ability to continue buying through periods of low price levels. You get more shares of your stock with the fixed amount of money when the stock is low in price and fewer shares as the price rises. Thus if you make consistent monthly or quarterly stock purchases over a period of time and your stock gradually drops in price, when it rises again and reaches a price higher than the average cost to you, you show a profit on the greater number of shares you bought at lower prices. Of course, dollar cost averaging won't help you if you decide to sell your stock when the market price is less than the average cost of your purchases, or if the stock you have chosen goes into a permanent decline. But it will enable you to benefit from temporary downswings in price.

With the Monthly Investment Plan, you can increase the size of your holdings more rapidly by having Merrill Lynch reinvest your dividends automatically. And any time you have a windfall, you can increase your payments temporarily or permanently. In fact, MIP is probably the easiest way there is to become a part-owner of American business with a stake in the future of our economy. We'll help you select a stock or a group of stocks to suit your aims, and from then on, you can invest wholly by mail with any amount of money from $40 up, having your dividends reinvested, enjoy the privileges of share-ownership, and participate in the future of our economy.

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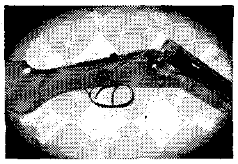
her!" said one of the men. "She wanted us t' go on outside on a cold winter's night and make us a fire and all sit round about it, Surr, and us all supposed t' sing, with our teeth chatterin', an' all. Let her come an' stay in this here caravan an' let all of us be goin' t' stay in her house in London is what I say to that!" Another told me, "It be all right for the likes of them. They comes an' sees us—and they is good to us, mind you, Surr—but then they goes on home again, and it's us who stays. And it's us as the police wants t' move on, not them." There was no bitterness—only an inability to understand how anyone could want to be a traveller who was not born to it. "They asks us if we wants t' be travellers, and we tells 'em 'tis not as if we wants t' be or no—we was born travellers, and we *is* travellers."

What anyone who goes patiently in search of the gypsies discovers—and what a good number of newspapermen and television interviewers have had to learn, to the point of dumfoundment—is that gypsies react strangely to questions, and, in fact, are always on their guard with any but their own people. Since in the past they have mostly been questioned belligerently by some form of authority, they appear curiously evasive, but the truth is that most of the time they either have understood the question imperfectly or have strained to give the kind of answer they felt the questioner wanted from them. Partly for that reason, many of the conversations they appear to carry on have an odd, irrelevant cast. In London, I was lucky enough to come across Mr. William Larmour, a small, keen-eyed Northern Irishman who, as a Methodist missionary, had worked among the gypsies in Hampshire and on the outskirts of London for more than thirty years. He knew a vast number of gypsy families by name, and they, in their turn, held him in great esteem and talked openly to him. In the course of my conversation with him, I found out a great deal about gypsies; as for the gypsies themselves, they told me that he was one *gorgio* (their word for a non-gypsy) whom they felt they could treat as one of their own.

"I myself have not much patience with the theories and notions about the gypsies," Mr. Larmour told me. "They're nearly always based on some very queer preconceptions that are simply not true. To me, the gypsies are just like children; they tell you lies as children do, not to deceive you but to try to wish something true. And on top of that, they've never been treated



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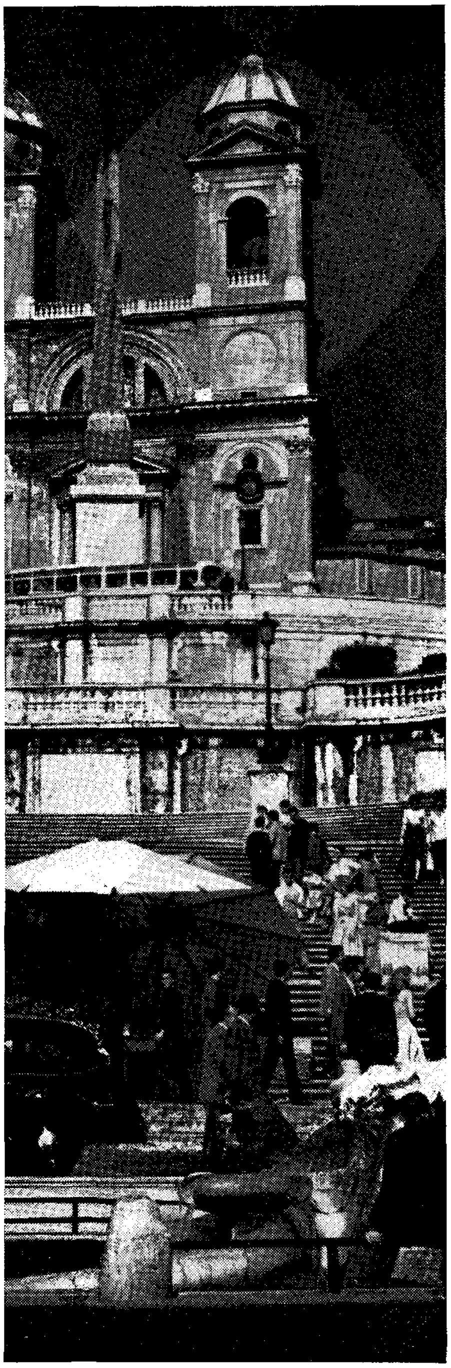

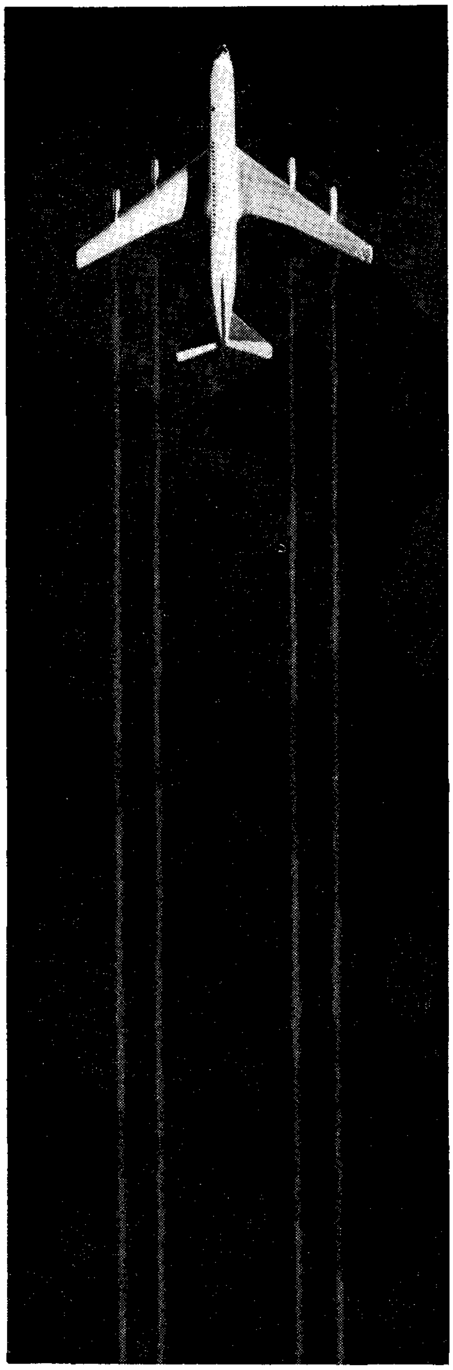

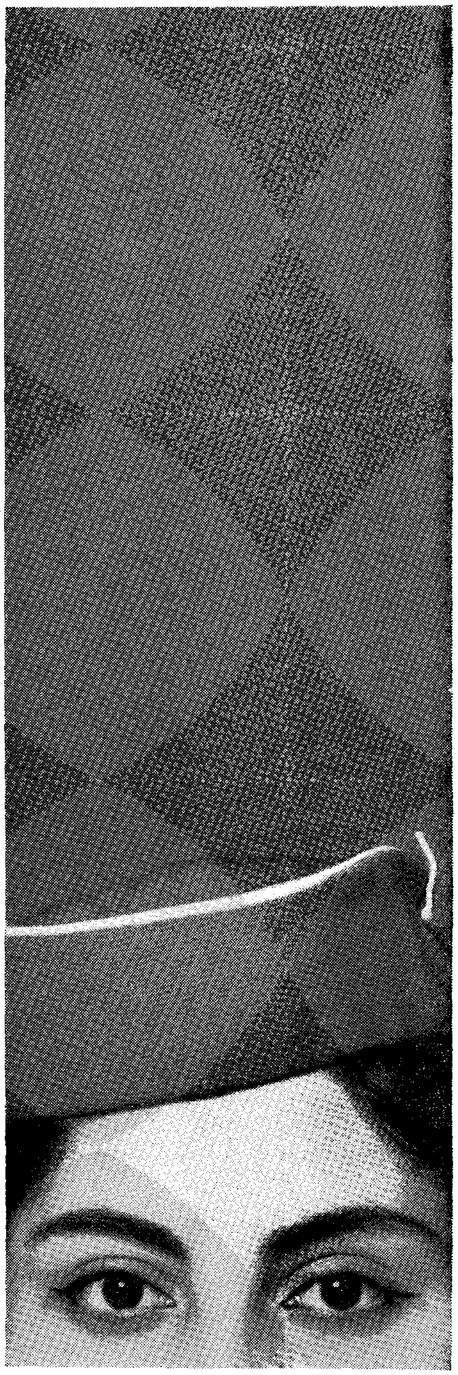

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well. They've always been blamed for things whether they did them or not, they've always been looked on suspiciously, and they're cowed, as animals can be cowed. That's what has made them so secretive—the feeling that everybody's down on them. When I first went among them, in the hop fields in Hampshire, I used to talk to them for long stretches, until it dawned on me that while they went on nodding and smiling, they weren't understanding a word I was saying. So I've always talked to them since as I would to children—slowly and patiently, making sure they had got hold of one thing before I went on to the next. I remember once on Epsom Downs, when I was talking to them on the text 'God is our refuge,' I asked them if they knew what a refuge was. None of them did, so I explained it to them by saying that if you went after a rabbit, it ran away into its hole, and the hole was a refuge for the rabbit. A little while later, when I came back to it, I asked them again what a refuge was. 'I know, Surr,' said one. 'It's a rabbit hole.' What you have to understand is that the travellers have always been illiterate, and this means they cannot grasp abstract ideas. They only understand particulars, and their minds connect in a curious way, in terms of what they have either experienced or been told—nothing more. For that reason, they've never been able to argue their own case, or even claim rights to which they are entitled, unless somebody helps them. At the same time, that has drawn them closer together. Family loyalty is very strong among the travellers. They like to stay together, and depend very much on one another. As for their being crafty, there's no doubt about their having an eye for a bargain, but if you have nothing to begin with, it's quite natural to be preoccupied with getting something for nothing. They're fine people, if you take the trouble to understand them—loyal and faithful, with a great natural sweetness to them. And if they're suspicious of *gorgios*, all I can say is, well they might be."

I asked him about the present trouble, and he spoke quite vehemently.

"Oh, it's bad, all right. You take Hampshire, where they always went in large numbers for the hop-picking—and they were good workers, mind you. Well, nowadays there are machines to pick the hops, for one thing, and with odd work less sure than it once was, the travellers have begun to think more about settling in one place. Also, you can't make much of a living from cutting clothespins in these days of auto-

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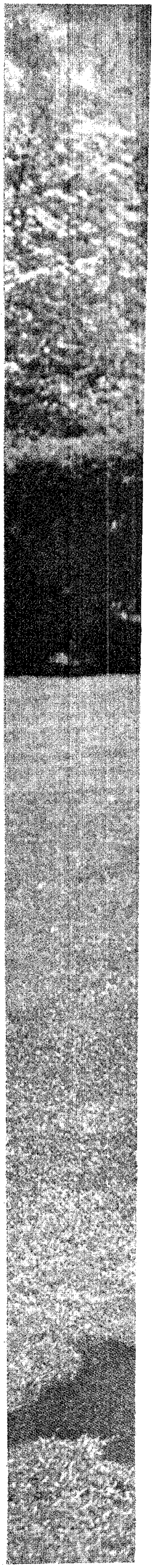

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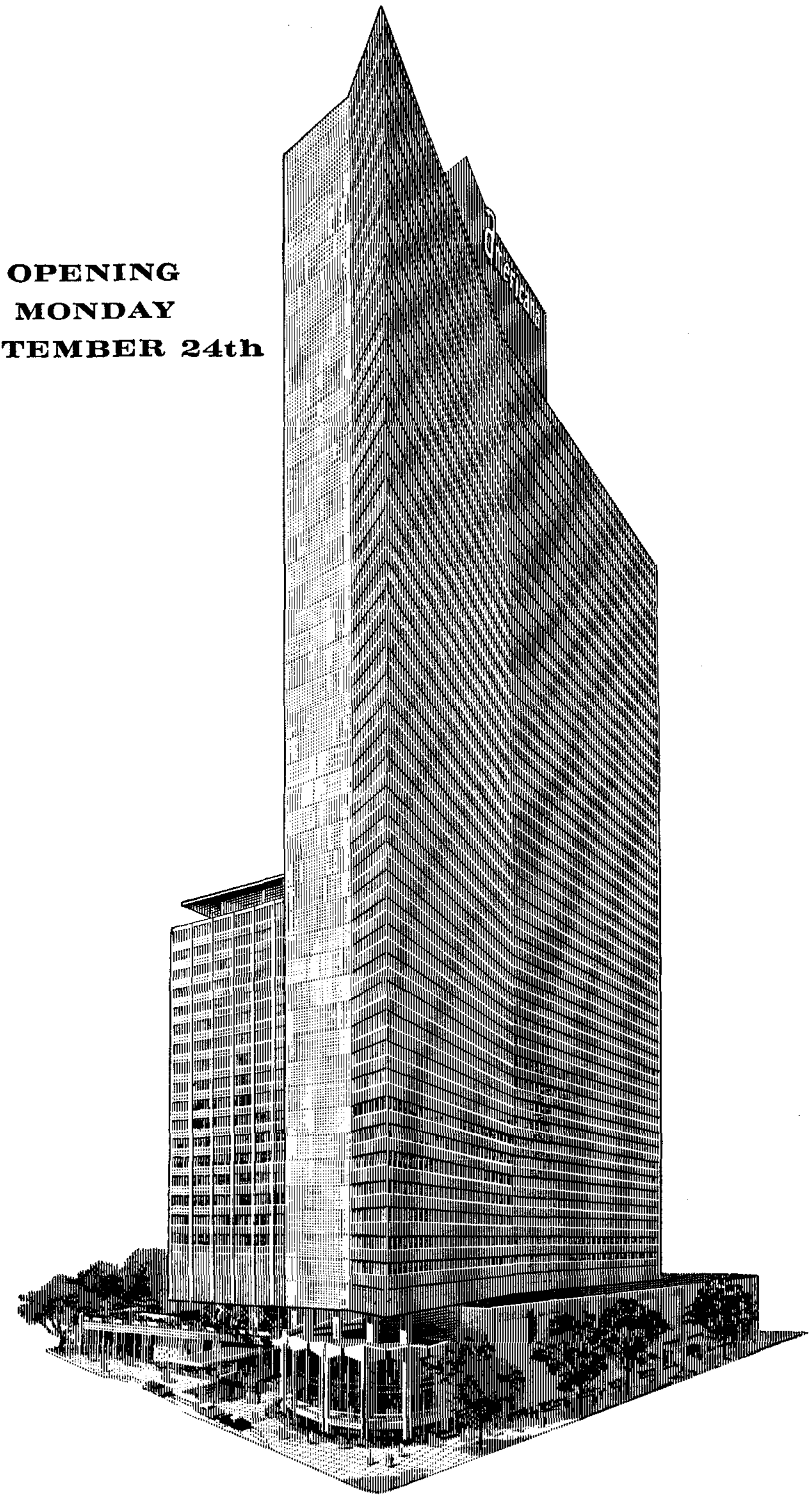
WHEN so much devotion is felt for certain clothes, there's a reason. These American classics are so true to themselves that not one seam, button or plaid should ever be anything but what it is. Wool plaid bermuda shorts, 8 to 18, about $12. The sweater, 34 to 40, about $15. At B. Altman, N.Y. and branches or for nearest store, write Harburt, 1407 Broadway, N.Y. 18.

matic spin dryers. It's foolish to say the travellers don't want to live in houses—most of them would, if they had a chance of steady work. And the biggest change of all will come when the children go to school regularly and learn to read and write—they're very quick, you know. When that happens, in a generation or two, the travellers will blend in with the rest of us. Travelling isn't the easygoing thing it was once, what with the high cost of living and so many people. There's no room now, and I think most of the travellers will jump at the chance to get ahead. But they'll never turn against their gypsy blood; I haven't met one who wasn't proud of it, to himself."

I wanted to know what Mr. Larmour thought about distinguishing between real gypsies and other travellers.

"Well," he said, "there's been an awful lot of nonsense talked about that, I can tell you. I've heard plenty of people claim they could tell by looking, but they don't have any idea. The pure Romany gypsies are fewer than they were, yes. And I doubt whether you could even find one who spoke Romany and nothing else. Nowadays Romany is much more like a spare vocabulary, a private family language. But I don't like this notion of *real*—I don't like anybody talking about a real Irishman, or a real anything else. To me, the real gypsies are the ones who have stayed faithful to the travelling life and tried to live it as honorably as they could, staying out of trouble, keeping to themselves. It's the *false* ones that should be picked out, if you like—the no-goods who have used the gypsies as a cover and have given them a bad name. The gypsies don't have any time for them, either. As for whether any gypsy is a real gypsy or not, you'd do better to take a gypsy's word for it. They know who is one of them and who isn't. And if they're not always sure, you can bet that no local councillor or police constable is any more able to tell than they are."

The more I talked to gypsies, the more grateful I was for Mr. Larmour's clear eye; I learned to listen instead of talking, to avoid asking questions, and to follow their curious conversational wanderings. As we sat in the caravans, which were always scrubbed and polished, and contained a small shrine of family photographs, the members of the family would come in, one by one, and stand around, watching; then, slowly, they would unbend and begin to talk among themselves, and I would withdraw and listen. The talk almost always centered on travellers and the



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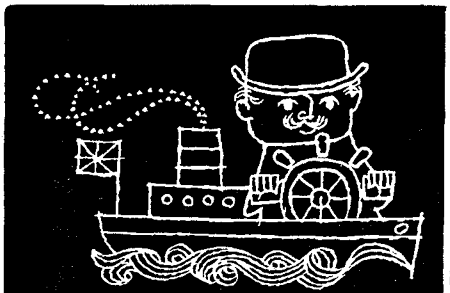

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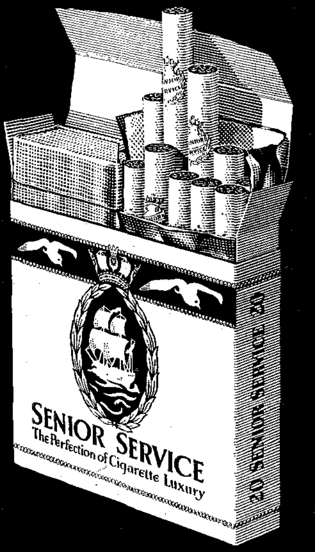

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travelling life and the hazards of making a living, and the speakers often switched bewilderingly between the present and the past, reaching back into the recesses of the family to find, it seemed to me, some kind of anchor in time. I also came across plenty of the irrelevance that Mr. Larmour had mentioned. One day, while I was eating bread and cheese in one of the caravans, I mentioned how good the cheese tasted, and a little man in the corner, who had not previously spoken, started up at once. "I mind of a man in Hampshire," he said, "and one day when he were mendin' the wheel of his wagon, the wheel upped and run away, and so he run after it, for miles it was, and by the time he catched it, so beat was he that he says to the wheel, 'You just go on back, and I'll come after,' well, that man, *he* liked cheese." Jumps like this were quite common; nobody attempted to keep any control over the conversation, or seemed to be going anywhere; words were as arbitrary as natural events, as unpredictable as weather. Romany words cropped up now and again, but the gypsies themselves were the first to tell me how much the language had declined, and how far they themselves were from using it as easily as their parents did. "We *rokker* it now when we wants to say something a *gorgio* shouldna be hearing," said one of the men. "And we uses it for the names of things, for the likes of our *vardos* and our *groys;* it wouldna seem right to us to call them wagons and horses. But nowadays, Surr, the youngsters don't even know the words no more, and when they get goin' to the schools, well, you won't hear no word of Romany, for we is the last ones to have it, and it will sure enough die when we does. Same as the long frocks and the old four-wheeled *vardos* and the *dukkerin* [fortune-telling]. But it don't make me sad no more. Me, I'll *make* 'em go to school, so as they may read all them books to me, and we shall all find a bit o' work in a steady place, and we won't do no travellin' no more. And maybe it's time, Surr. It ain't what it were, the travelling life. I'd be for takin' a house or a steady site, if it come my way, and I don't mind a bit o' rent, either. We shall have to mend ourselves a bit, yes—less *slicker* [garbage] round the camp, the boys workin' steady, a bit o' money tucked away, different ways to what we is used to. I would not be speakin' a word against the travellin', only the winters is cruel, and the people they makes it rough nowadays, and the police they moves you on and maybe takes a fine from you, and you never

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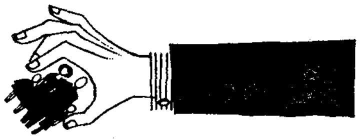

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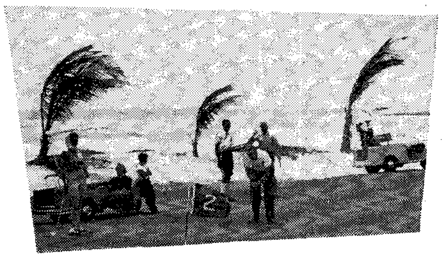

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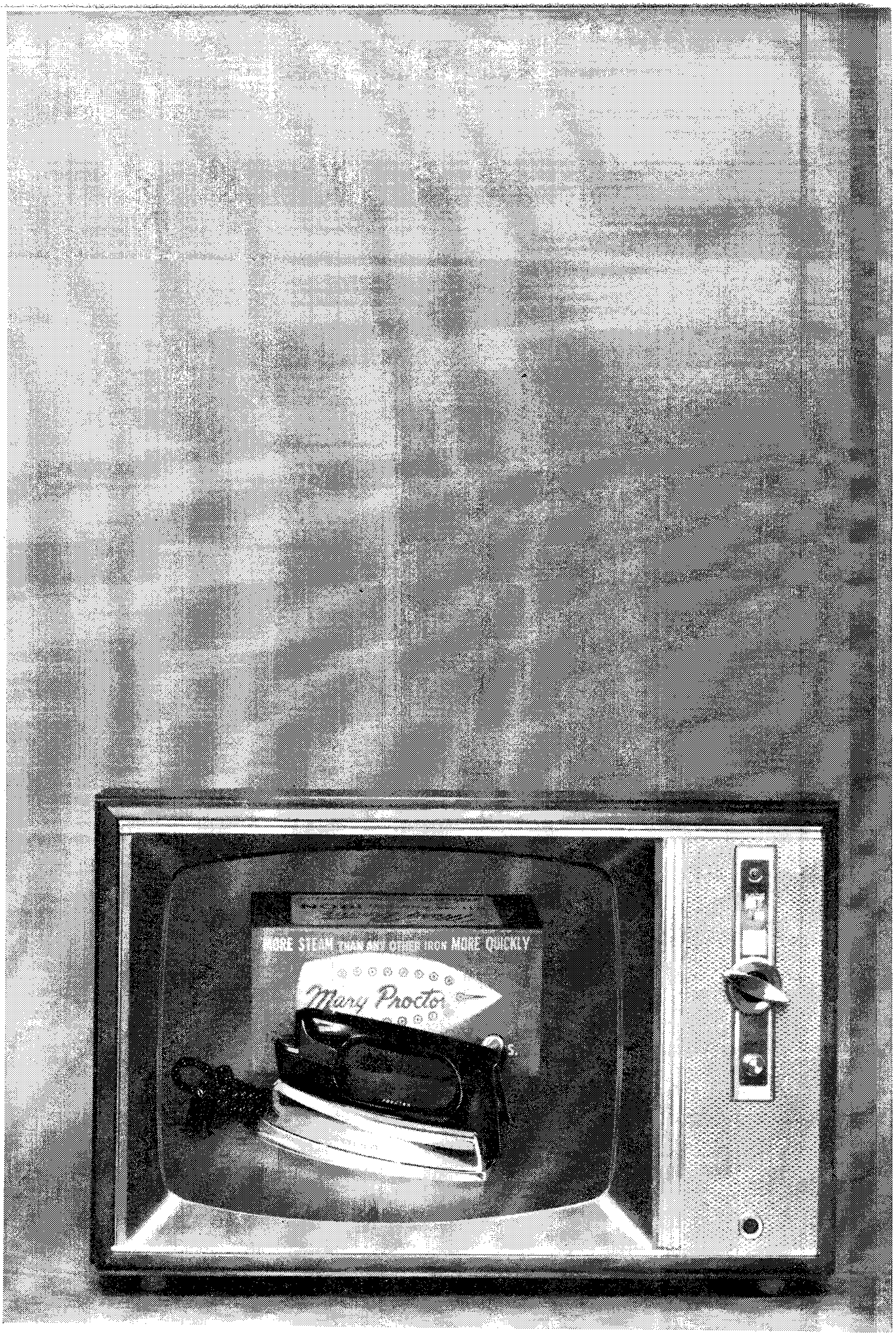

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knows as where you can set down—now, that's no livin', Surr, ain't it not?"

More than the men, however, the gypsy women resent the present, and their own inevitable transition, for they have always seen themselves as the guardians of gypsy manners and traditions. It was the gypsy women who held the families together, and at the same time *dukkerin* was their own art—something that they still speak of with the utmost awe and secrecy. One evening in the country, I came across a fine old woman who the others had told me was *divio*—a Romany word that means something between crazy and enchanted. Straight-backed and clear-eyed, she was taking in her washing, and she invited me into the caravan to get warm. Unlike the other gypsies I had met and listened to, she was neither resigned nor cowed nor wistful over the ups and downs of her changing times; instead, she was magnificently arrogant and full of scorn. "I tell you what, Surr," she said, "they don't have no idea of what it be, gypsyin'. It were our life and our breath, and we knew we was *special* folk, not just anyone's poor animals. Us Lees, we was always famous for the *dukkerin*, because we *knowed*. As a young girl, I could tell from a look who were *bokky* [lucky]. I just *knowed*. Many's the time I been *dukkerin* in the shires, and we was respected for it, and we was let be. Changed it has, Surr—not just us Romanies but the *gorgios*. There be no room in this world, not for us nor them. I tell you now I never goes out *dukkerin*, because I don't have no heart for it—there's none left as understands them things, Surr, and I wouldna waste my *rokker* to tell 'em such as they do not want to be hearin'. So I just goes out an' I gives 'em a bit o' the palm now and again, but what I sees I keeps to myself. I knows our ways is goin', Surr, but I is proud o' the blood, Surr, and I knows it be a sad world that do not let us go *dukkerin* in it, for fear of our telling, us who never asked no more than a corner to be left quiet in."

ONE of the peculiar traits of the English gypsies has been their inclination to localize themselves—to wander, yes, but only along certain beaten paths, in a fixed, seasonal round. I noticed that in conversation they referred to themselves as "Bucks people" or "Dorset people," even though their wanderings almost always took them to Hampshire in the summer; they were neither curious nor eager to extend their range. When I spoke to them about the French or Spanish gypsies, they feigned

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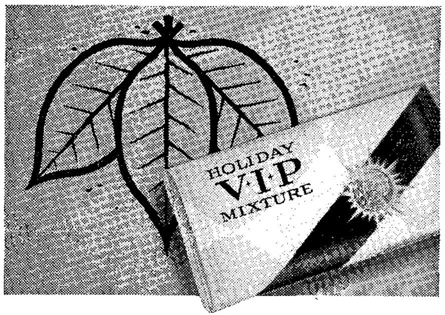

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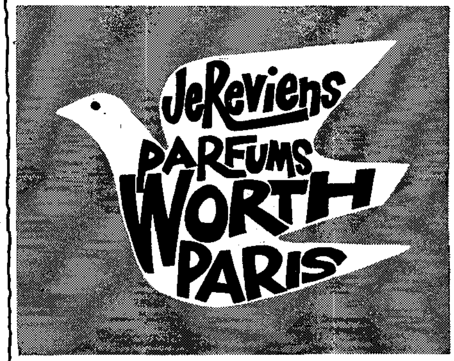

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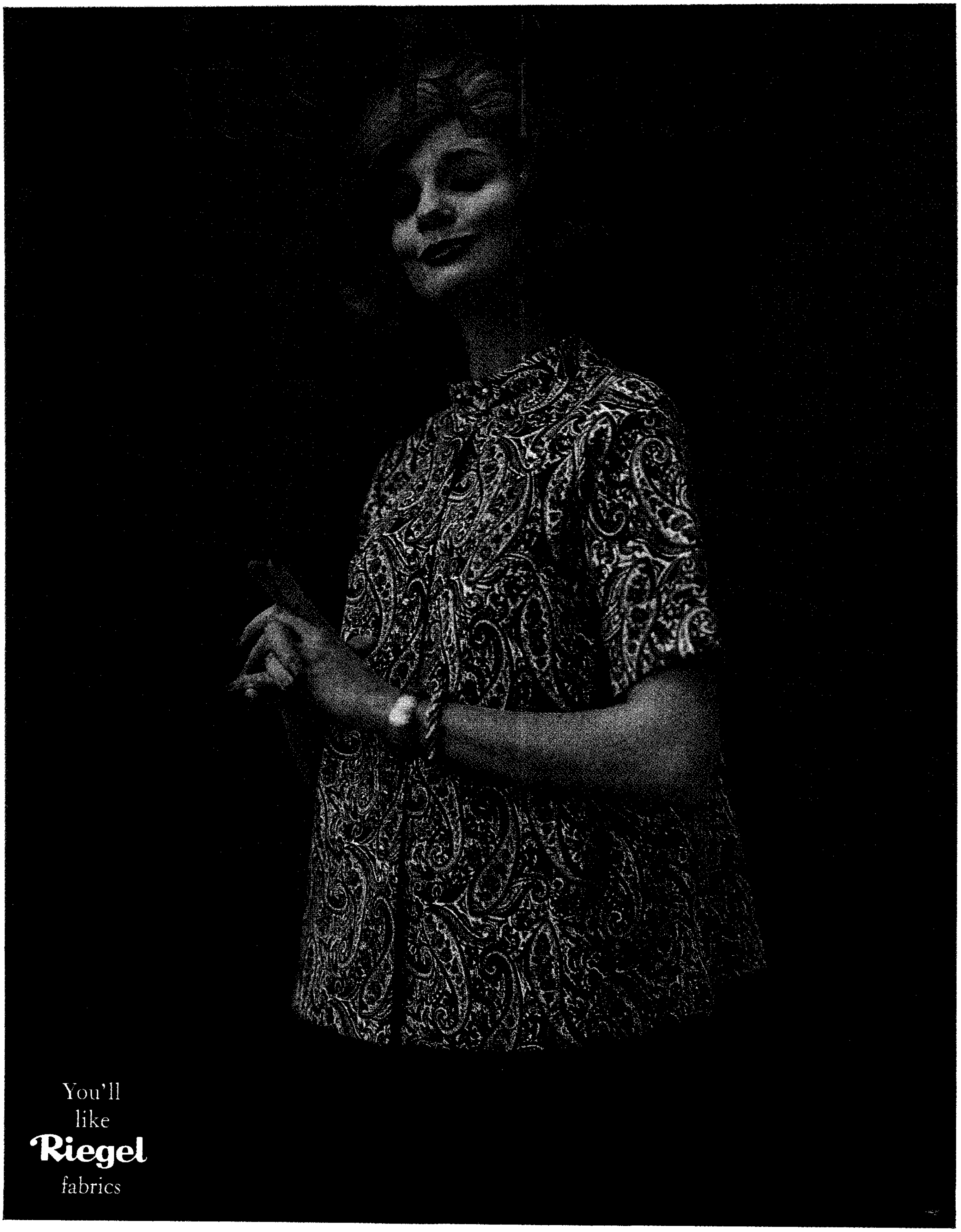

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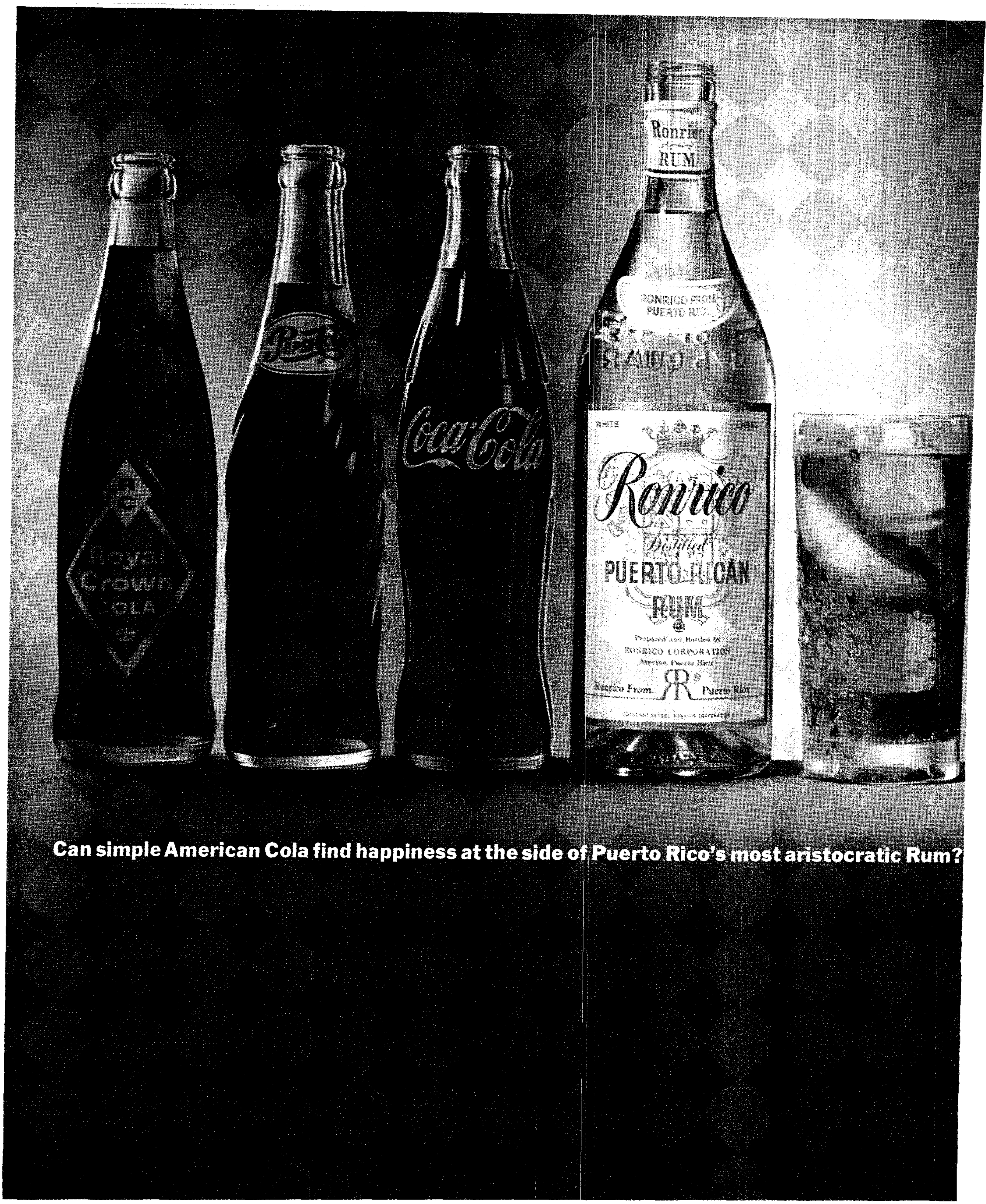
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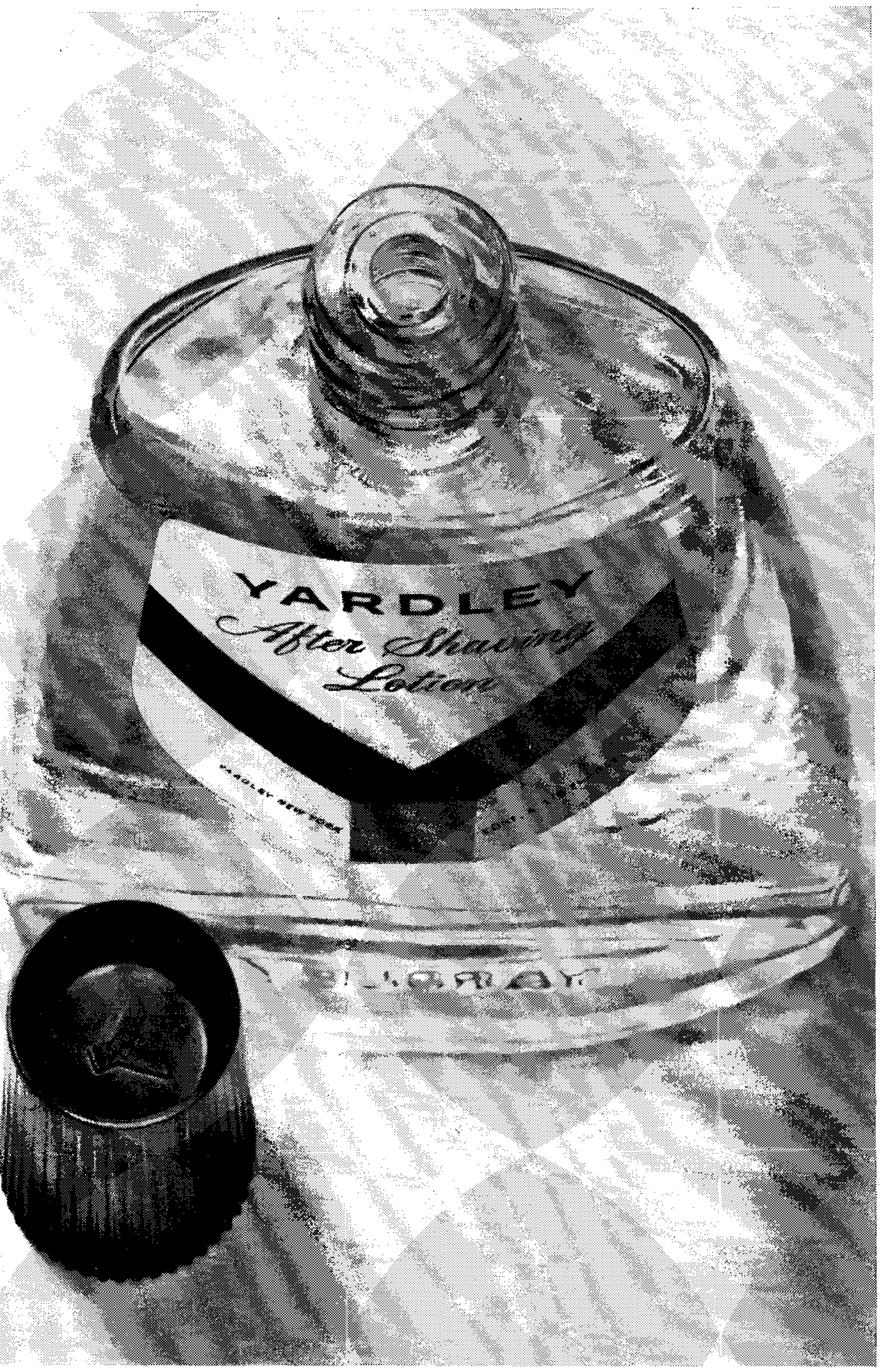
interest at first, and then shook their heads. "They would not be knowin' us, Surr, unless we was connected in the family. There be a heap o' travellers we never talks to, neither—*diddikais*, tinkers, an' all. We is private folks, Surr."

This stirred me up a bit, for my own sharpest memories of the travellers were of the tinkers in the Highlands of Scotland, where I was born, and though their life approximated that of the English Romanies—except, perhaps, that it was considerably less decorative—the gypsies I talked to would not hear a good word about them. "Chancy folk, them tinkers," they told me. "You never knows as where they is going." I did not exactly take the gypsies' word for this; since I was on my way to Scotland, I hoped to find out for myself.

In its treatment of the travellers, as in almost every other exercise of human judgment, Scotland has always differed markedly from England, possibly because the Scots, by nature, are more appreciative of human oddity and have never approached the same point of conformity that modern England has. My childhood in Scotland was thick with "characters;" looking back on it, I cannot see that any norm existed. As a result, the tinkers there must have found the going a good bit less difficult, at least on the psychological level. Two very distinct strains of travellers settled, or wandered, in Scotland—the tinkers, or tinklers, who were of Celtic origin and who infiltrated into the west of Scotland from Ireland, and the Romany gypsies, who came north in the early sixteenth century and confined themselves to the south. The Romanies, who are known as "muggers" in the Border country, converged on a small village, Kirk Yetholm, about a mile from the English border (in the past a very convenient spot, since fugitives from either English or Scottish justice could flit up or down the hillside and disappear over the border within a matter of minutes), and the village gained a lasting reputation as the gypsy capital of Scotland. More records remain of the Yetholm community than of any other gypsy settlement in Britain, and this came about mainly through the humanitarian foresight of a minister of the parish, Dr. John Baird, who in 1838 formed a Society for the Reformation of Gypsies in Scotland. In one of his reports, Dr. Baird predicted that schooling, steady employment, and marriage outside the gypsy community would eventually blur the edges of their separateness, and this he set out to achieve, with "his purse and his door always open," according to a contemporary account. The Faas, or Faws, the



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With all these virtues, it's amazing Yardley After-Shaving Lotion costs only $1 a bottle. But it does.

first gypsy family in Scotland, lived in Yetholm, and in 1861 great numbers of travellers gathered there to celebrate the coronation of their last queen, Esther Faa Blyth, who could "read a man's soul in his face" and was fond of saying that she needed fifty faces herself—a face for the minister, a face for a gentleman, a face for an honest man, a face for a scoundrel, and so on. She was visited by Queen Victoria and George Borrow, and she threw her support behind the policies of Dr. Baird and encouraged her followers to take up steady work—with some success, I discovered when I went to Yetholm on a bleak, snowy March afternoon, for one of the leading gypsy families now runs a conspicuously successful road-haulage business there. The minister of the neighboring parish told me he had once had the last of the Faas as his church beadle. "Fine-looking man," he said, "and no more eccentric than the rest of us here." One curious fact about the Yetholm gypsies is that as they settled, the Romany language that they originally spoke declined to a few popular words, used by natives and gypsies alike. I even found a few of them lurking in the recesses of my own vocabulary.

The point about Dr. John Baird is that he did, in essence, what Mr. Dodds and the more responsible elements in English journalism are trying to get done now, except that he managed to do it directly, without bureaucratic confusion, and in a time and place where overcrowding and overcivilization were unlikely prospects. He also managed to make the Scots much more conscious that they had in their midst a travelling population; they took a regular census of the travellers, for one thing, and they were more inclined to let their travellers be, perhaps because Scotland is, if anything, underpopulated and there is a good deal more free ground for encampments and for wandering.

The tinkers, however, are quite another matter. For one thing, they are very much older than the gypsies in point of occupancy, descending as they do from the wandering smiths of ancient Ireland. For another, they are Celts, and so are less alien to the native population; as Lewis Spence, the Scottish anthropologist, author, and poet, put it, they are to the Highland Scots as the wild fowl is to the domestic fowl. I remember them vividly from my childhood in the Western Isles—wild-looking families straggling along behind a handcart covered with a tarpaulin stretched across iron hoops. They called at the house to mend pots and kettles and to sharpen a few knives, and they seldom

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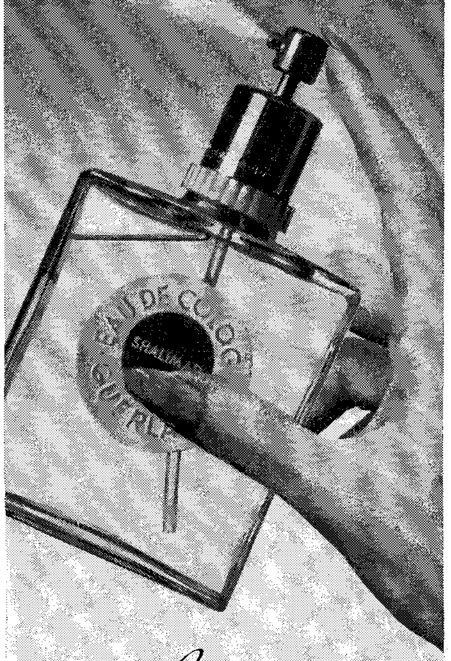

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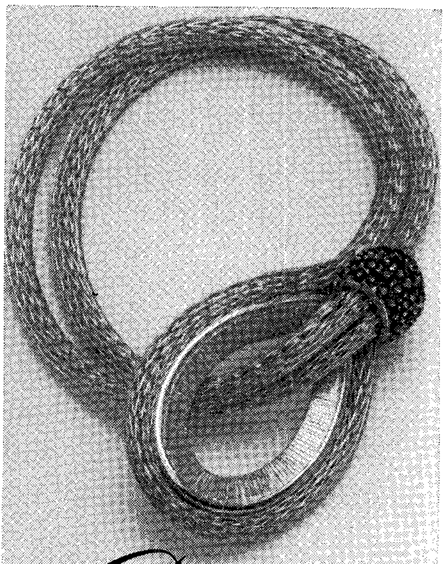

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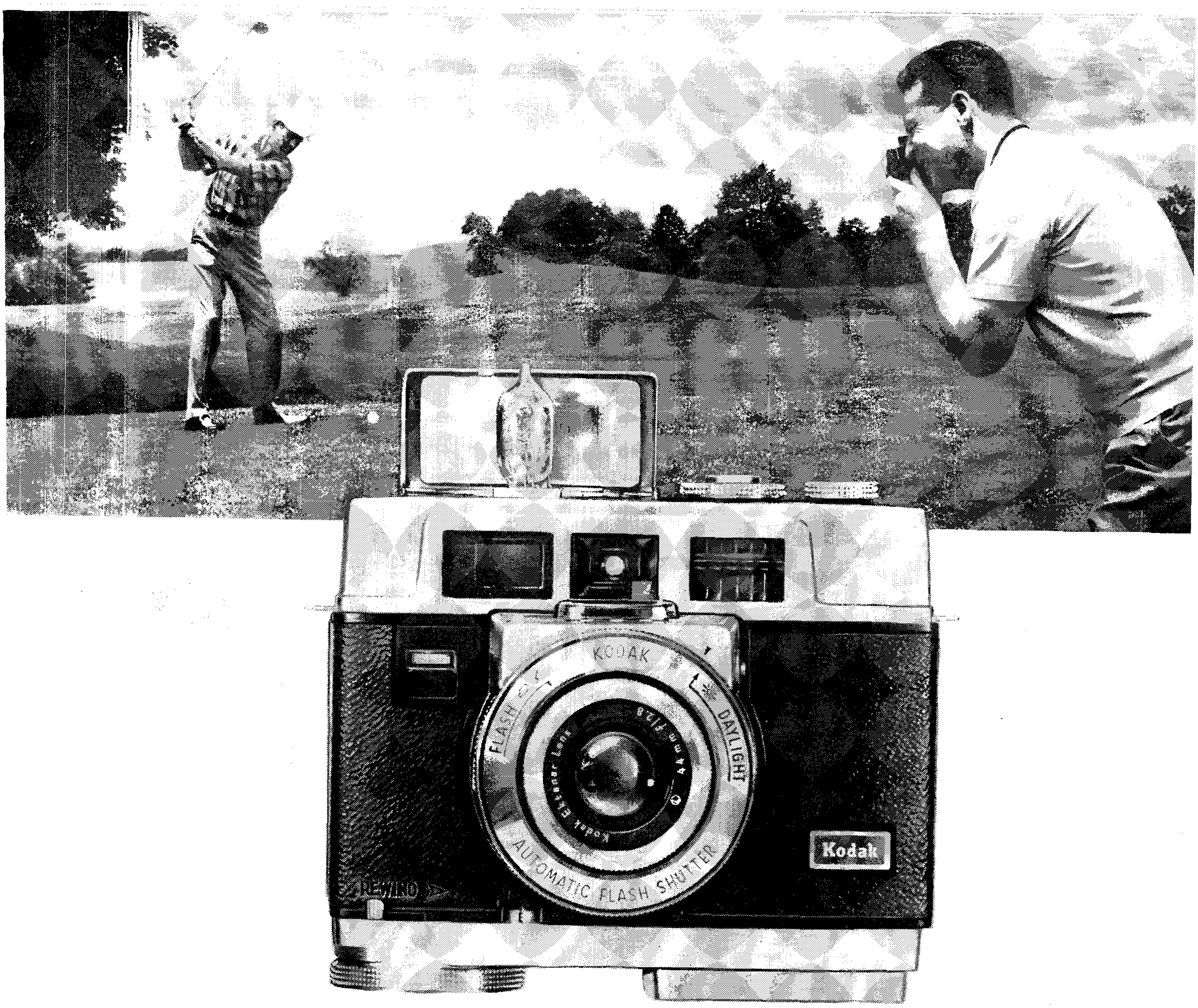

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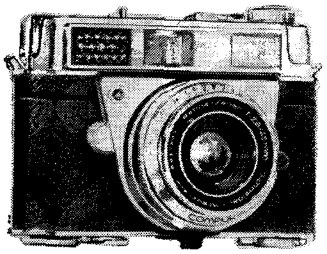

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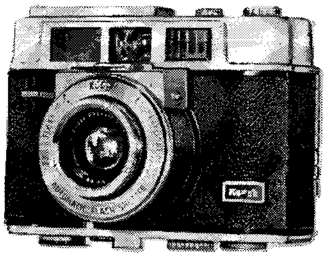

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spoke. At night, they camped on the rough grass at the roadside; as children, we used to creep as close as possible in the dark to watch them around their fires, and to hear them sing. In winter, they settled in certain districts of Glasgow, Edinburgh, Inverness, and Dundee; in summer they turned up in Perthshire for the berrypicking, or wandered through the Highlands and islands as travelling tinsmiths or dealers in scrap. Many of them grew quite prosperous; my grandfather, who was a doctor in Glasgow, used to attend them regularly in their winter encampment at Vinegar Hill, in the east end of the city, and my mother remembered that they not only paid their bills promptly but quite often brought him generous presents. Since it was always much less difficult for the tinkers to cross the line that separated them, as travellers, from the working community than it was for the Romany gypsies in England, there has been no sudden crisis in Scotland over the status of Scottish travellers, but there have been plenty of instances of their being moved on by the police, and there is no doubt that the tinkers would welcome the same consideration that the English gypsies are likely to be given from now on.

The most curious thing about the tinkers is their language, for they speak either a Highland or a Lowland cant—a curious back slang deriving, in the case of Lowland cant, from a mixture of Scots and English words, and, in Highland cant, from the Béarlagair na Sáer, one of the secret languages of ancient Ireland. These secret languages were originally high-caste languages of particular sects, and were formed to conceal the secrets of the fraternity from other men. With time, as the status of the wandering smiths declined, the Béarlagair na Sáer declined, too, until it became a cover language, like the argots and flash languages used throughout the underworld to conceal the subject of conversation from any possible eavesdropper. Unlike Romany, the cant languages not only are very much alive among the tinkers today but contain a wealth of songs and stories, which in the past few years have been patiently recorded by the School of Scottish Studies, in Edinburgh—a tiny but immensely valuable department of the University that in recent years has been catching on tape the dwindling Scottish dialects and the oral literature of the Highlands. In many of the cant songs, policemen and farmers appear as the villains, or "black men," and in the stories there are many references to "burkers," a cant word that derives from the Edinburgh mur-

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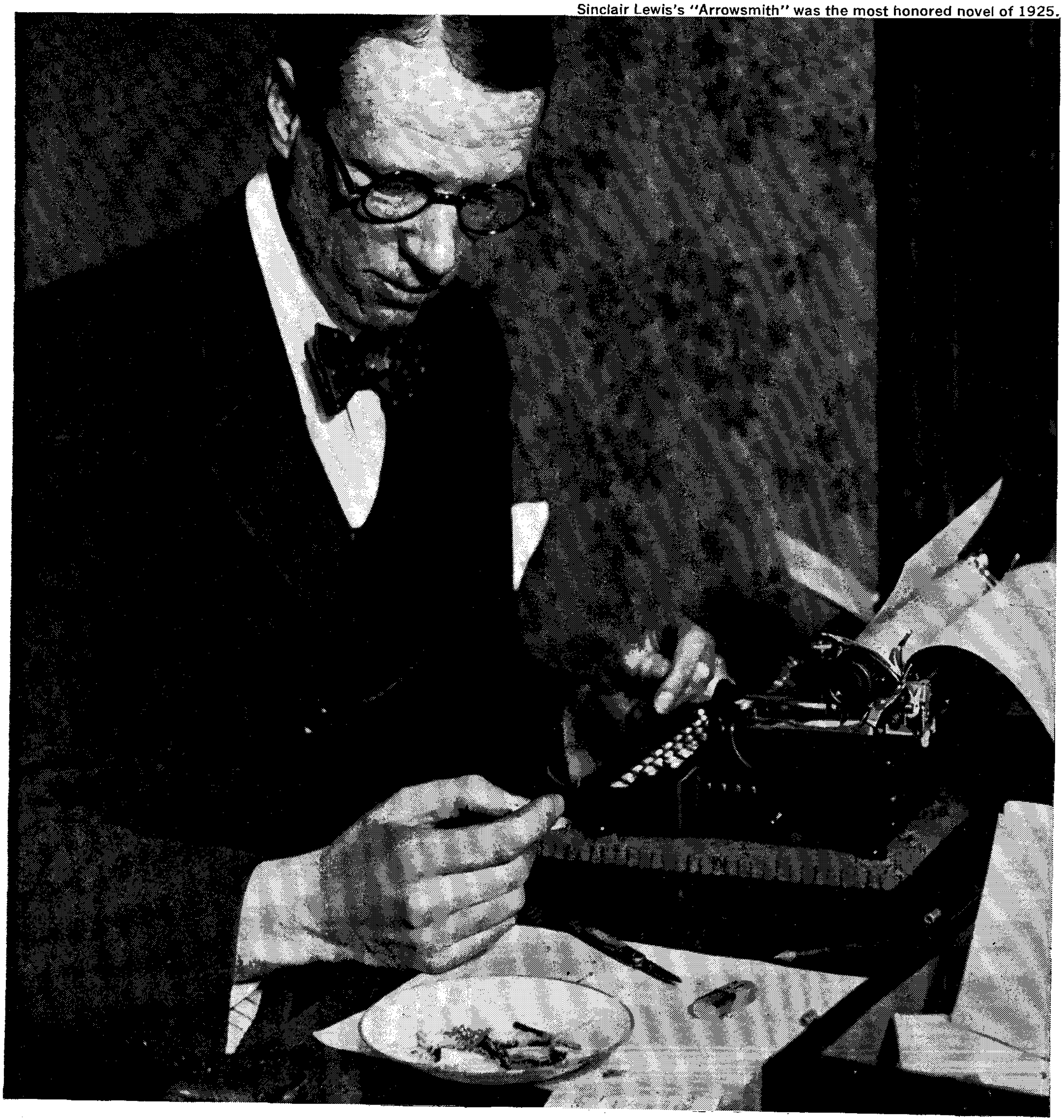

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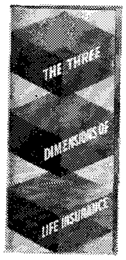

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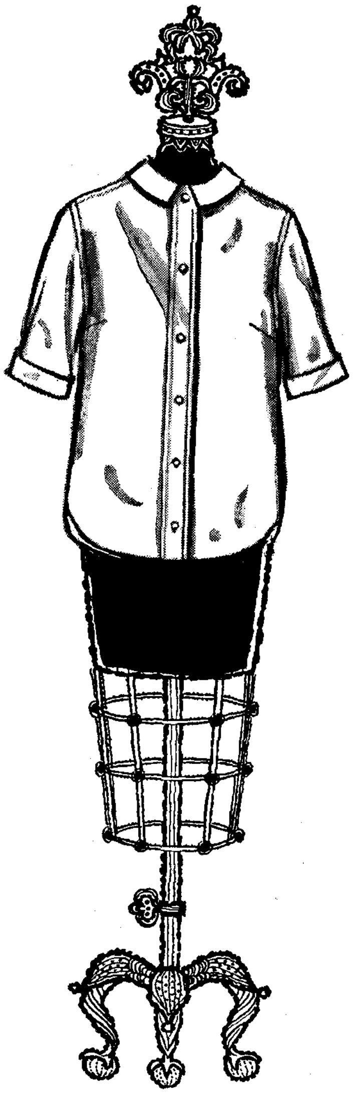

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derers Burke and Hare. (The tinkers believed that every night black coaches with muffled wheels, driven by black-coated men in "loony" hats, went out from Edinburgh over the highroads of Scotland looking for isolated tinkers, whose bodies they would supply to the medical schools.) The tinkers' fear of "flatties"—their word for non-tinkers—is much greater than any animosity the Scots feel toward them; in any event, they are much more adept than the English gypsies at moving in and out of civilization, and this is perhaps the reason for the contempt in which the gypsies hold them.

GYPSIES, tinkers, travellers, vagrants—the more one looks into them, the more one discovers that civilization sets up its own discontents, and that the periphery is always inhabited either by those who are in flight from the center or by those who have been disinclined (perhaps from contentment, perhaps from suspicion) to move toward it. To be out, it seems to me, is not necessarily to be down, but at the same time it is difficult to see the inhabitants of the periphery as they are, without endowing them with self-conscious motives and turning them into champions of nonconformity. This they are not, but I have found in all of them an instinctive wariness—a feeling that if they were to move closer to the center, they would find themselves harassed by too many things beyond their ken or their control. The wariness persists, and is a kind of instinct. They cannot either own or master what they do not carry with them; legal rights—words written on paper—are not tangible enough for them to acknowledge as real.

The campaign that Mr. Dodds initiated has already borne some fruit. In February of this year, the Ministry of Housing and Local Government issued a circular directing county councils to arrange for a survey of the travelling population in their areas as soon as possible, and promising Ministerial support and assistance. It opened the way for the establishment of permanent sites where the gypsies could settle without fear of prosecution, and it conceded that "moving people off one unauthorized site and leaving them to find another is no solution, and no answer to the human and social problems involved." In addition, some private funds have been started for the resettlement of the travellers, and, all in all, it appears that the gypsies can look forward to a time of stability, with steady sites and, eventually, houses, schooling for the children, literacy, opportunities for work—all the

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TOM GARTEN[1.] & JOHN SINCLAIR[2.] CALL THEIR 72 COUNTIES (AND EACH OTHER!) SOME VERY INTERESTING NAMES!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

TOM: My friends, as any media man worth his wages will tell you, a television market is a very difficult thing to define. For audio-video signals do not stop at state boundaries, city limit signs, and other handy landmarks. Pity us at WSAZ-TV, then, with a coverage area that embraces 72 counties in 4 states—to say nothing of 2 million consumers and a 4-billion-dollar payroll! The need for a name that goes beyond "Charleston-Huntington Market" is obvious. Mr. Sinclair, can we not settle here on "*Supermarket*"—a name we have often used—as our official moniker?

JOHN: We could, Mr. Garten, but for the fact that a better name occurred to me in the tub last night: "*Charlestonia!*" Is there not merit in identifying an area with its heart and hub?

TOM: There is, sir, and the name "*Huntingtonia*" would better serve that purpose! No, let us look beyond our local loyalties to larger things. Was not our market staked out by our *station*? How about "*The Land of Saz?*"

JOHN: *The Land of Saz?* (He laughs.)

TOM: Yes, *The Land of Saz*, O Witless One! Personally, I find the name not only descriptive, but rather romantic!

JOHN: Well, O Romantic One, I would remind you that the average advertiser is a bit more interested in sales potential than he is in fancy phrases—for *all* your personal findings! And I would further remind you that we enjoy certain topographical advantages here that relate *directly* to sales! Accordingly, I suggest "*Sales Saucer*" or, perhaps, "*Profit Bowl*" . . .

TOM: Mr. Sinclair! More hackneyed and cornier handles I have never heard coined! Did you consider "*Jack Pot*"? (He snickers.)

JOHN: Mr. Garten, I see our time is short. So I shall counter your sarcasm with a major concession. Friends, kindly consult your Katz Agency man, and ask for . . . "*Supermarket!*" *WSAZ-TV, Channel 3, an NBC Primary Affiliate, Division: The Goodwill Stations, Inc.*

3 WSAZ-TV

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Third Floor

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comforts of a civilization that can, in fact, do little but gobble them up.

Sociologically, the problem is a practical one, and it looks as though it might be solved in a straightforward, practical way; the implications, however, remain. Whatever one may think of civilization, it becomes increasingly clear, from small instances like that of the English gypsies, that it is practically impossible to opt out. However stable may seem the form and substance of one's life, or way of life, the rug may suddenly be pulled out to make way for wall-to-wall carpeting, whether one wishes it or not. What moved me most in talking to the gypsies was their awesome timelessness; they lived, if they lived anywhere, in the recurring round of the seasons, not expecting things to get either better or worse, and accepting the small variations in their fate as they might accept the weather—as never predictable but, at the same time, never insupportable. Acts of God they allowed for, but Acts of Parliament they neither knew of nor could foresee, until suddenly they found themselves tumbled off the tiny plateau on which they had been quite happy to live. As one of my old mentors put it, "'Twere not an *easy* life, Surr, but I can tell you true, we never wanted more as what we *had*, if we could be sure o' that. Now I sees the youngsters pesterin' for the *vardo* t' be changed for one o' them trailers, then the radio, an' all. Them's not gypsy ways, Surr. Amongst us, you knows the summer comes after the winter, an' you takes it as it comes. Let me not go blamin' nobody, but nowadays, when you gets given somethin', there's nobody as asks you whether you wants it or not."

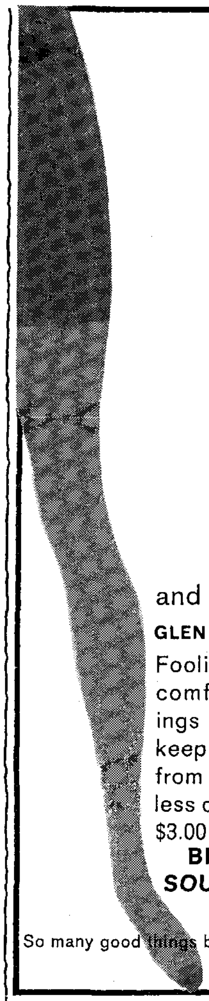
Some time ago, an eviction order was served against a group of gypsy families living on a site that they had used for years but that was required urgently for a housing development. One cold morning, a sergeant of police went to the site with an order to move, and when he had explained it carefully to the old gypsy who acted as spokesman for the others, the man looked up at him with an anxious face and said, "Tell us where to go, Guv'nor, and we'll go." I'm glad he didn't say it to me. "On" would have seemed to be the only possible reply.

—ALASTAIR REID

•

"Cocktail party animation is more than merely ephemeral. It is also, strictly speaking, an illusion." So says Berton Roueche, and he should know because his book, "The Neutral Spirit," appeared first in the New Yorker, and they're always having cocktail parties over there.—*The Post.*

Only every afternoon, that's all.



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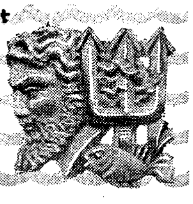

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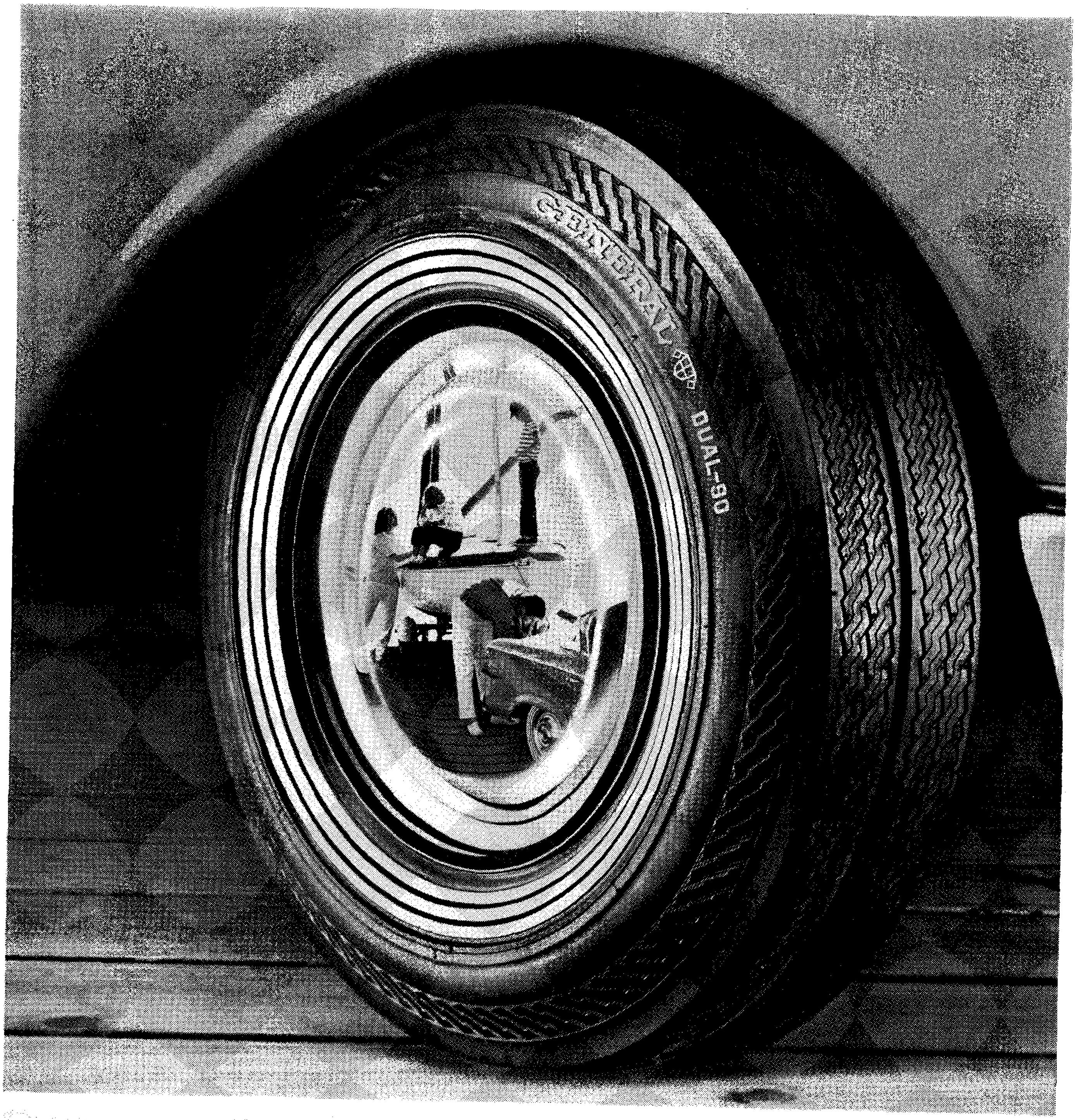

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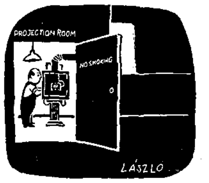
Mascot



"WAR HUNT," a low-key, low-budget American film, is a special achievement. As its misleadingly pearl-handled title implies, it is a war film. But it is not propaganda (unless revealing the human spirit in anguish honestly and without comment is propaganda), it is not melodrama, it is not a set piece for dirt-daubed Lana Turners and Robert Taylors. Instead, it is a subtle, poignant, carefully engraved film that avoids both the fashionable giant-pore "realism" of the French and Italians and the two-day-stubble "realism" beloved by Hollywood. (Re-creating reality is like playing house; one child's "kitchen" is the next's overturned chair.) Like all superior films of its kind, "War Hunt" is a horror picture. The setting is the front lines of Korea in the closing days of the war, and the players are a handful of American infantrymen. The monster in the movie, though, is not the enemy. He is a young, impassive American private named Endore, who, wearing a heavy sweater and a knitted seaman's cap, and with his face blackened, spends his nights singlehandedly knifing Chinese outposts in no man's land. After each killing, he rapidly and ritually circles his victim on all fours, like a savage. During the day, he sits about silently in dark glasses or sleeps. A known but necessary werewolf, Endore unnerves his platoonmates, his commanding officer, and, most important, an eight-year-old Korean war orphan who has become his mascot. "War Hunt" centers on a struggle for the orphan's soul between Endore, who has been teaching him to use a knife and has promised to take him on patrol, and Loomis, an Ivy League infantry replacement who indignantly senses the evil Endore is practicing on the child. It is enough to add that Loomis, an earth-bound Billy Budd, loses.

The background details in the picture are often masterly. There is a short, stunning battle sequence and a terrifying hand-to-hand fight between Loomis and a Chinese soldier. The nights are night and the dawns are dawn. The camera is as matter-of-fact about wild flowers as it is about a dead man's face. Most of the soldiers shave, and there isn't a whisper about Mary Lou back home. The cast is a refreshing blend

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of the professional and the amateur. John Saxon, hooded and stone-faced, underplays Endore perfectly, while Robert Redford, as Loomis, is appropriately all thumbs, good looks, and milk-fed intentions. Denis Sanders directed "War Hunt," and the tight, eerie, intelligent screenplay is by Stanford Whitmore.

"A Coming-Out Party" and "The Best of Enemies" are a pair of English war comedies. In the first, a gruff, fat British electronics genius is accidentally captured by the Germans in the Second World War and escapes after a lot of predictable, mildly diverting business. James Robertson Justice, a man of gloomy and impressive bulk, stolidly plays the genius, inadvertently recalling one of the most graceful and lamented comic spectacles of the past couple of decades—the late Sydney Greenstreet shooting suddenly and with a soft roar from his chair and racing across a room, eyes marbling, mouth bent dangerously down, jowls swaying in strict, ominous rhythm. Greenstreet, Justice reaffirms, is irreplaceable.

"The Best of Enemies" is one of those comedies in which the timing is always three or four seconds off and the situations are either underdone or overdone. David Niven is an ineffectual British officer, Alberto Sordi is his Italian counterpart, and the story has to do with the confused skirmishes that the two officers and their men carry out in the Abyssinian desert during the Second World War. But a worn script and flat direction are not all Niven and Sordi have to counter. The film, shot in Israel in that marvellously colorless British color, is full of pale, domineering glimpses of a landscape—bony, toothless, dust-swamped—so evil and desiccated that it makes the very idea of comedy preposterous. —Whitney Balliett

◆

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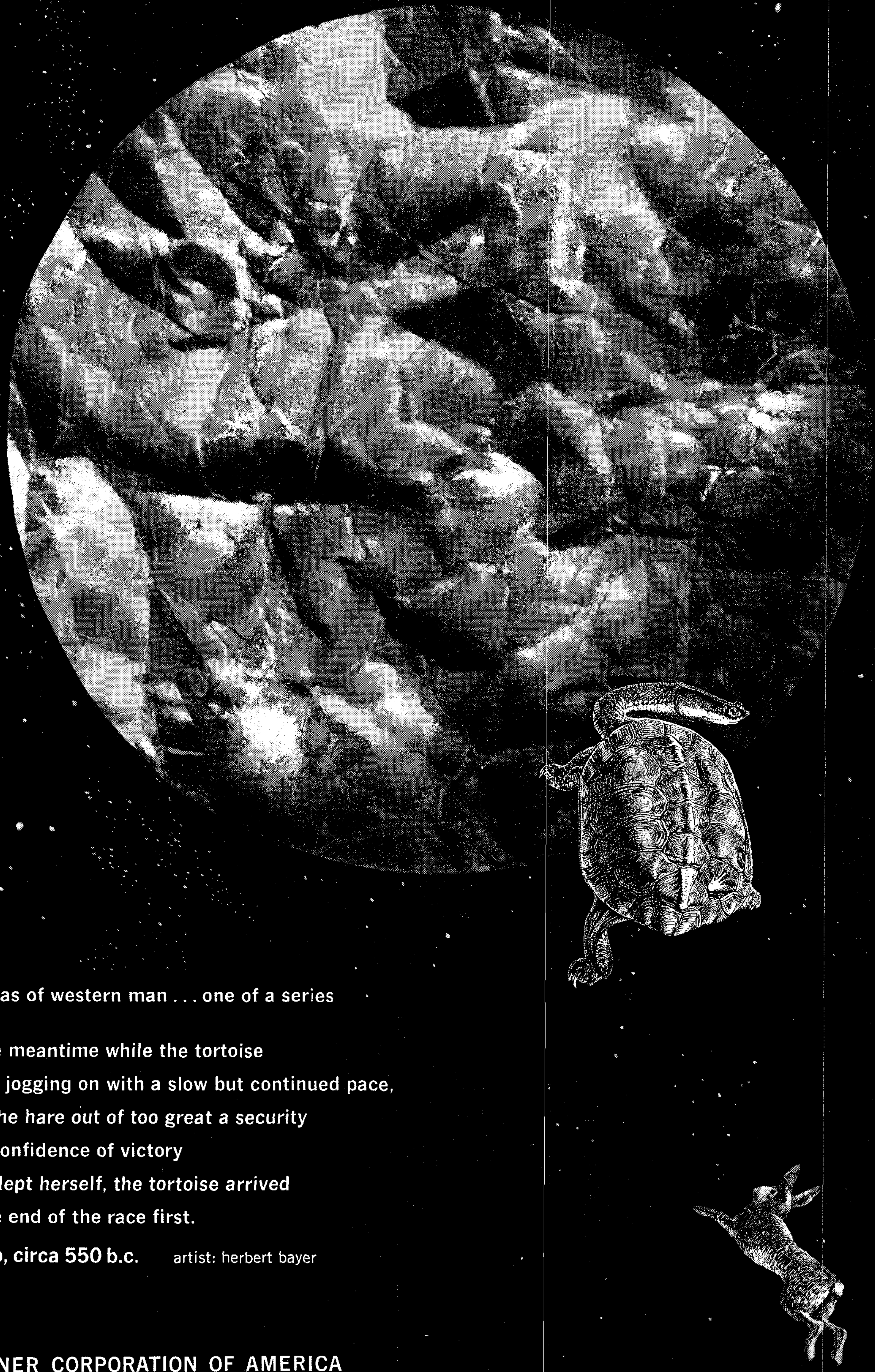

great ideas of western man . . . one of a series

in the meantime while the tortoise
came jogging on with a slow but continued pace,
and the hare out of too great a security
and confidence of victory
overslept herself, the tortoise arrived
at the end of the race first.

aesop, circa 550 b.c. artist: herbert bayer

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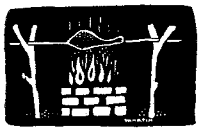
CONTAINER CORPORATION OF AMERICA

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE



IT would be a mistake to say that the nursery is the forgotten room, but it certainly seems to have been largely overlooked by decorators who are capable of bringing to it either imagination or any sort of cheerful distinction. Walt Disney, even at his long-ago best, was much too much of a good thing, and may someday be held responsible, because of his imprint on nursery lamps, nursery wallpaper, and nursery rocking chairs, for the psychoses of a whole generation. With that off my chest, I had perhaps better backtrack a little, for my view of the distressing nursery situation has actually been modified to a certain extent lately by the appearance here and there of designs (and they take a lot of looking for among the rubbish) that show a fresh approach to the embellishment of our children's rooms and successfully demolish the assumption that a sort of bogus humor is enough to take the place of imaginative composition.

Among signs of a brighter day is a group of hand-screened wallpapers designed by Nancy Cole and shown by Gene McDonald, Inc., of 509 Madison Avenue (53rd), which let a nice fresh breeze into the stuffiness of the nursery setup. Intrepidly, Miss Cole throws out the window all the red-nosed clowns and comic animals got up as human beings, and in their place offers a series of familiar figures with just that delicate touch of make-believe needed to start a child's imagination going. In a set of papers called McDonald's Farm, the principal action, as you might suspect, involves country life. The center of interest is an apple tree laden with brilliant red fruit, done in two panels, each seventy-seven inches wide and ten feet high. On a single strip, twenty-eight inches by six and a half feet, there is an assemblage of barnyard figures—a strutting cock, a mother goose with a retinue of goslings, a deliciously fat pig, a silo, and an assortment of butterflies, dragonflies, and flowers. On another single strip, a foot wide and four feet nine inches high, there are some free-floating toy balloons, and on still another, twenty inches wide and as long as you want, very wet-looking raindrops are falling. Various border papers suitable for this series include a row of ice-cream cones, which, turned upside down and with the addition of eyes and a mouth, become the sort of cheerful clowns' heads a child himself might draw; a row of ducklings very intent on going somewhere; and a picket fence two feet high. The charm—or one of the charms—of these papers is that, owing to the uncomplicated outlines of the designs, they can be snipped out with scissors and each component placed to suit the whim of the room's occupant. The cheerful pig can come to live under the apple tree, the ducklings can paddle under the raindrops, the foolish old goose can be made to challenge the foolish old cock, and a string of balloons can be tied onto the picket fence. The two-panel apple tree costs $36, the barnyard menagerie $12, the balloon panel $9, the raindrops $6, and the ice-cream-cone arrangements and the picket fence $3.60 a yard. McDonald—the Madison Avenue McDonald, that is, not the old farmer—deals, I regret to say, only through decorators.

NONE of the wallpapers in the brilliant group that Leoda de Mar has recently put on view in her new showrooms, at 209 East 56th Street, are labelled as juveniles, but that is no sufficient reason to deprive the young of decorations that, even if the subtlety of their design may sometimes elude a child, have a splendid coloristic extravagance almost certain to delight him. I hasten to explain, though, that this is a collection of the utmost sophistication, which deserves the careful consideration of anyone who is interested in wallpaper. Mrs. de Mar has used her new

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premises to the very best advantage by hanging every room (even a small kitchen and several clothes closets) with papers ideally suited to their purpose and making combinations of patterns that are so exactly right—although unexpected—that on seeing them one has the impulse to break into cheers. There is, for example, a pattern of stripes of various widths in red, white, and blue (the reds and blues being of entrancing off-shades) that is used to cover one wall of a room whose three other sides are white. An engaging trim for this would be a scalloped border of matching red, white, and blue, which could also be used without the striped paper, or, again, it could very well top a dado of the stripes. In contrast with such colorful brilliance, and in case you have the room of a sweet, innocent young girl to be papered, Mrs. de Mar can produce any number of the sweetest, most innocent papers you've ever seen to choose from. One looks like old-fashioned pink dotted swiss forming a background for bunches of large daisies, to be combined with a plain dotted-swiss paper without the flowers. Between this delicate, girlish conceit and the brash style of the striped design is to be found a range of patterns as varied as they are handsome. The red, white, and blue number is $14.75 a panel (twenty-seven inches wide and eight feet nine inches high); the matching border is $2.50 a yard (seven and a half inches wide), the dotted-swiss daisy design is $13.75 a single roll; and the accompanying paper is $9 a single roll. That will give you the idea. Here again, operations are only through decorators.

BONNIERS, as might be expected, does what it can to encourage the creative impulse in the young, and one of its efforts in that direction is a perfectly splendid worktable by the Finnish designer Alvar Aalto, which should not only inspire young craftsmen but spare the family library table from wear and tear involving paints and clay or the unpredictable components of a collage masterpiece. It is of unstained, oiled birch, and it is topped (twenty-nine and three-quarters inches by forty-eight) with a particularly heavy linoleum, which comes in any of several shades of red, blue, and yellow. It stands twenty-eight inches high, as is, and Bonniers will shorten the legs if desired; the price is $47.50. As seats for the young workmen, there are three-legged stools of the same wood and by the same designer, which are topped with the same bright-colored linoleum, either match-

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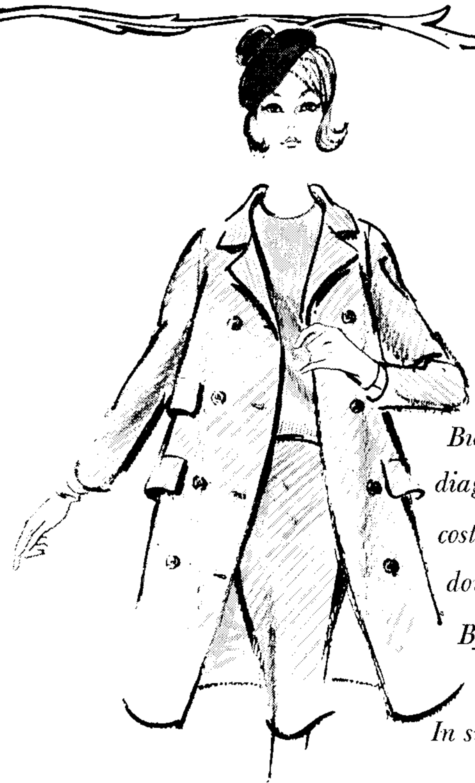
ing the table or contrasting with it. (There's also a black-topped stool, and one in off-white.) The stools are $9.75 each.

For younger children, Bonniers has imported from Sweden a high chair in oiled natural pine with a good-looking leather front strap (please fasten your seat belts), and an armchair with a gracefully curved back that should comfortably accommodate somebody of three or four; the high chair costs $29.95 and the armchair $17.50. At 866 Lexington Avenue (65th), D/R International also has a group of children's chairs that would either add to the good looks of the nursery or blend unobtrusively with living-room furniture. The collection, made in West Virginia of oiled walnut, includes a comfortable rocker, at $18.50; an armchair, at $16; and a side chair, at $14.50. There is also a high chair, at $16, that has sufficient dignity of its own not to be hustled out of the dining room between meals. All these pieces have rush bottoms and are solidly made on generous lines that would allow a child to more or less grow up with his chair.

UNLESS shoppers for a nursery light fixture are prepared to be frustrated beyond all endurance, it might be a good idea just to ignore the collections that go under that heading, since, for some reason that eludes my diagnosis, the lamp designed for a child's room appears inevitably to be the most dismally humorous example of all nursery decorations. I have reached this conclusion after bypassing any number of chillingly funny designs in shops dedicated to juvenile furnishings, and I have selected, for the hypothetical nursery we are furnishing, a ceiling light that Lightolier offers its adult customers but that is colorful enough, I believe, to give a great lift to the nursery. It is a fourteen-inch globe made of tapered strips of red, blue, white, green, and amber plastic, spaced so as not quite to conceal a barrel-shaped opal glass shade inside, which contains an incandescent bulb. The price, through decorators or at the Arco Electric Company, 201 East 42nd Street, is $77.60. At Lightolier, 11 East 36th Street, where they care passionately about providing the correct light for every kind of work, there is a splendid over-desk fixture that would probably keep boys and girls with homework to do out of eyeglasses for the rest of their lives. It is a fluorescent fixture, four feet long, six inches wide, and six inches deep, that hangs on the



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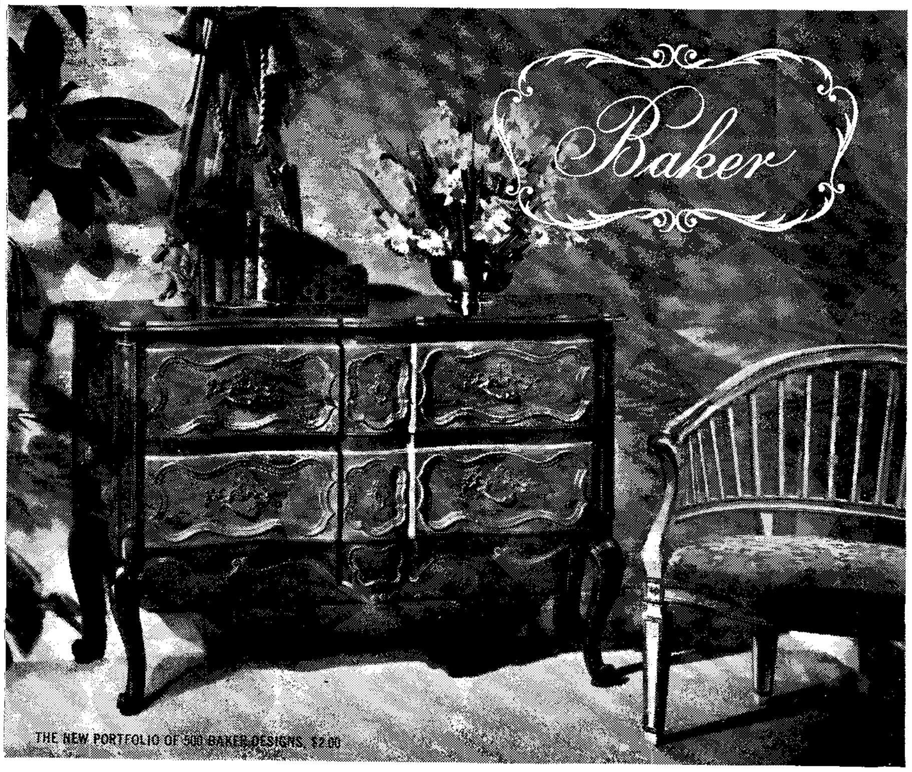

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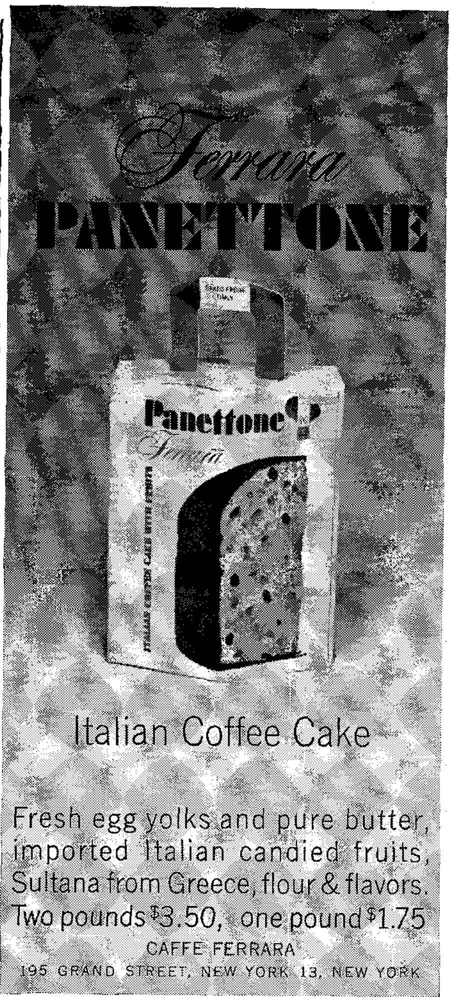
wall and casts a gentle light down on the written page exactly where it ought to be thrown (Lightolier has charts to prove this). At the same time, it gives off a soft, general illumination from the top, which is open. The fixture, called "Lyteline," comes in a neat-looking washable off-white plastic, at $26.52, or in a walnut finish, at $41.

IF you look hard at the patterns of a couple of engaging rugs designed explicitly for children and manufactured by Carter Brothers, of Chattanooga, you will see that one of them is a standard hopscotch course of eight staggered squares marked with Roman numerals, and that the other is a marble ring as impeccably laid out as anything a champion of the Wildwood Contests ever shot to victory on. Actually, it's not the sporting designs of these rugs that make them big nursery news, but the fact that they are constructed of Allied Chemical Corporation's new nylon-textured fibre (it's known to its friends as Textured Caprolan), which, even among all the miracle fibres we are blessed with, stands out as something special. Made into rugs, this fibre looks like elegant wool carpeting, but it has endless practical advantages over that old-fashioned commodity. Chief among these, at least for nursery use, are that it is uncommonly resistant to wear and tear; that spills of almost any nature can be wiped off it with a damp cloth; and that, being white in its original state, it takes the most brilliant—as well as the subtlest—colors. The hopscotch rug, which I saw at Altman, is six feet by nine and costs $99.95, and comes in a combination of brown and orange. The marble ring, six feet in diameter and priced at $59.95, is made up of concentric white lines on a deep-blue ground. Either can be ordered in other colors. Lord & Taylor has a number of area rugs made of the same amazing stuff, and while they weren't designed with children in mind, they have all the aforementioned advantages that make the game rugs so invaluable on nursery floors.

WELL now, let's see. Having done my aesthetic best for the nursery (and against tremendous odds, let me tell you), I should mention a couple of practical items that are strictly for the comfort and convenience of those infants of tender age who, to judge by the cars one can study in any Sunday traffic jam (there'll be plenty of time), are everlastingly on the go. One of these items is a multi-purpose baby crib (it's



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called the Jolly-Go-Crib, but never mind that), made of strong nylon netting on an aluminum frame, the whole thing weighing only nine pounds. Besides its use as a bed in the home, the crib can be rolled up and fitted into its own carrying case; it can be set up on the back seat of a car (even a Volkswagen), leaving room for an adult alongside; or, for a very small child, it can be used as a playpen. It is thirty-six and a half inches long, twenty-one and a quarter inches wide, and twenty-one and a quarter inches high, exclusive of its legs, which are adjustable in height, and it costs $29.95 at Altman, Macy, Stern, and Gimbel, among other places. The manufacturers suggest having an extra Jolly-Go-Crib in the home just in case a baby drops in. Well, I don't know about that.

The other contribution to the comfort of travelling infants is a portable piece of luggage that looks very much like one of those airplane handbags, only, instead of holding your pajamas and toothbrush, it carries your baby. It is thirty inches long and made of vinyl, and its appointments include handles, a removable hood, and a sort of mattress pad that can be fixed in a sitting position; it weighs six pounds and costs $10 at Altman. —S. H.

◆

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*A letter in The Field*]

A GROUSE KNOCKED OUT

SIR,—Shooting at Stublick, in Northumberland, recently, I was standing in a semi-sunken butt in the middle of the line when a grouse came straight at me very low from my left.

It was too close to the line to take in front, so I waited to see on which side of the butt it would pass before turning round. As it continued to come straight at me I adopted what used to be position two in the Present Arms, and rapped it smartly on the head as it passed.

This improbable feat was witnessed by three other guns, including a peer of the realm.

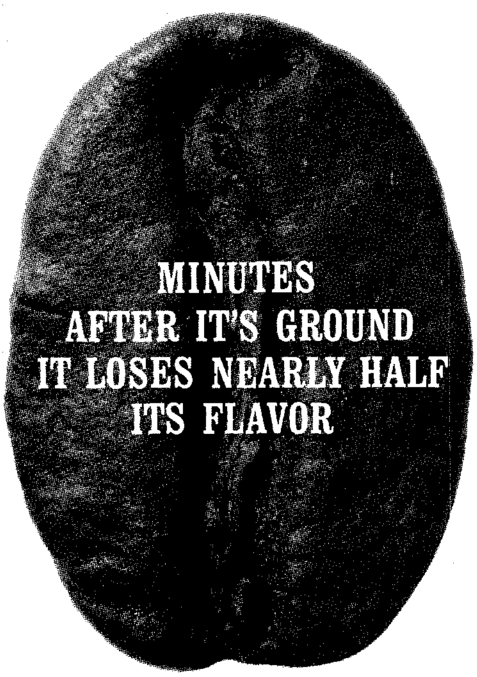
FRANCIS WILLIAMS
Huntlyburn, Melrose, Roxburghshire.

◆

With his first film in release, Stern wants to make a picture about his generation "under thirty-five" and to write it himself. He has a sharp eye and ear: "This friend of mine, he was telling me about this girl he visited, in her medicine chest all the bottles were turned around so you couldn't read the labels. Wasn't that odd? he asked, and I agreed, but I thought, Wasn't it odd that he looked?"

It is this kind of thing that Stern wants to get on film, but he's faced with the problem of words.—*Walter Ross in Esquire.*

You know—like Tolstoy.



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THE SPORTING SCENE

LIPSTICK, HAIR RIBBONS, AND BRIGHT-GREEN SHORTS

FOR nearly a week before the recent Russian-American track-and-field championships, held in Stanford University's stadium, the Soviet athletes had been training on the Stanford campus, and they had thoroughly charmed those curious Americans who had come to look them over. When I arrived, on the eve of the two-day meet—the fourth in a series that began in 1958—I was reassured by the report of a San Francisco sportswriter who described the Russians as "very human human beings." The journalists were especially captivated by a pair of Russian sprinters named Lyudmila Motina and Galina Popova, who by no means represented the stereotype of the female village smith. This strain was personified, however, by a large, heavily muscled, and spectacularly powerful Russian girl named Tamara Press, who, among other accomplishments, has tossed an iron ball weighing eight pounds and thirteen ounces farther than any other girl around. As it happened, Miss Motina, Miss Popova, and Miss Press, along with the other female athletes of both teams, figured in the only controversy that cropped up during the meet—a controversy that showed that in athletics, as in diplomacy, some issues just aren't negotiable. Before the tournament began, American reporters asked Gabriel Khorobkov, the head coach of the Russian team, to comment on the idea of scoring the competition as two meets—men vs. men and women vs. women—instead of as a comprehensive meet, which had been the formula in the past. "We do not discriminate against women," Khorobkov said shrewdly. "I am the coach of everybody here, not just the men's team." Equality of the sexes in athletics is a useful theme for the Russians. They had won each of the three previous meets—two in Moscow, one in Philadelphia—on the basis of comprehensive scoring, and now they were confronted by the strongest male squad ever to represent the United States in this series; take away the women's points, and there would be little to shout about in Red Square. On the second afternoon of the meet, however, when the score was tied at 160–160 and it seemed that the United States might muster enough points in the two remaining events to win the whole shooting match, the Russian scoring method seemed entirely reasonable to everyone. Ultimately, the Russians prevailed by four points, 173–169. Some of the Americans recognized the validity of the victory, while others took solace from the double-meet scoring system; according to this, the American men won by a score of 128–107 and the Russian women by 66–41.

Happily, the scoring dispute was one of the few unpleasant notes in a stirring and fiercely contested pageant. The two-day competition drew a crowd of 153,500 spectators (the largest turnout for a track meet in the United States since the 1932 Olympic Games in Los Angeles), and only rarely did the spirit of nationalism assert itself. The performers were applauded according to merit, and it was fitting that the mightiest ovation went to a handsome young high jumper from Siberia named Valeriy Brumel. The second-day throng was enthralled when Brumel, a twenty-year-old athlete with springs in his legs, jumped higher than any other human being in the history of the earth. The last American jumper, California's Gene Johnson, was eliminated at 7 feet 1 inch, and then Brumel, who resembles a young Tyrone Power, had the stage to himself. He easily soared over the bar at 7 feet 3 inches. There was a hush as the bar went up to 7 feet 5 inches—a height until then beyond the reach of any athlete. "Take your time—don't get nervous, Valeriy!" someone in the crowd shouted. Brumel didn't get nervous. Suddenly he was running in long, graceful strides; while the crowd strained with him, he was up and over the bar in a rolling motion and then alighting in a spray of sawdust. Cheers filled the arena as Brumel scrambled to his feet, anxiously watching the quivering bar; he had touched it lightly while in flight, but it remained on its pegs. Finally, with a dazzling smile, he flung his arms aloft in reply to the crowd's tribute.

This defiance of gravity seemed incredible even to those who witnessed it. As Brumel stood beneath the bar, it was sixteen inches above his head; he is only six feet one, and he looks like a boy when standing next to John Thomas, the six-foot-five-inch American Negro from Boston who dominated the high jump until the 1960 Olympic Games, in Rome. Thomas leaped 7 feet 3¾ inches while winning the Olympic trials at Stanford in the summer of 1960. Then, strangely, he lost his spring—and perhaps his confidence—at Rome, where he was defeated by two Russians, Robert Shavlakidze and Brumel. In the present meet, Thomas had to settle for 6 feet 10 inches, and finished last in the field of four. Thomas, Johnson, and Viktor Bolshov, the second Russian jumper, took turns hugging and pounding Brumel, and when the tumult subsided, the new world record-holder was presented with a trophy by the Helms Athletic Foundation of Los Angeles in a special ceremony. Brumel was honored along with Ralph Boston, the Olympic broad-jumping champion from Tennessee and the first athlete ever to leap twenty-seven feet. "Thank you very much," said Brumel in heavily accented English. Then, acting on an impulse, he and Boston decided to take a turn around the arena—a custom that is popular among athletes in European countries. They loped along side by side, smiling and waving, while the crowd rose in sections and cheered.

SUCH camaraderie between the Russian and American athletes would have been inconceivable a decade ago. The Russians first entered international competition at the 1952 Olympic Games in Helsinki, but they met no one there except on the starting line. In effect, they brought the Iron Curtain with them. Having declined, by order of their authorities, to accept housing in the Olympic Village, they lived apart with delegations from the satellite countries, and Soviet commissars outnumbered

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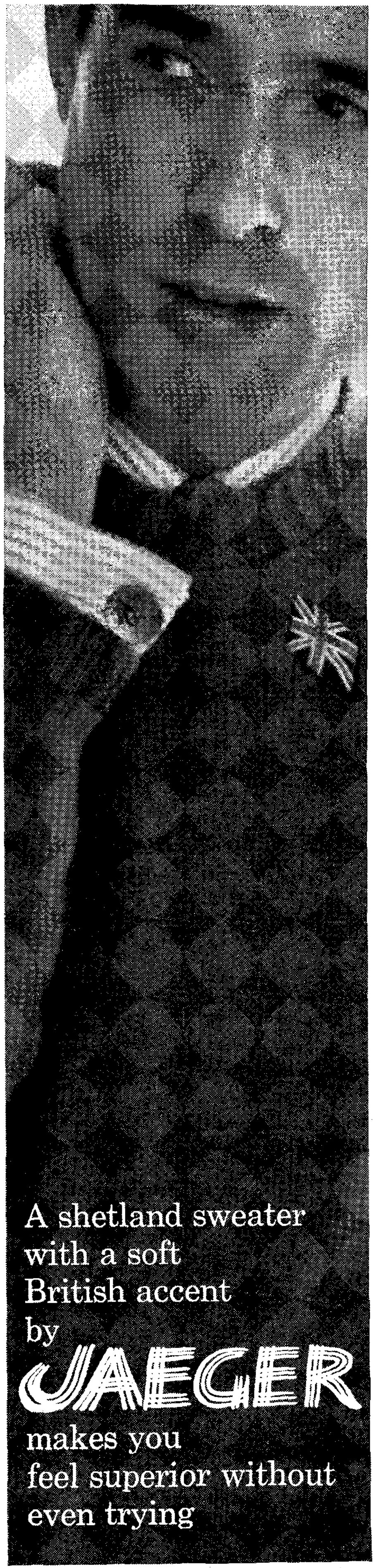
Soviet athletes. But all that has changed, and the Russians are now as gregarious as Harry Golden. They shared a Stanford dormitory with the Americans, they ate at the same table (where they consumed extraordinary amounts of fresh fruit and milk), they fraternized freely with spectators, and they went about as they pleased. Coach Khorobkov even rang a merry new change on an old Russian tune. When somebody asked him if he knew about baseball, he grinned and replied, "Oh, yes, we have a game called *lapta* that is very similar. In fact, we like to say that the Americans stole baseball from us."

The Russians were regimented only in the sense that they had trained as a unit for three weeks. The full squad—forty-two men and seventeen women—checked in at Stanford on July 14th, a week before the big show began. In selecting their team, the Russians relied on a series of qualifying meets, plus the judgment of a committee of seventeen coaches. The United States, in contrast, adhered to the rigidly democratic procedure of naming to its team the first two finishers in each event of the national Amateur Athletic Union championships, which were held in the third week of June. This is probably the fairest of all methods, but it sometimes has regrettable consequences, for it eliminates the athlete who may have been off form for just one day. Three of the world's four sixteen-foot pole vaulters are Americans, for example, but two of them (Dave Tork and John Uelses) were ineligible to compete against the Russians, having failed to make the grade in the A.A.U. championships. Other notable absentees included Jan Sikorsky, Glenn Winningham, and Larry Stuart, three of America's leading javelin throwers; Joe Faust and Bob Avant, a pair of high jumpers who have leaped seven feet; and temperamental Dyrol Burleson, of Oregon, who is America's fastest mile runner.

On the day the Russian squad buckled down to work at Stanford, only nine Americans reported to John Oelkers, head coach of the men's team. Three days before the meet began, America's male entrants in residence at Stanford numbered only fourteen. Not surprisingly, the Russians were mystified by this seeming indifference. "Where are your athletes?" they asked Alexey Malyshev, one of the State Department interpreters on the scene. "Why isn't the American team all here and in training?" The same question was put by American sportswriters to Oelkers, an easygoing Southerner who was a shot-



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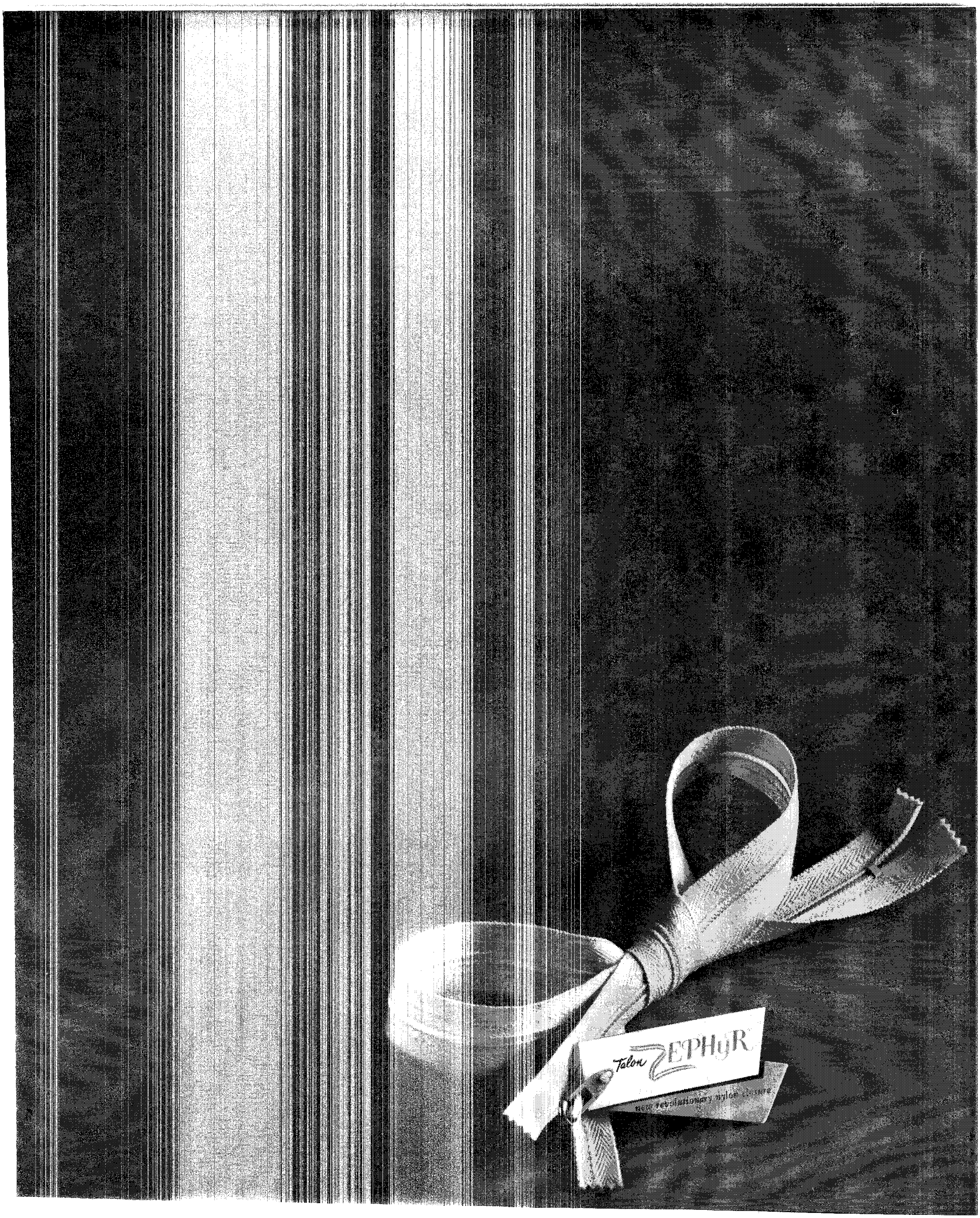

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putter and discus thrower in his youth and is now head track coach at Tulane University. Though Oelkers found himself in the awkward position of a driver without a car, he appeared unconcerned. His athletes were scattered across the nation—some working at their regular jobs, others attending college classes. "There's no cause to fret," Oelkers insisted cheerfully. "Our athletes are in splendid condition, and they'll be sharp when they get here. They don't need a coach cracking the whip to make them train." This is one of the privileges of athletes in the American system; they are free to train when and where they please. Some of the American sportswriters, however, were obviously alarmed. Among them was Curley Grieve, sports editor of the San Francisco *Examiner*. "If the Russians, after three failures, suddenly wallop us in men's athletics, the issue might be debated in the halls of Congress," he warned. "Make no mistake: in international competition like this, more than points are at stake. The prestige to the victor is of worldwide importance."

As it developed, Grieve's fears were groundless. The American men's 128–107 victory was the most decisive victory in the series. (They had won by scores of 126–109 in 1958, 127–108 in 1959, and 124–111 in 1961; the competition was not held in 1960, because of the Olympic Games.) And it was more decisive than the score indicates, for each team enters two men in each event, and the scoring is on a 5-3-2-1 basis. The scoring rules for dual track meets are flexible, being set up by agreement between the competing teams, and it is apparent that the rules for this one were established with the idea of saving face for both nations. Even if one team swept first and second places in all the thirty-two events, the loser would still score ninety-six points. In most American college meets, a winning relay team gets five points and the losing team nothing, but at Stanford the relay races—there were three of them, and the Russians lost them all—were scored on a 5-3 basis. Had the American rule been in effect, the Russians, who have as yet been unable to develop a superior strain of sprinters—Americans won all but one of the foot races, from 100 metres through 1,500 metres—would have dropped nine points and their victory.

EVEN though Brumel's triumph overshadowed everything else, the meet had plenty of other moments of glory, tragedy, and humor. An Oregon

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athlete—Jerry Tarr, a hurdler—upset the purists by wearing bright-green shorts (green and yellow are the University of Oregon's colors) instead of the standard white shorts, trimmed with red and blue, of the American squad. In the 110-metre high hurdles, Tarr was trailing Hayes Jones, a twenty-three-year-old Michigan schoolteacher, after the fourth hurdle, but Tarr's usual finishing kick gave him the victory by a couple of yards in 13.4 seconds. Jones was satisfied with second place, because he had trained mostly by working as a checker in an automobile assembly plant, a job that required him to stand eight hours a day. Furthermore, he will never have to face Tarr again; a couple of days after the meet Tarr signed a contract to play professional football with the Denver Broncos, of the American Football League.

The winner of the 800-metre race—a young scientist named Jerry Siebert, from the University of California—regarded the meet as a satisfying climax to the frivolous side of his career. After the race, Siebert announced that he would run no more; hereafter, he said, he would concentrate on his graduate work in physics. "It's been a lot of fun," he said, "but now I have to dedicate my life to something more serious." This casual attitude toward competition probably would have surprised young John Cramer, a husky pole vaulter from the University of Washington, who came to Stanford with the idea that beating the Russians was the most important thing in the world. Cramer's ambition was to equal his personal high of 15 feet 8¾ inches; that would virtually assure him of a second-place medal worth three points (Ron Morris, of South Carolina, seemed a certain winner, and did, in fact, win), for neither of the Russian entrants had ever gone above 15 feet 1 inch. But this was to be a bad weekend for Cramer, the only big-time vaulter who hasn't traded in his steel pole for a Fiberglas model. For the first vault, the bar was set at 14 feet 5¼ inches, and Cramer—who ordinarily doesn't even begin vaulting until the bar is placed at fifteen feet—failed to clear even that. Therefore, instead of scoring three points for second place, which would have meant victory for the United States by a margin of 172–171, he did not even score the automatic fourth-place one point, since by failing to clear the bar at any height he had, in effect, not competed at all. He was the only athlete on either team, male or female, who blanked, and at the end of the pole-vault event he broke

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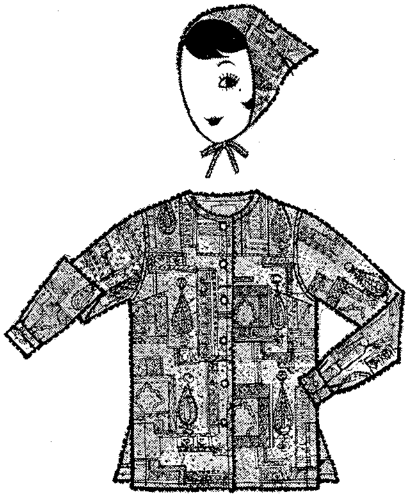
down and wept. Even Russia's Yuri Kutenko, who was taken to Stanford Hospital for treatment of a kidney stone on the first day of the meet, scored *his* one point; he at least had completed three of the ten events in the decathlon.

IN the women's competition, a Tennessee student and housewife named Wilma Rudolph Ward took two first-place medals for running—one less than she had won in the Olympic Games in Rome two summers ago. Late last year, she married William Ward, a fellow-student at Tennessee State University, and in the next few months, dropping track and giving all her attention to her husband and to her studies—she is completing work toward a degree in elementary education—she gained twenty pounds. But the prospect of facing the Russians again sent her back to the track. She began training in May and gradually recovered most of her speed, shedding twelve pounds in the process. The coach of our women's team, Miss Donnis Thompson, of the University of Hawaii—one of two American schools that give scholarships to girl athletes in track and field—was confident that Wilma could run away from the Russians in the 100-metre dash, and Wilma did, winning by two yards over a spirited Soviet redhead named Maria Itkina, who wears lipstick on the track. During the 400-metre relay race, the same pair later provided one of the meet's most exciting moments. When the baton was passed to Wilma for the last lap, she found herself trailing Galina Popova by about two yards, for Maria Itkina, running the third leg, had gained two full strides against Vivian Brown. Within a few yards, Wilma drew even with the pretty, dark-eyed Russian, and then, with her long, smooth motion, she began pulling away; she won by three strides.

The American girls won only three events, the third being the 200-metre dash, which was taken by Vivian Brown, a tall, buxom Negro girl from Tennessee State (the other American college that encourages women track stars with scholarships), who was not expected to win. Miss Brown gets out of the starting blocks in a hurry, and in this case it was fortunate that she didn't tarry. After seventy-five metres, she was leading Maria Itkina by two long strides, and it appeared that she would win decisively. Then the Russian started closing in, and Miss Brown had just enough left to win by a step. One of the women who tried hardest was a Czech-American named Olga Fikotova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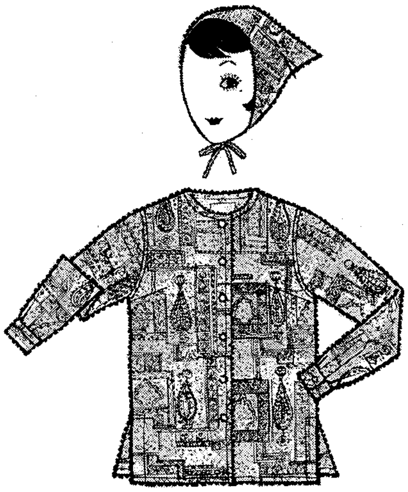
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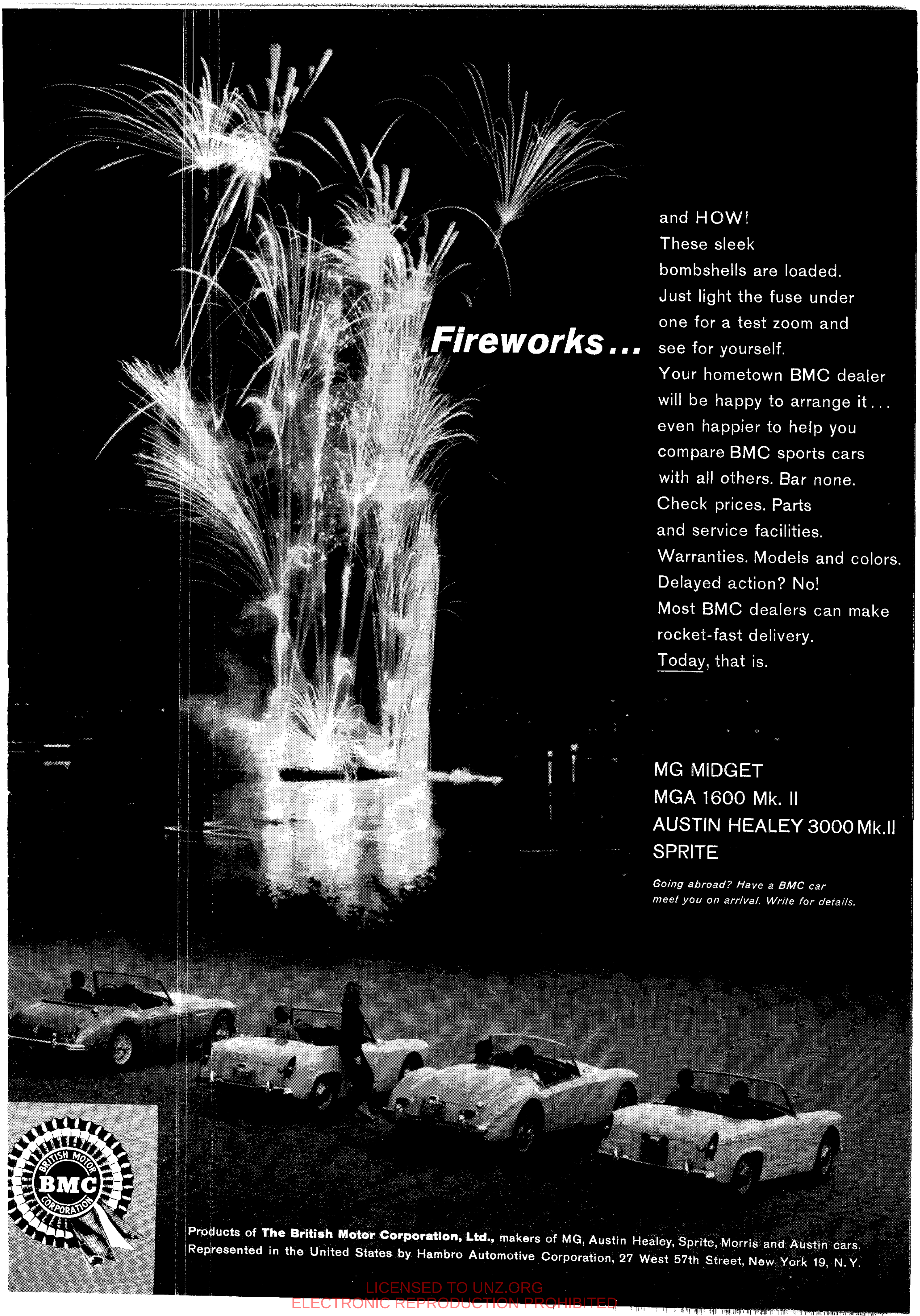

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Connolly, who was determined to hurl a discus farther than Russia's Tamara Press. Mrs. Connolly is as brown as an Indian princess and equally attractive; her hundred and sixty pounds are nicely distributed over five feet ten inches. As a member of the Czechoslovakian Olympic team in 1956, she won the discus throw in Melbourne. Then she fell in love with Harold Connolly, an American hammer thrower there, and this was one instance when romance triumphed over red tape. Olga has lived happily ever after. Or almost happily. She couldn't forgive herself for the fact that in the 1960 Olympics, while representing the United States for the first time, she finished out of the money. Now, at twenty-nine, she was determined to atone for this failure by conquering Miss Press, and she had trained faithfully for the job. Each afternoon, she, Harold, and their small son would go to a practice field near the Connolly home in Santa Monica, and while the child amused himself in a sand pile, Olga would fling the discus and Harold would toss the hammer. Olga was one of the three athletes (the others were John Thomas and Jim Beatty, winner of the 1,500-metre race) who were chosen to represent the United States during the opening ceremonies at Stanford, and she fairly radiated happiness. "I never take a drink," she said before the competition began, "but I might have a glass of champagne this time if I win." If the Connollys raised glasses, it was to Harold, not to Olga. He got off a series of prodigious tosses, the best of which—231 feet 10 inches—surpassed his own world record of 230 feet 9 inches. Olga, as was feared, finished second—and a poor second. Tamara Press's best mark was 189 feet 5 inches, and Olga's was some twenty-two feet short of that. The achievement by the brawny twenty-five-year-old Russian girl, who is a student at the Building-Engineering Institute of Leningrad, served to demonstrate the power of the Press family. Tamara also dominated the shot put with a toss of 57 feet ¾ inch, and her sister, Irina, led a Soviet sweep in the women's 80-metre hurdles. The Press sisters scored a total of fifteen points.

ALTOGETHER, it was a splendid and entertaining show. Superbly staged and directed by Payton Jordan, the Stanford track coach, the competition was full of suspense from first to last, and, best of all, it was fun for Russians and Americans alike. We are accustomed to seeing Americans have fun,

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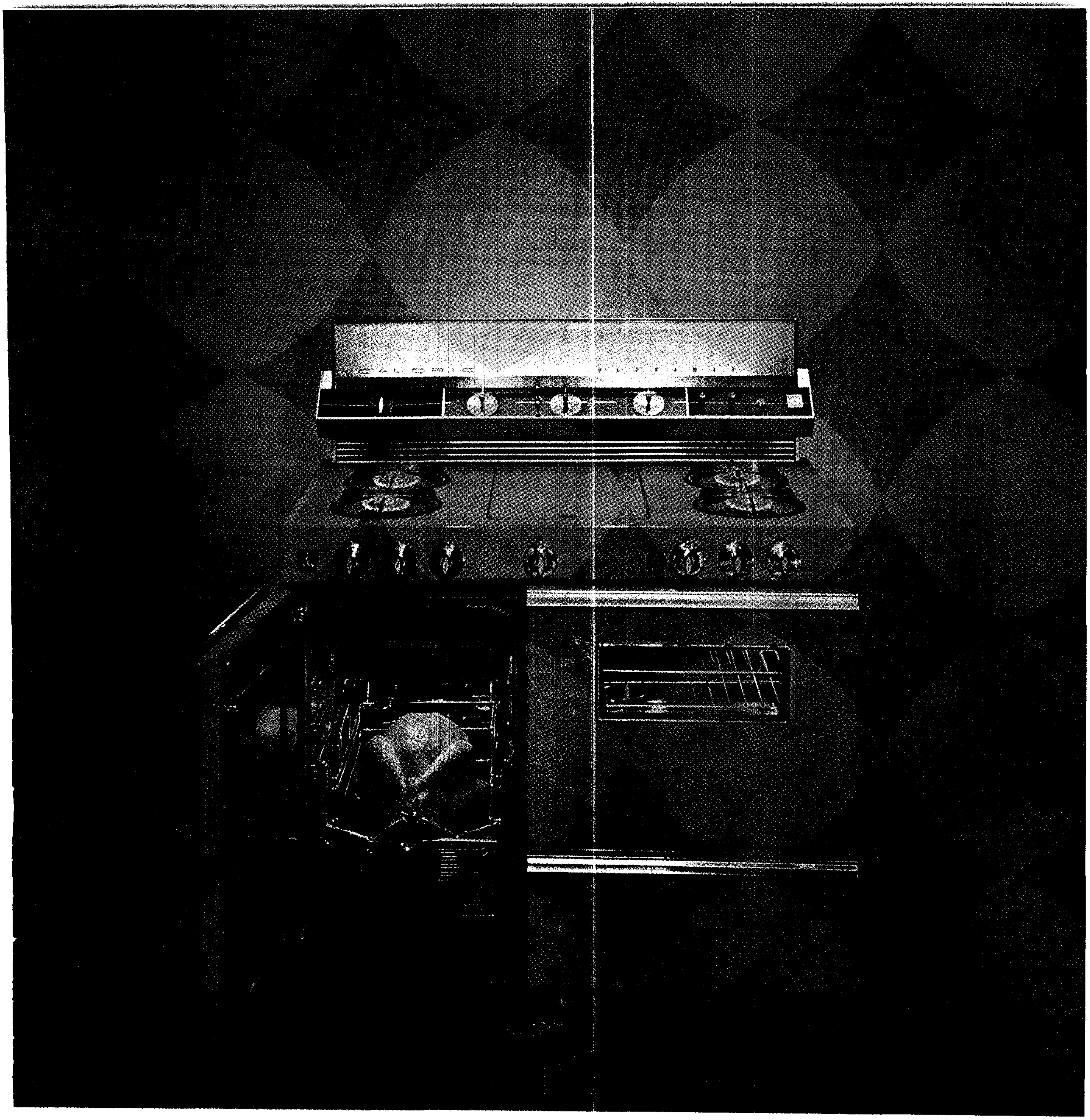

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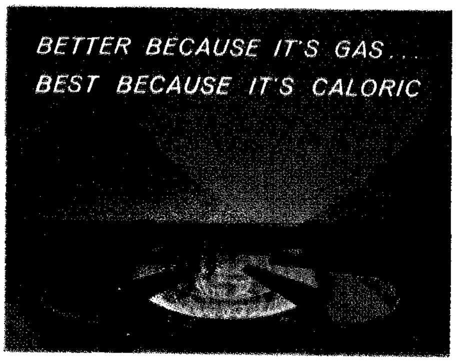

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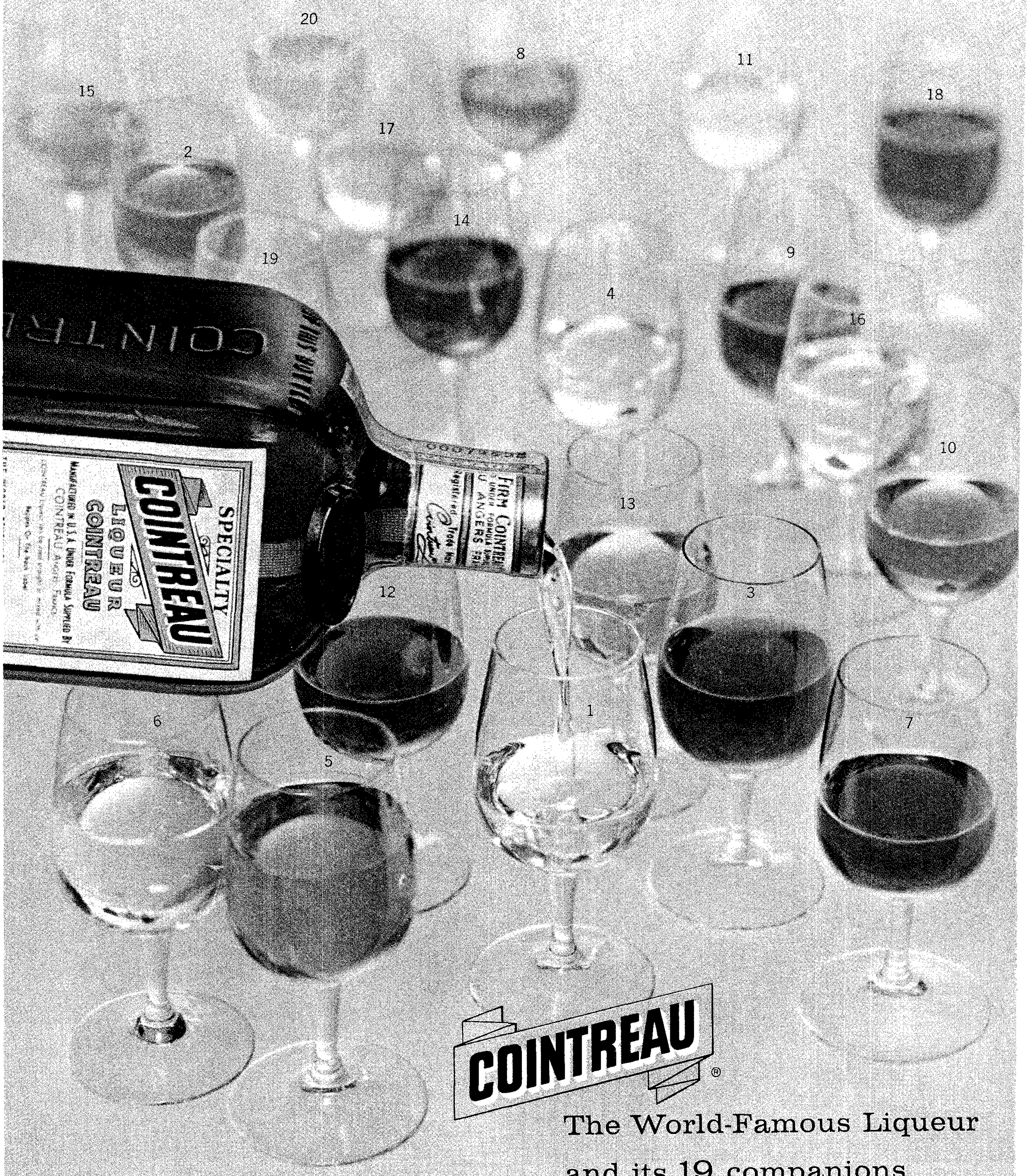
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but it was interesting to see Russians having fun, too. I won't soon forget the clowning of Russia's Vladimir Golubnichy as he won the exhausting 20-kilometre walk in just a fraction under an hour and thirty-eight minutes; jaunty and seemingly strong despite the long, grüelling march, Golubnichy merrily twirled his white cap as he ambled toward the finish line in the peculiar heel-and-toe gait of competitive walkers. And then there was Mrs. Lyudmila Lysenko, a high-spirited Soviet housewife, who wore white ribbons in her hair; the ribbons fluttered in the breeze as she scored a runaway victory in the 800 metres. "I wear ribbons in my hair when I run because it makes me feel younger," she explained.

The meet ended in the twilight of a pleasant Sunday evening as young men and women named Tamara, Jim, Earlene, and Valeriy marched arm in arm onto the turf of the stadium to hear the American and Soviet anthems played by a United States Marine band. Suddenly, they broke ranks and hugged each other, and the immense crowd, vividly costumed and lubricated with sun-tan lotion, applauded noisily. Mrs. Lysenko was not the only one who felt younger. —Jack Murphy

◆

Correction

In last Friday's edition of the Mauston Star, it was printed that Miss Lydia Brokopp was listed as director of a grade boy's choir and other vocal groups. Miss Norma Brokopp was the director. Also, Wallace Brady is president of the Juneau county bar association, not William Brady; Carl Hanneman has not served as secretary of the police and fire commission for all of the past 10 years; and the picture of Connie Ziebell appearing over the engagement notice for Gladys Ann Bollig will appear over the notice for Connie in today's issue of the Juneau County Chronicle.—*Mauston (Wis.) Juneau County Chronicle.*

Outside of that, things are going along very nicely.

◆

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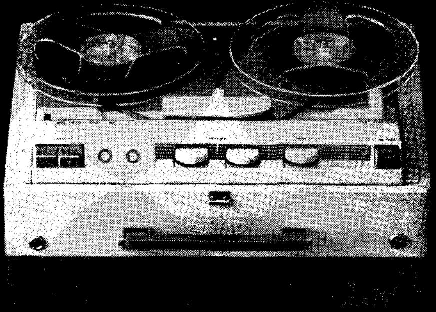

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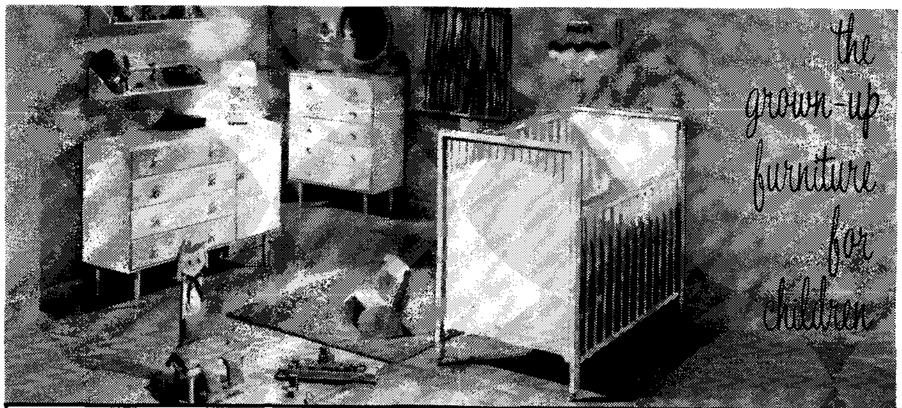

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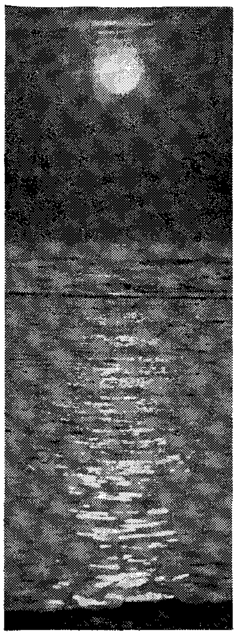
A LARGE BEE

A LARGE bee, carried by the wind to the edge of the Atlantic Ocean, lay on his back and struggled to free himself from the wet sand. As the wind continued to blow, more sand drifted over him and packed itself around him, and by the time Mary Ann Whitty came along, walking with her dog, there was nothing to be seen of him but a tiny coffin of sand with his black legs waving feebly out of it.

This was on the strand in Amagansett last April, and at first she thought she was looking at some kind of a sea insect, something that lived in the sand. There was no color or shape to show that a bee was there, no evidence that the creature had wings, only the black legs to show that something was alive and wanted to stay alive. With a big shell she scooped this *something* up and carried it back to the high dry sand and tried to turn it right side up, so that it could find its feet, or free its wings and balance itself, or fly away, or burrow down, or do whatever it had to do. But it could not stand, and kept tumbling over on its back, and after a minute the wind picked it up and blew it right back to the edge of the water. The tide was coming in. Mary Ann had a silk scarf in her pocket and she took that and went after the bee—she still did not know the creature was a bee—and scooped him up again and placed him in the middle of the scarf, which she then tied into a bag by its four corners.

Her dog, Niobe, a black Labrador retriever, rather fat, had been amusing herself while Mary Ann was rescuing the bee. Niobe had raced to a distant line of sea gulls who were standing sentinel at the edge of the water, a long way off, and had destroyed their afternoon by making them all fly up into the air. Now she came racing back to Mary Ann and they continued to walk until they came to the opening between the dunes that put them on the path to their house. As she walked along the sandy path, Mary Ann looked into the silk bag to find out if the insect was ready to be set free, and it was then she saw that she was carrying a bee and that he was still half covered with sand, and she thought, I will take him home and let him dry out and see what he wants to do next.

Halfway along the path, she saw what she expected to see—from the undergrowth at the edge of the woods the cats were coming out to meet her. They came out slowly, stretching at intervals, down the bank, onto the road, and then



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they all sat down heavily and watched, yawning. When she came close to them, they stood up and waited for recognition, which she gave each of them separately. Then Niobe offered to recognize them and they backed away in disgust, because she was wet and salty from the sea. The cats all began to run for home, running like rocking horses, with their tails arched. Niobe was tired from her swimming and content to waggle along beside Mary Ann. The bee made no weight in the scarf. It might as well have been empty. There were woods on both sides of the road for a little way, and then woods on one side only, because on the right a clearing had been made, and there the house in which she lived stood, but it stood up on a height, and from it there was a clear view across the tops of the trees to the dunes and across the dunes to the ocean. There were wide, irregular steps cut into the side of the bank that sloped from the road to the house, and in front of the house was a wooden deck. She went in and laid the scarf on the table. She lighted the fire. She poured milk for the cats and lured them with it to the deck and then shut the door on them, shutting them out. Then she untied the scarf and looked at the bee. He was still moving his legs feebly and the sand was falling off of him. She left him there and went to sit by the fire. Niobe lay down with her head on the hearth and closed her eyes. Mary Ann was always afraid her brain would boil when she did that, but she spoke to Niobe and Niobe opened one calm eye and then shut it again.

Niobe almost never barked, but when she had been waiting outside the house for too long, when she began to lose patience and feared that the door would never be opened, she summoned from some point at the top of her head a sound that was at first so thin and unearthly that it might be called ethereal—an ethereal note from far away. This sound dropped quickly into a vulgar, insistent whine, which dropped without delay into the most shameful manifestation of her impatience, fear, and anger—a sustained squeal so penetrating that no one who heard it ever wanted to hear it twice. Now as Mary Ann sat by the fire waiting for the bee to revive or not revive, she knew that something had been whining at the back of her head, and as she listened the whine gave voice, and what she heard was not a squeal but a harangue that was familiar to her because it sounded at intervals from the side of her brain where the random insights that other people had had about her grew and flourished and multiplied

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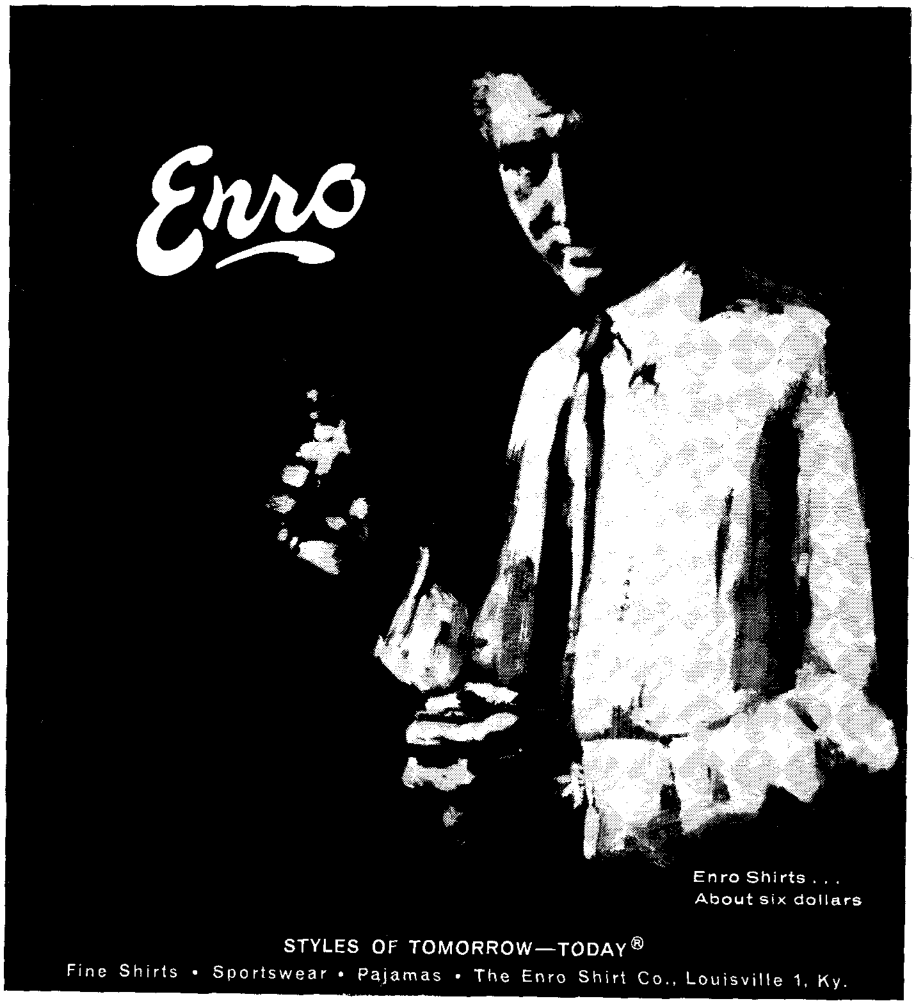

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themselves, like the weeds that they were. They had a weedy strength, a weedy tenacity, a weedy life, and their own weedy truth, and she supported them, and she allowed them to live and to express themselves, because she could afford them. At the time that they took root in her mind she could not afford them, but she accepted them, after a struggle—by that I mean that she made room for them. There are some natures that can expand to include anything, even the things that ought to be thrown away.

MARY ANN was hearing the voice of her conscience, which, of course, was familiar to her, although it bore no more resemblance to her own voice than Niobe's unpleasant squeal did to her ordinary gentle silence.

The bee would have been dead by now. Why do you bother all these creatures? Why not leave them alone? The field mouse the cats brought in this morning has been living in the box you arranged for it in the bedroom all day, waiting for the darkness, when you will put it out again, and the cats will probably catch it again, and in any case it has nothing ahead of it but fear and the search for food. It was dead when they brought it in, but you would bring it back to life. Why don't you let these animals alone? The same with the baby rabbits and the chipmunk and the rest. Nothing but egotism. Why not let things be? Let everything alone. Stop interfering. Nature must take her course. . . .

At that moment a great excitement started in the room and Niobe jumped up as though she had been stung. No, she had not been stung. But the bee had collected all his force and had come to vigorous life and had come out fighting. He raced around the room, making a very loud noise, and tried to get out through the back windows, which looked over a green space that had a few trees and, at the far side, a bed where daffodils were in bloom. Mary Ann opened the window and he flew out. He was so big that she could follow his flight for a good distance. He seemed all right, and he seemed to know what he was doing. *That bee will be swept right back to the ocean with the first wind,* the voice said. *You did him no good. He must be stupid or he would never have been blown down there in the first place. . . .*

She went into the kitchen to put the kettle on for tea. All true, she said to herself. No doubt about it, everything you say is true. —MAEVE BRENNAN

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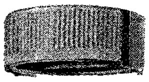

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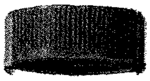

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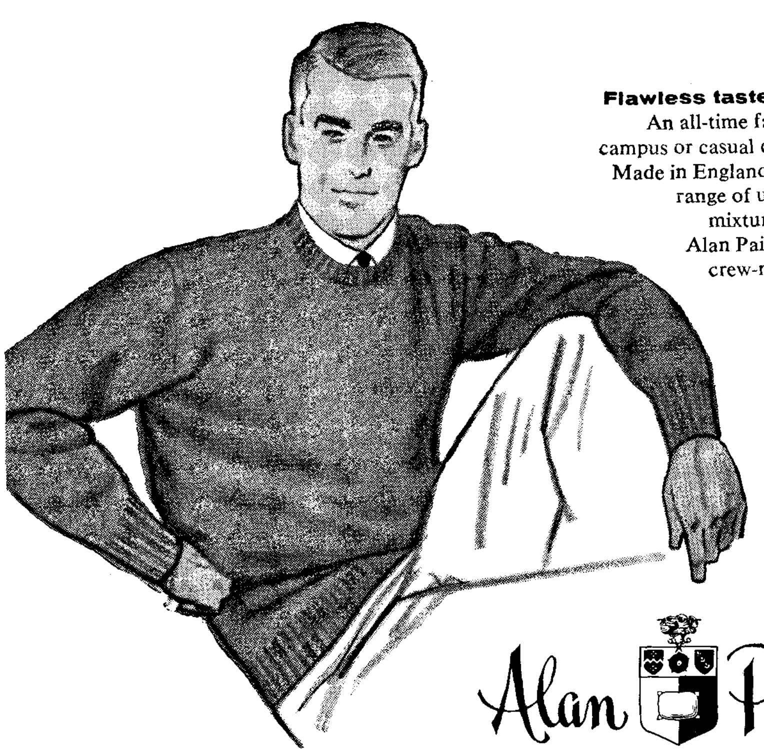
THE RACE TRACK

Slam-Bang

THIS week I'm clapping hands for Monmouth Park, which closed its meeting the other day with some tip-top racing. In fact, I thought the Choice Stakes, won by Jaipur, was as enthralling as any of the spring classics. Eight three-year-olds went to the post for the mile-and-a-sixteenth spin around the track, and, as usual, Green Ticket was quickest out of the gate. However, he wasn't able to steal away to as long a lead as he likes, for Cyane, coming up fast on the rails, the way he did when he won the Futurity last autumn, passed him on the backstretch and was running so smoothly that one wondered momentarily whether he'd be caught. Shoemaker, riding Jaipur with noticeable confidence, didn't make a move until he was three furlongs from home, but when he did, Jaipur swept past Cyane to win by nearly five lengths. It was Jaipur's first start since he won the Belmont Stakes early in June, and if half the tales I've heard about him are true he's the most temperamental, hard-to-handle racer since Nashua. Obviously, he was in the mood to run that afternoon, and supposing he still feels the same way, he'll be a hard horse to beat in the Travers at the Spa this weekend. Otherwise, Cyane should do the trick. In any event, I'd say that the Travers is too large an order for Cicada. Few fillies have won it, and none since 1915.

Another smasher at Monmouth was the Sapling, for two-year-old colts at six furlongs, which ended in a stunning surprise. Never Bend and Ahoy, both unbeaten, went head and head from the start at a breakneck pace, stepping the first quarter of a mile in 0:21⅕ and the second in 0:22⅘. Then they ran out of speed and Delta Judge and Bonjour passed them easily in the stretch. The big shock to the talent was the utter fadeout of Ahoy, winner of three stakes and the idol of Jersey horseplayers. I've seldom seen a horse stop so fast in a furlong; though he finished fourth, he was five lengths behind Never Bend. It seems that he bruised his heels in the race, and will be out for the rest of the year. Which reminds me—Near Man, who was second to Ahoy in the Great American Stakes at Aqueduct a



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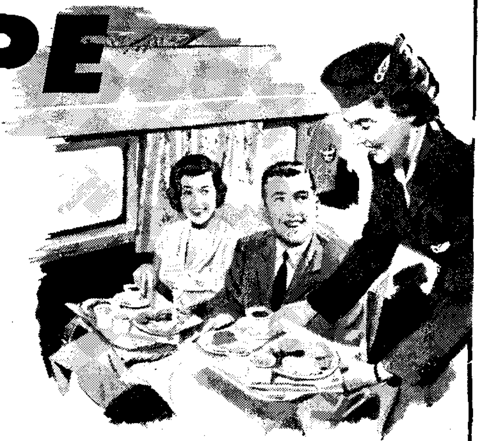

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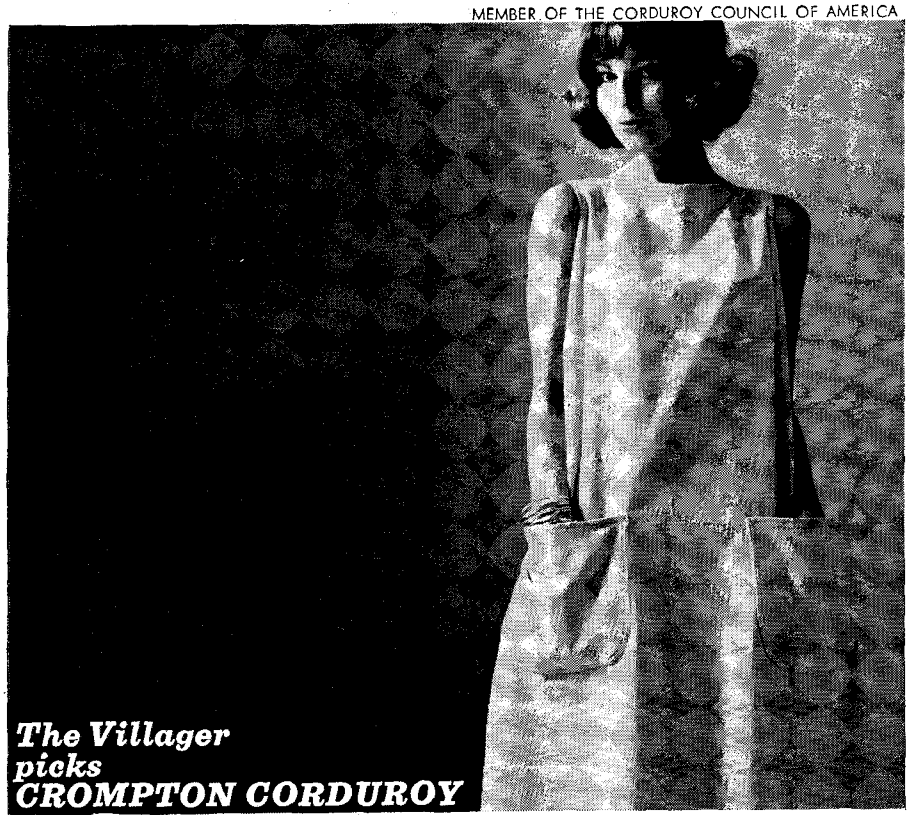

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few weeks ago, was dead last in the Sanford at Saratoga the other afternoon.

APPARENTLY, Carry Back has found the waters at Saratoga Springs bracing. Picking up 130 pounds and giving most of the nine runners he met in the Whitney Stakes nineteen or twenty pounds, he won that fixture at nine furlongs in fine style. Of course, he figured to beat Crozier—he did it five times last season. Still, it wasn't a tame affair, for Crozier, who was prominent from the start, took the lead on the far turn and swung into the stretch looking the winner all over. But the old Indian sign Carry Back seems to have on Crozier was working, and, coming through with that last-minute rush that always thrills the crowd, he passed the post two lengths to the good. I caught the Whitney on television. It was the first time I'd seen the Race of the Week program since Swope Productions (that's Herbert Bayard Swope, Jr., a devotee of racing for years) took over the job at the New York tracks, and I can recommend it as a great improvement over the way it was done in the past. I especially liked the newsreel shots of Saratoga in the old days.

IT looks as if Mr. Fitz, who celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday recently and has been coming to Saratoga Springs longer than any other horseman on the grounds—his first visit was in 1893—is going to have a good season at the Spa. As this is written, horses he's trained have won four races: Bold Princess took the Schuylerville Stakes, Hitting Away scored twice on the grass, and the day of his second victory, in the Bernard Baruch Handicap last week, Little Monkey beat nine other maiden two-year-olds. Last year, it wasn't so good—he saddled only two winners at the meeting. So it goes.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

As we learned in the third chapter of Ecclesiastes: "To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven: A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted. . . ." There is also a time to sell General Motors, and a time to buy Consolidated Edison.—*Medical Economics.*

And a time to drink the health of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Ecclesiastes, Fenner & Smith.

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ANSWERS TO HARD QUESTIONS

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Girls.

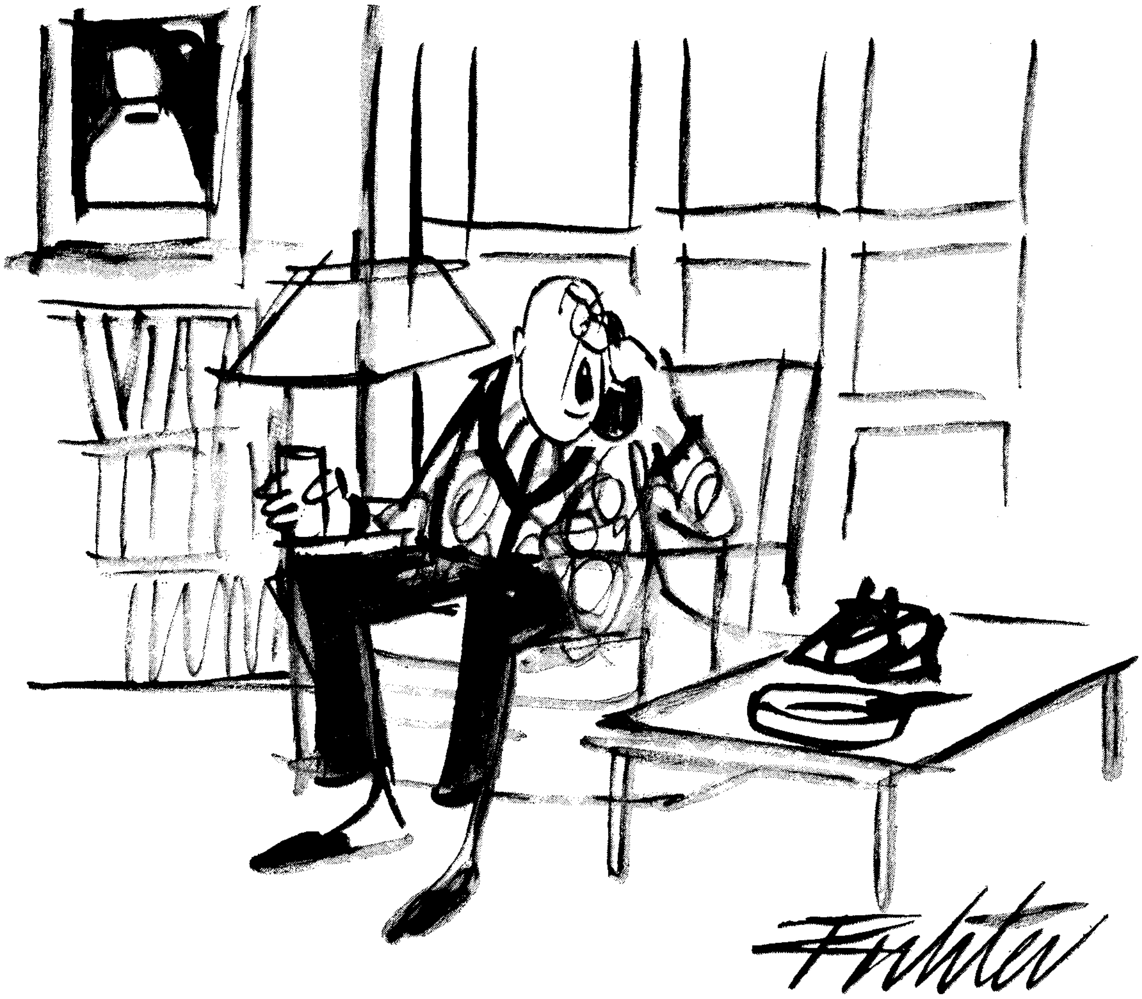
BOOKS

Stunt Man

“FICCIONES,” a collection of short prose inventions by Jorge Luis Borges—stories, fantasies, quasi-essays, and reviews of nonexistent books—has been published in this country by Grove Press. (Publication is part of winning the International Publishers Prize, which Borges did last year. The rest is cash.) Borges is an Argentine with a long-established reputation among readers of Spanish. He has been translated into French and German, but his appearances in English have been rare. We have room for him; I can think of no English or American writer working in the same vein. One way or another, Borges constantly takes issue with reality, or what the common-sense consensus calls reality, such as our unprovable, ineradicable beliefs in causality, or in the relevance of what we perceive to what exists, or in our own being.

The simplest way to challenge reality is to make something up. Every artist does that, and Borges goes a step further: he has imagined several books and, instead of writing them, he writes reviews of them. These are a delight to the reader and a sure embarrassment to any reviewer. They present the gist of books that never were with the superb concision that is typical of all Borges’ prose but not always, alas, of reviewers’. Occasionally, Borges, in sly reproof, drops in a typical reviewer’s show-off sentence: “Mir Bahadur Oli is, as we have seen, incapable of evading the most vulgar of art’s temptations: that of being a genius.” In his very first contribution, an account of a fake encyclopedia about a fake planet, Tlön, Mr. Borges tucks in a pretty good review of himself. This account is a short compendium of most of the themes he deals with. One is his distrust of philosophy: “The metaphysicians of Tlön are not looking for truth, nor even for an approximation of it; they are after a kind of amazement. They consider metaphysics a branch of fantastic literature.” This last sentence, inverted, comes close to Borges’ own purpose. When his inventions come off—I don’t think they all do—he almost makes fantastic literature a branch of metaphysics.

Borges has also written a very funny necrology of Pierre Menard, a nineteenth- and twentieth-century Frenchman who never died because he never lived. Menard—study this *précis* carefully—set out to write “Don Quixote,” but word for word, and in Spanish at that, as if it had never been written before. He succeeded in finishing two chapters plus, and Borges reviews them, comparing Menard’s and Cervantes’ identical texts, much to the detriment of Menard. Borges soberly objects to Menard’s use of archaic Spanish and earnestly mentions the philosophical flaws in his “Don Quixote”—he is “shamelessly pragmatic,” for one. His discussion of the peculiarities of this suppositious personage is a bang-up parody of the *ad-hominem* review. In this exercise, Borges has practically killed book reviewing, and he has made talking about authorship nearly impossible. Even so, it is impossible not to take notice of Borges, and for several reasons. Many of his interests—heresy, secret cults, and conspiracies—are unmistakable signs that he is not a native of the United States. In our country one man’s heresy is another man’s religion, and there are few heterodoxies so unestablished they don’t own real estate or run a Young People’s Group. To us, heresy has no real fascination, for orthodoxy of any kind is not part of our consensus about reality. And as for secret cults propagating arcane knowledge, we may be too publicity-minded to want to keep a secret; the Rosicrucians advertise in the *Times*. Borges describes an ancient secret cult so tenuous that it has no ritual and, one suspects, practically no existence. I think that here he is making fun of his own preoccupation with secret



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cults, a preoccupation that turns up in many of his stories. (I am probably altogether missing his point.) And what about conspiracies? Ours—the price-fixing ring in the electrical industry, for instance—seem not romantic but merely grubby. Borges' attachment to conspiracies and deceptions has produced a pair of gimmicky detective stories and another story in which an underground political movement conspires to murder its traitorous leader and fool the public into thinking he was martyred. These stories about tricks are tricks, and they seem to me the fictional equivalent of practical jokes. I judge Borges harshly when I think he fails, because I think he is so good when he succeeds. But perhaps conspiracies and secret societies have a compelling power over the imagination of a man who has lived under a dictatorship (Peron's) to which he was opposed.

What I like most in "Ficciones" are the stories that exist beyond national happenstance or any of the author's hobbyhorses. They just about defy description; they are almost impossible to paraphrase. Some of them are best classified as fantasies that may be read as wonderful imaginative flights or as clues to Borges' arguments with reality. "The Circular Ruins" is certainly about writing or artistic creation—its theme is a man who sets out to dream another man *and finds he himself is someone else's* dream. "The Babylon Lottery" just as certainly refers to the mob state. One might call it an icy attar of "The Revolt of the Masses;" its first theme is that men, out of boredom and ignorance, deliberately place themselves at the mercy of chance and will their own suffering. Its second theme has nothing to do with politics: men have no say about their destinies, no matter what they suppose; chance rules them anyhow.

Borges' fantasies persuade, as fantasies must, by the selection of brilliantly precise detail. (Naturalistic writing can sometimes afford to be blurry; if the writer forgets, the reader will set the table or tie the hero's four-in-hand.) Most of this volume has been translated by Anthony Kerrigan, who has written its introduction, and the rest has been put into English by other translators, but Borges' voice always sounds the same: well-spoken, dry, and economical without being stingy. "Funes, the Memorious," which exemplifies these stylistic virtues, and which Borges calls "a long metaphor of insomnia," demonstrates the piquancy of his imagination. Funes is a country youth who acquires total recall as the result of an accident, and Borges' fanciful choice of what

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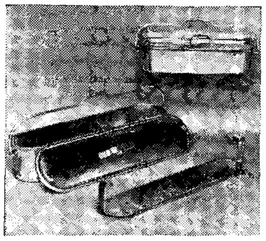

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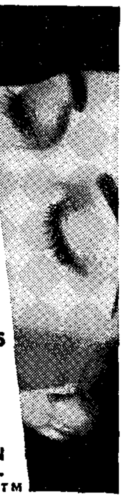

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Funes remembers is enchanting, metaphor or no. Only one of the fantasies, "The Library of Babel," insists that it is about something more than its subject—that it is the schoolmarmish thing called an allegory. The library is the universe, and the piece is a bitter, not very subtle parody of the attempts of faith to justify and reason to understand the universe.

There are also in "Ficciones" a few naturalistic stories, among them "The South," the one that is in Borges' opinion his best. I think he's right. It has the unparaphrasable quality of his best fantasies in the unpretentious guise of something that might have happened, and it contains all his implications about reality with no particular insistence that he is implying anything in particular. The South is Argentina's equivalent of our old West—semi-arid cow country, grim and sparsely settled, a land where folklore celebrates and ennobles violence. In Mr. Borges' story, a city-dwelling daydreamer visits this romantic country and finds its reality ignoble, brutal, and—in his case—fatal.

"The South," the last piece in the book, helps clarify some of the earlier stories in "Ficciones." It assures us that though he's often funny, Borges is not playing with reality for laughs. Nor is he quibbling with it out of a sophisticated sort of intellectual fatigue which points out that we're no happier believing in neutrinos than in undines. He lays his indictment against reality at the start, in his hilarious fake-encyclopedia piece, when he remarks that reality is "ordered in accordance with divine laws—I translate: inhuman laws. . . ." This statement is acted out tragically in "The South." Like the tenderfoot hero of "The South," Borges has accepted a duel he knows he will lose. His jokes are serious.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

PORTRAIT IN BROWNSTONE, by Louis Auchincloss (Houghton Mifflin). In this novel, Mr. Auchincloss tells us much more than we want to know about the dull but triumphantly self-important Denison family, once of Brooklyn, lately of West Fifty-third Street in New York. The action, which begins in 1901 and ends in 1951, centers on Mrs. Ida Trask Hartley, whose mother was a Denison. Ida, plain-faced, possessive, and complacent, is made to last. Her physical resilience, together with her unshakable sense of her own worth,

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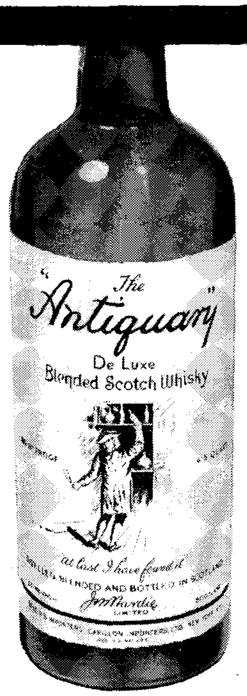

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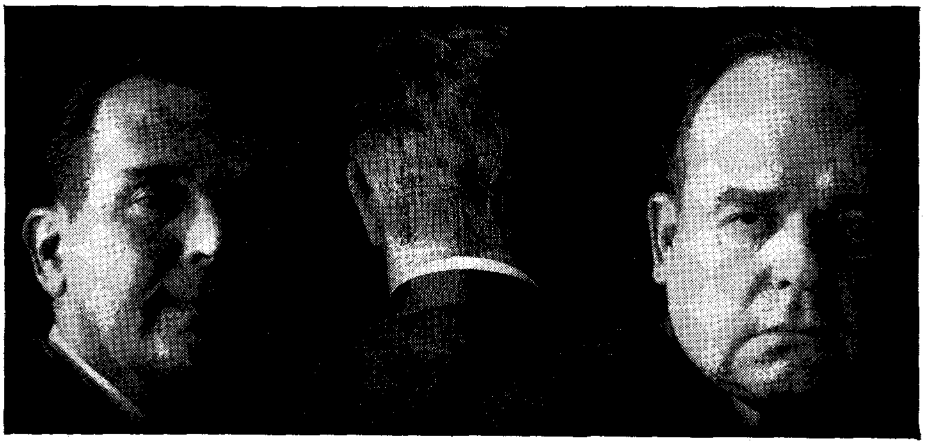

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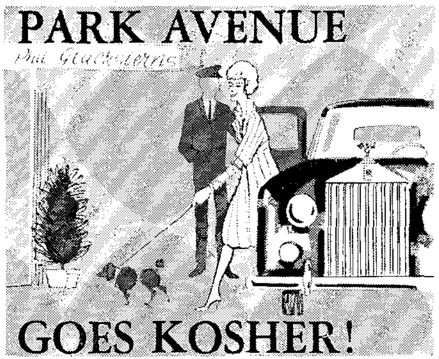

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keep her upright at the end of this tale, when most of her contemporaries have fallen away into death or ill-health. It must be an accident that a writer as gifted as Mr. Auchincloss should have produced a book as uninteresting as this. A Literary Guild selection.

GENERAL

AT THE HEMINGWAYS, by Marcelline Hemingway Sanford (Little, Brown). A memoir of the family of Dr. Clarence E. Hemingway, of Oak Park, Illinois, by the Doctor's eldest daughter. The author and her brother Ernest were brought up as twins, although Marcelline was by over a year the senior. Through childhood, and high school, and until Ernest went off to Italy to drive a Red Cross ambulance in the First World War, she was his closest friend. She tells us a great deal about him as he was in those days and about the busy, disciplined, and generally gay Hemingway household. There is some very fine evocative writing about summers at the Doctor's cottage on Walloon Lake, in the Michigan woods, and there are also some poignant, and even painful, chapters in which the author describes the impact on the family of Ernest's first published writings. (A scene in the kitchen, with the outraged Dr. Hemingway wrapping up six copies of "In Our Time" to send back to the Three Mountains Press, in Paris, is unforgettable.) There are many family photographs, and it is interesting to note that even as a baby Hemingway looked like Papa.

THE TURNING POINT: JEFFERSON'S BATTLE FOR THE PRESIDENCY, by Frank van der Linden (Luce). Thomas Jefferson, as everybody knows, had a hard time getting to the White House. He was thoroughly miserable as John Adams' Vice-President, and in 1800, when Jefferson was sure his Presidential turn had come, Aaron Burr, who had agreed to serve as his Vice-President, nearly stole the top spot. Mr. van der Linden adds suspense to this well-known story by interweaving with it an unknown one, and a love story at that. From papers in the Library of Congress, he has reconstructed the courtship of Samuel Harrison Smith, a young Jeffersonian newspaper editor, and Margaret Bayard, the daughter of a Federalist family. They were unable to marry until he could support her—a condition he thought he had achieved when Jefferson, a bit

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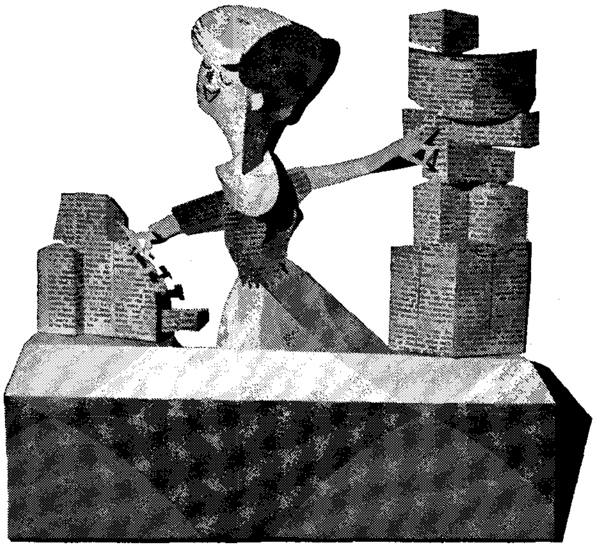
too soon, invited him to move to Washington and edit his administration's newspaper. On the strength of that, they were wed—they had been engaged for three years—and then feared that they had lost everything when the doubtful election was thrown into the House of Representatives and tied up there for what seemed like a lifetime. A few years ago, Mr. van der Linden's publishers would probably have persuaded him to make a historical novel out of this material. But his book shows that truth is as romantic as fiction—maybe even more so, for the author has documentary proof that his hero and heroine lived happily ever after.

Memoirs of a Special Case, by Chaim Raphael (Atlantic-Little, Brown). Mr. Raphael, an Englishman and the child of Orthodox Jews, used his early, intensive religious training as a grounding for a career as a Hebraist at Oxford University until the fortunes of the Second World War made him a civil servant. In these recollections, which are (and are meant to be) pretty funny, Mr. Raphael describes his adventures at home and abroad as a Jew's adventures. The reader, nonetheless, is apt to notice that Mr. Raphael has a more striking distinction. He copes with experience diffidently, perceiving irony in most things and turning what happens into data. In short, he belongs to a tiny tribe that is more special by far than the children of Israel—the dons.

William Hazlitt, by Herschel Baker (Belknap Press of Harvard University Press). The author, a professor of English at Harvard, presents a graduate course in William Hazlitt (1778-1830), the English critic and essayist. He has ferreted out nearly everything about Hazlitt's obscure, unhappy life; he describes, summarizes, and criticizes Hazlitt's immense output of prose; and he includes a literary-political history of Hazlitt's era, a period of triumphant Toryism in which only a few writers (Hazlitt among them) maintained the unpopular causes of liberalism and reform. Professor Baker's approach is prudent as well as meticulous; he admires Hazlitt's criticism, for instance, as the best kind of "romantic criticism," but without exactly approving it. His stout book would have been livelier (if less sound) if he had emulated his subject and occasionally gone out on a critical limb. Nothing sparkles like enthusiasm, and nothing dims enthusiasm like the just, scholar-



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ly qualifications that Professor Baker keeps making.

An Age of Enormity: Life and Writing in the Forties and Fifties, edited and introduced by Theodore Solotaroff, with a foreword by Saul Bellow (World). A memorial collection of work by Isaac Rosenfeld. Rosenfeld was only thirty-eight when he died, in 1956, but he left a substantial amount of critical writing behind him. Often, he used a book review as an opportunity to discuss life in the large. This is a risky procedure: a book may last, but the past doesn't, and many of Mr. Rosenfeld's timely obiter dicta now seem dated. When he concentrates on his subject, he is first-rate—fair, precise, and aptly funny. Probably a book to hold on to; Rosenfeld's comments about dull yesterday may, in time, become bright footnotes to history.

Note: "The Blue Nile," by Alan Moorehead, an account of exploration, exploitation, and warfare along that watercourse, has been published by Harper & Row. Much of the book originally appeared in this magazine in somewhat different form.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Counterweight, by Daniel Broun (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). The problem here is the murder of the obnoxious general stage manager of "I'd Walk a Mile" backstage at the American Theater, and it could hardly baffle a child, but Mr. Broun writes so neatly, so entertainingly, and with such a thorough knowledge of backstage mechanical esoterica (he is himself a stage manager) that that matters not at all.

The Evil Wish, by Jean Potts (Scribners). A good, smoldering story about a murder that is never committed. It involves two spinster sisters who plan to poison their despotic father, are saved the trouble when he dies in an accident, and then discover that the wish is as harrowing as the deed. The action takes place, most appropriately, in an old house just off Gramercy Park.

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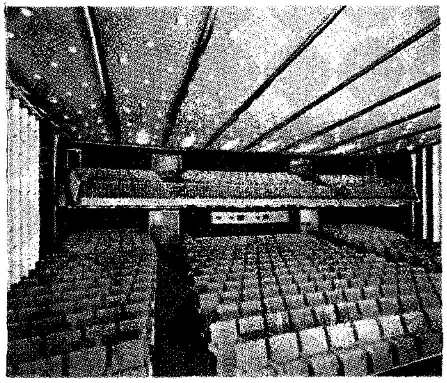

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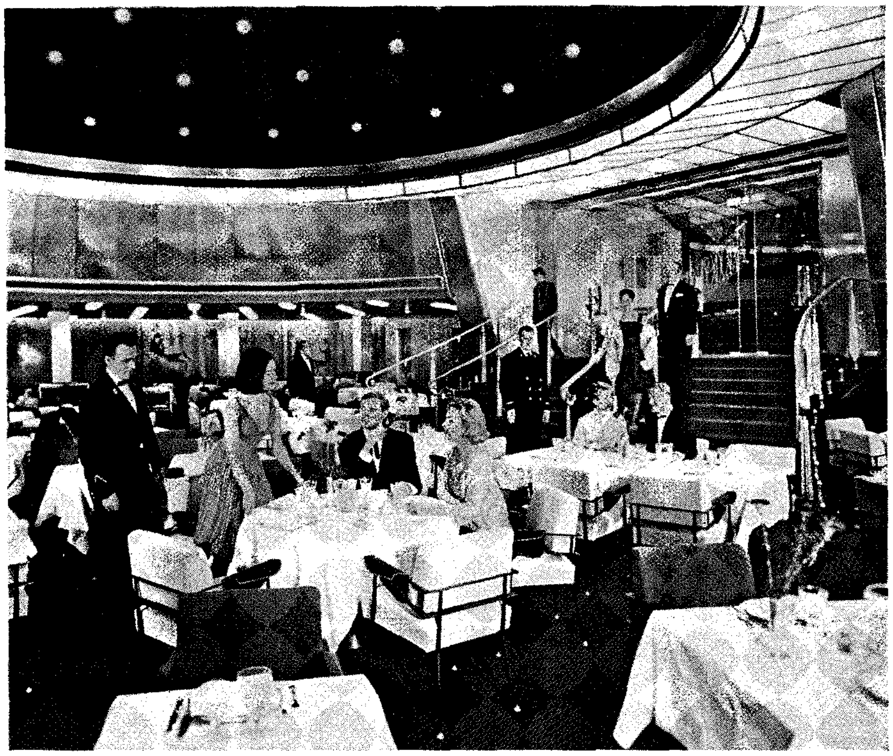

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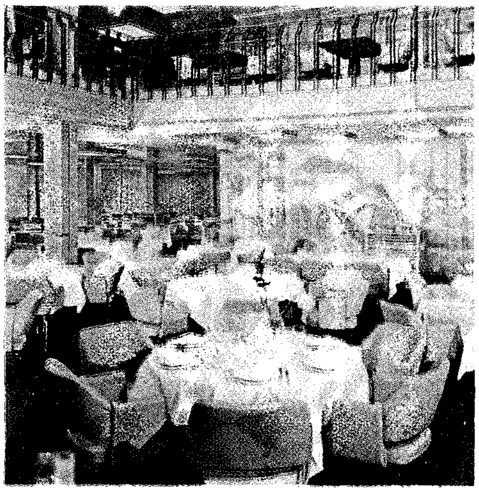

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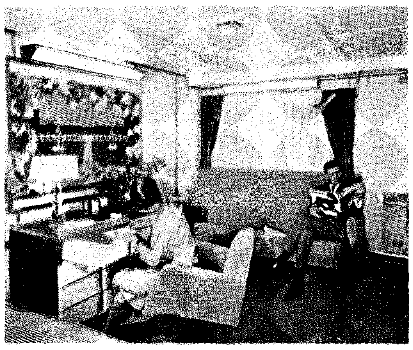

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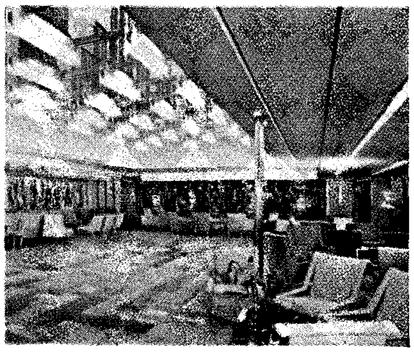

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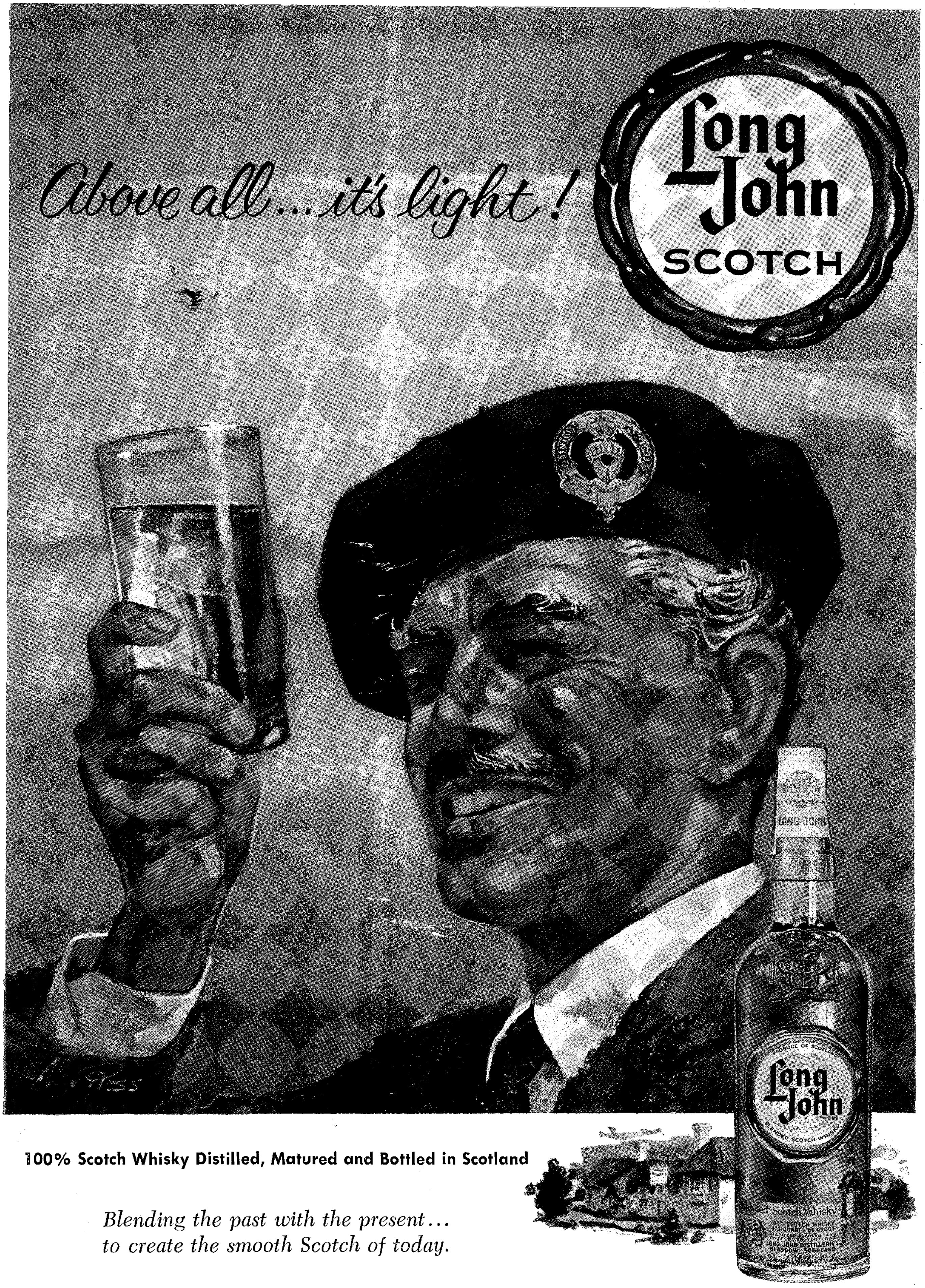
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